



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

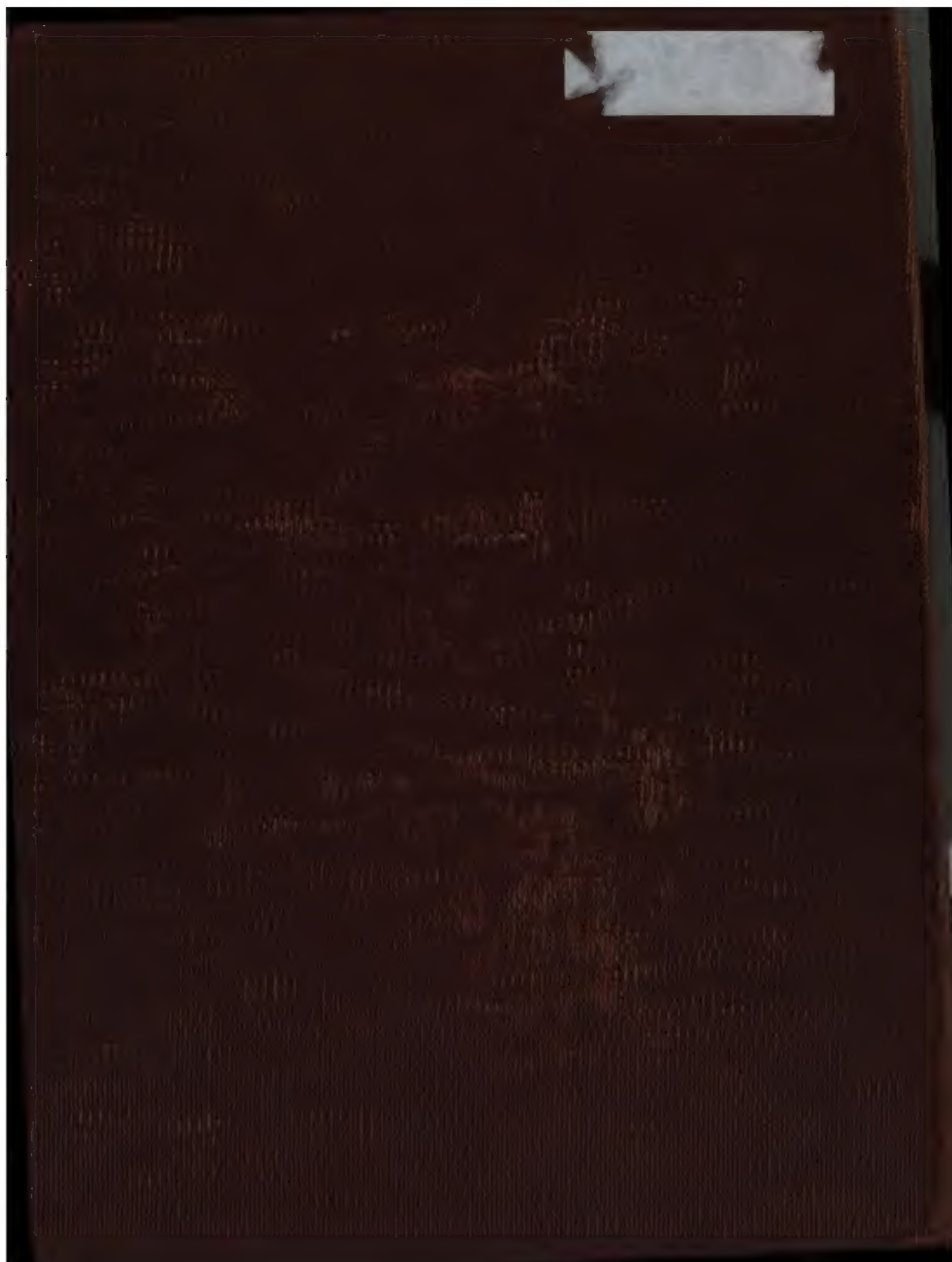
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



College Library



FROM THE
BRIGHT LEGACY

Income from this Legacy, which was re-
ferred to the will of
JOSEPH BROWN BRIGHT
of Massachusetts, is to be expended for books
for the Library. The other half of the income
is to be expended for fellowships in Harvard University for the
benefit of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,
of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the
absence of descendants, other persons are eligible.

The will requires that this announce-
ment be placed in every book added to the Library.









10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

10/1/2019

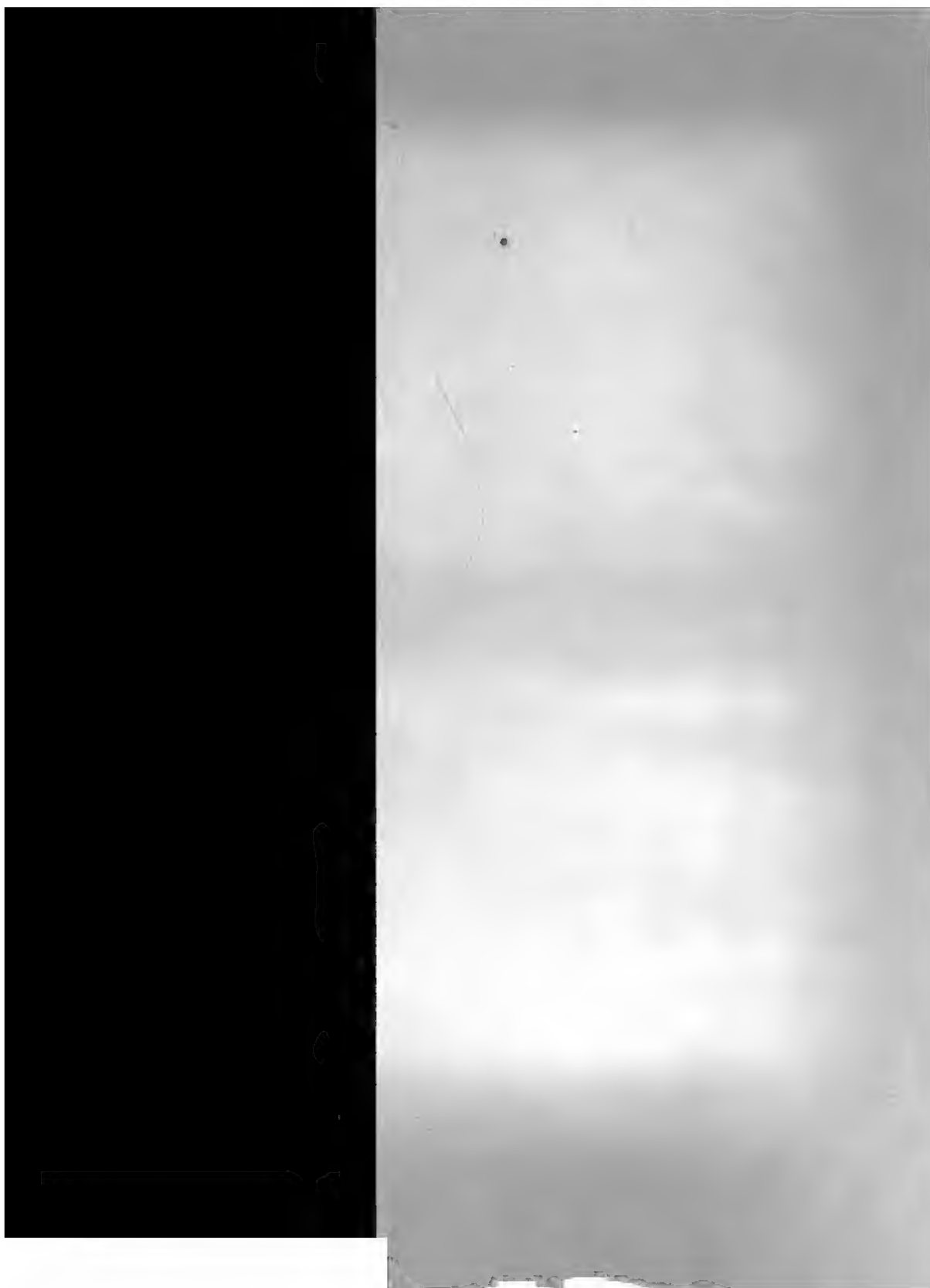
10/1/2019

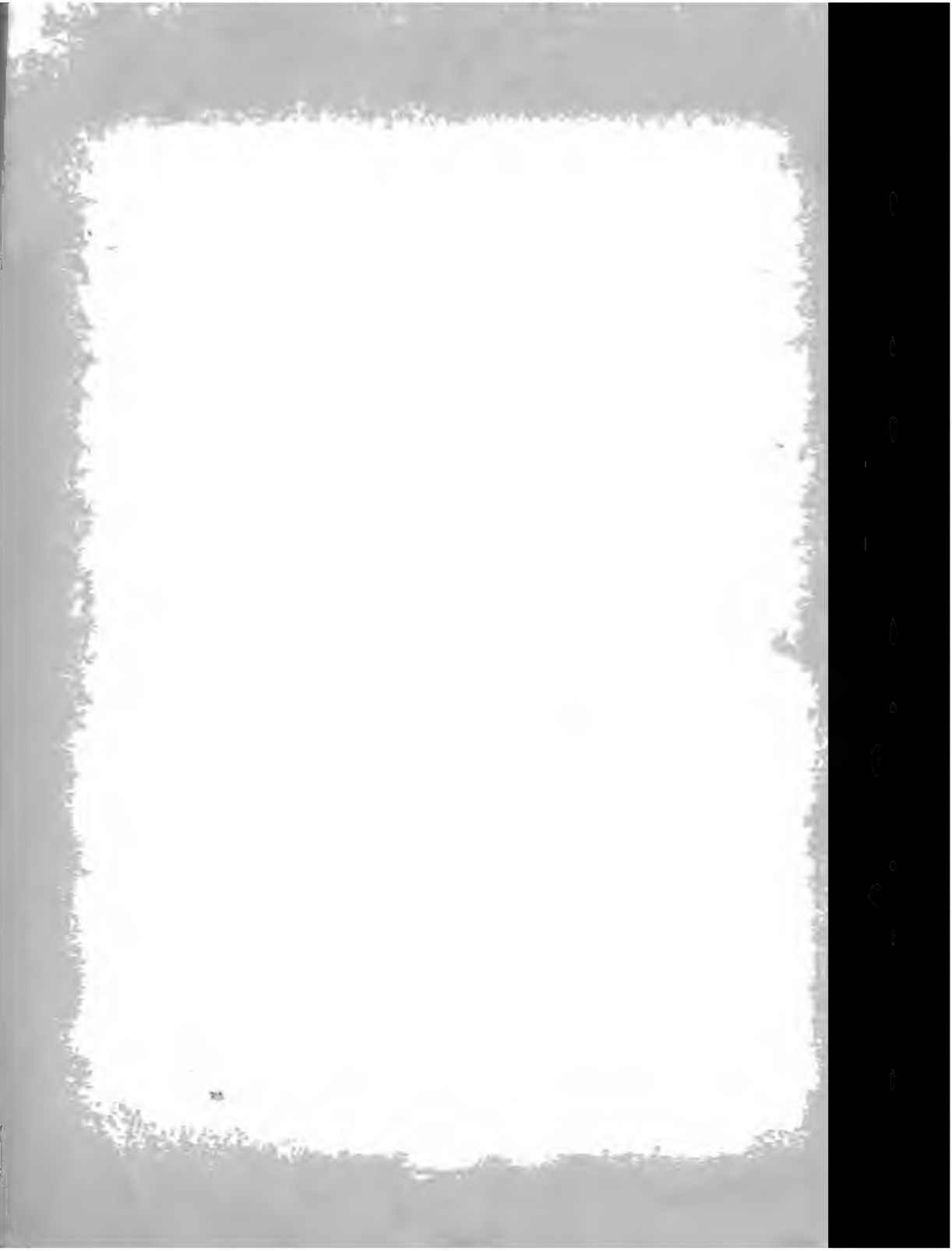
10/1/2019

10/1/2019

Chas. Warren ~~Ward~~ 1900
Hawthorne Aug









THE

F. G. PERRY.

0

A
TRIP AROUND CAPE COD

NANTUCKET
MARTHAS VINEYARD, SOUTH SHORE, AND
HISTORICAL PLYMOUTH

By E. G. PERRY
A CAPE COD BOY

THIRD EDITION



Mutilation Noted

Pages 181, 19,

PRICE \$3.50

Copies can be obtained of E. G. Perry, 50 State Street, Boston, or at residence
Monument Beach, Mass.

Copyrighted May 31st, 1898



not found

CHAS. S. BINNER CO.
Printers
157 PEARL STREET, BOSTON

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece, Photograph of the		Barnstable	66
Author	2	Residence of Thomas C. Day	68
List of Illustrations	5-7	Barnstable Inn, Mrs. G. W. Bangs,	
Motto	8	Proprietor	69
Fore Words	9	Barnstable Court House	70
Poem: "I Love Cape Cod"	12	Sturgis House, Barnstable	71
		Residence of the late Major Phinney	72
CHAPTER I, A Trip Around Cape		William Bacon estate	74
Cod	13	Yarmouth	75
Buzzards Bay	15	Residence of Dr. Gorham Bacon	76
Crow's Nest, Residence of Joseph		Old Lovell House	77
Jefferson	17	Old Hallett House and Old Mill	78
Summer Residence of Col. Charles		Entrance to the Hon. John Simpkin's	
H. Taylor	23	estate	80
Gray Gables	25	Catholic Church, Yarmouthport	82
Bournedale and Sagamore	27	Thatcher House, built 1680	85
Old Crowell House	32		
Residence of Hon. Isaac N. Keith,	33	CHAPTER II	86
Old Swift Tavern and Old Freeman		Dennis	87
Place, Sagamore	34	The Nobscussett and cottages, Den-	
Sandwich	35	nis	88
Old Tupper House, Sandwich	36	Main Street, Dennis	89
Unitarian Church, Sandwich	42	Tobey Farms	90
Dr. E. S. Talbot, Dentist	43	Residence of Hon. Luther Hall	91
Quaker Meeting House	46	East Dennis Public Library and Old	
Paul Wing Estate and Old Wing		Salt Works	92
School	47	Brewster	96
West Barnstable	49	Town Hall, Brewster, and Baker's	
The Great Marshes, West Barn-		Pond	100
stable	50	Summer Residence of Hon. Roland	
Sandy Neck Light	51	Nickerson, East Brewster	103
Church at West Barnstable; the site		Orleans	106
of the Parsonage of Jonathan		Old Mill, Orleans	107
Russell	56	A. T. Newcomb's Store	108
Parsonage of Oakes Shaw	57	Residence of A. T. Newcomb	109
James Otis	58	Residence of Sparrow Higgins	115
Residence of Daniel P. Bearse, on		Residence of Oliver Doane	116
the site of the birthplace of James		Residence of Dr. Samuel Davis	118
Otis	60	Street View, Eastham	119
Rev. Enoch Pratt first Parish House		Residence of O. H. Davenport	120
and Communion Service used in		Eastham	121
first Church in New England	61	Location of Gov. Prince's House	127
Sacrament Rock upon which the old		Residence of Capt. Edward Penni-	
church celebrated their first com-		man	129
munion near the grave of Governor		Residence of Seth Knowles, on site	
Hinckley	62	of the Samuel Treat estate	131
Paneling in the old Wing estate,		Old Mill, Eastham	132
182 years old	65	Universalist Church	133

	PAGE		PAGE
	134	Residence of the late Marcellus Eldridge	215
Hatch	135	Oldest House in Chatham	216
Howles,	136	Hawes House, Chatham	217
Camp		Harbor View, Chatham	218
	138	Interior View in Residence of H. Fisher Eldridge	219
	139	Residence of H. Fisher Eldridge	220
	140	Life Saving Station, Chatham	221
	142-43	South Chatham, Residence of the late Levi Eldridge	224
	145	Harwich	225
	146	View of Harwichport	227
	148	Residence of Valentine Doane, Jr., Harwichport	228
	150	Liberty Block, Harwich	229
	152	Congregational Church, Harwich	232
	155	The Late Obed Brooks estate	233
Baker,		American House	234
	156	The Poor Whites	235
	160	Residence of Caleb Chase	238-240
	51	Residence of Erastus Chase	239
		Hotel Belmont	241-242
	163	Old Veteran of the Rebellion	243
	167	Sitting-room in a Cape Cod Home	244
	168	Residence of Capt. J. G. Parke	245
	169	Residence of Capt. H. C. Berry	246
High-		One of Cape Cod's Prominent Sea Captains	247
	170	One of Cape Cod's Prominent Physicians	253
	171	Residence of Dr. D. R. Ginn	254
Cape Cod	174	Dennisport	255
	181	Historical Letter	260
on	182	South Dennis School and Street View	261
	183	Congregational Church, South Dennis	262
		Residence of Dr. Kelley, West Dennis	266
	185	Residence of Mrs. Obed Baker	267
	186	Street View, West Dennis	268
	187	Residence of Capt. Arthur L. Nickerson	270
Cape Cod	191	Residence of Capt. Peter H. Crowell	272
g Sta-		South Yarmouth	274
	193	A Cape Cod 235 acre Farm	276
on	195	Old Salt Works, South Yarmouth	277
Fore-		Oldest House in South Yarmouth	278
V. H.		West Yarmouth	279
wer "	199	Oldest Mill on Cape Cod	280
on via		Residence of Joshua F. Crowell	281
South		The First Landing of the Pilgrims	284
	206		
ndrick,			
	207		
ans	208		
	209		
	210		
t. W.			
	212		
	213		
	214		

	PAGE		PAGE
Residence of H. A. Abell	283-285	Ocean View House in Siasconsett	398
Residence of Simeon Lewis	288	CHAPTER VIII, Martha's Vineyard	399
Ocean View House	290	View at Cottage City	401
Yarmouth Camp Ground	291	Metropolitan Hotel	404
Hyannis	292	Pawnee House, Cottage City	406
Cap Cod	303	CHAPTER IX, Edgartown	407
Residence of Hon. Rufus A. Soule	304	Residence of Sol. Smith Russell	411
State Normal School, Hyannis	306	Street Views in Edgartown	414
Residence of Lindsey Oliver	311-312	Vineyard Haven	415
Street View, Hyannis	314	Residence of Hon. W. L. Swift, Representative	416
Hyannis Light	315	Mansion House	417
Hyannisport	316	Residence of Capt. Gilbert Smith	421
Craigville	318	Tashmoo Lake	422
Hotel Craigville	320	Crocker Avenue and Church Street	427
Centerville	321	Poem: "Martha's Vineyard"	431
Residence of Hon. Aaron Crosby, Representative of First Cape Dist.	323	Summer Residence of George W. Eldridge	432
Osterville	325	Returning from Gay Head through Imouth, east side of Buzzards Bay	434
East Bay Lodge	327	Old Mill, West Falmouth	436
Hotel Cotochesett, Mrs. T.H. Ames, Prop.	329	Chapoquoit Island	437
Marston's Mills	332	North Falmouth	439
Residence of Dr. J. H. Higgins	334	Megansett, North Falmouth	440
Residence of old Judge Marston	335	Cataumet	444
Cottages connected with Santuit	337	The Jachin Cottage	448
Santuit House, James Webb, Owner	338	Summer Residence of the late H. D. Ditmars	452
Hotel Pines, Cotuit Highlands	339	Wing's Neck Light	453
Residence of Jas. E. Rockwell	342-343	Monument Beach	455
Water View of Cotuit, from Residence of James E. Rockwell	346	Tobey Island	458
Eagle Pond, Cotuit	348	Norcross House	465
Wakeby Lake	351	Homestead of the Author	471
CHAPTER VI, Mashpee	354	Summer Residence of John Parker-son, Esq.	477
Mashpee Boy	356	Residence of Arthur Hunnewell	481
Waquoit	358	Poem: "Bourne Village"	482
Old Mill at East Falmouth	359	Cape Cod Memories	482-483
Teaticket	360	Library of Bourne	487
Residence of Commodore E. P. Boggs	361	Oldest Houses on the Cape	489-490
Falmouth	363	End of Itinerary of Cape Cod	493
Residence ex-Secretary Richard Olney	370	Tables of Villages and Inhabitants of the Cape	495
Quissett	372	The South Shore	496
Buzzards Bay	373	Hingham	497
Woods Hole	376	Nantasket	499
CHAPTER VII, Nantucket Island	378	Cohasset	501
View at Nantucket	379	Scituate	504
Old Fireplace	382	Poem: "Old Oaken Bucket"	505
Old Mill, Nantucket, built in 1746	383	Brant Rock	507
Old Coffin House	387	Marshfield	508
Sea-Cliff House, Nantucket	389	Ancient Town of Duxbury	510
Harbor View	390	Kingston	511
Interior of Museum	392	Plymouth Rock, and Souvenirs	514-528
Oldest House in Siasconsett	394		
Street View in Siasconsett	396		



MOTTO.

et beyond, but he never gets over, the Cape. It
the root and fibre of him. Make him a merchant
ler at the North Pole, a mate in Australian waters,
ue, a farmer in Minnesota, and the Cape sticks to
odd hours, to his life's end, the creek tide on which
hunger of the salt marsh when he went haying in
h of the sea spray at the harbor's mouth, the spring
bar when he came home from fishing, with the wind
e grey night-clouds at sea, the blast of the wet north-
orning, when under the dripping branches he picked
and crimson apples; the big-flaked snow of the
beaued his first sweetheart home from singing school,
reams, perhaps, the trailing arbutus among its grey
a spring snow-bank, the spring bubbling out of its
ot near tide-water; the fat Pilgrim roses under his
ump of Aaron's rod or lilac for background; the
morning across his misty moors, and the fog of the
trees; and, beyond all, the blue sea within its head-
te-winged ships to that great, far off world, which the
the grown man knows so well.





FOREWORDS.

IT is the intention of this book to describe this Cape as it exists in time and space, putting into it such things as concern man, who is taught by history and observation of nature many things of himself. There are three provinces, at least, on the globe, whose people are enthusiastically attached to their birth-place, viz., Switzerland, Iceland, and Cape Cod. They are all lands, odd, strange, and in measure weird, austere, and full of gigantic nature-forces with which man must struggle in a Spartan temper, and life-long, to secure a living; full of variety, abounding in a beauty and even comfort of its own, and impressing themselves on their people to form character; and they in turn, by their life and achievements of generations, imparting a certain reverence and sanctity to the land itself. Here lie some of the reasons why this Cape, which has neither rich soil, the magnificent forests of the West, the luxuriant vegetation of the South, attracts infallibly every artistic and poet mind, from the very start, and yet all are very slow to agree upon the reasons.

To localize, then, the Cape in space. It is an off-shoot, "The Right Arm," men call it, of Massachusetts, thrust far out into the sea, lying about in the latitude of Madrid, $41^{\circ} 3'$, and longitude 8° from Washington, these two lines intersecting each other in the town of Wellfleet. For convenience, and other reasons, this book divides the Cape into three parts, viz.: The West Cape, reaching from Buzzard's Bay to Dennis; The Mid Cape, reaching from Dennis to Orleans; the East Cape, from Orleans to Provincetown and Cape Race.

It is a small province of fourteen towns and one plantation, comprising the one County of Barnstable, and about ninety miles long; and as there is absolutely nothing regular about it (even to its sand-hills), it is of very irregular width, the widest part being the West Cape. Indeed, the whole geology of

has often been said, an interrogation mark before it. Only a few guesses about what lies below the upper are traceable ; one running parallel with Buzzard's in Plymouth Woods to Woods Hole ; and the other the West Cape, running about midway through the lower land of the Mid Cape, if perchance some connect this range with the hills of Wellfleet and the led sporadic hills are everywhere. For "the Ice age," the icebergs have been everywhere at work. and icebergs, covering over all the land, and under ploughing up or digging into or grinding to powder its way. They dumped gigantic loads of boulders at Bourne and Woods Hole, and flung, open-handed, the at Brewster. No ledge has as yet been found on the ally from the north, are found in piles like "The woods. Of course there is some sand on the Cape, at from Bourne to Truro Bluffs, the clay is visible in and the engineers report, from their borings, that, e is underlaid with a strata of hard blue clay, and ges of marshes and bogs. The icebergs are proba- the round, deep, fresh-water ponds, mostly inland, ground and melted, leaving only their mark of a

the sea has done most of the tillage and mechanicalsted only by its sisters of the winds, in their mostds, until in memorable storms it has changed theas we shall see in our travels. This sea about usakes a holiday. It digs out sand, carts sand, beatsts sisters to fling far inland to mix itself with the n below. The sea is master here — a tyrant, even n ours, who have gone down to the sea in ships so ns, understand the subtle saying of Lord Bacon, as we obey her." The Cape man has a profound mastery of the sea. He shows it by watching its his sails and ropes and tackle conforming exactly

to what he supposes to be her demands. A careless Cape boatman dies young by the sea, or goes West, as out of place here. The sea forces him to know a boat. And yet the sea, in its own way, is gracious. It is an exquisite and patient artist, and paints carefully, from the bloom on a Cape girl's cheek to a deeper red to the wild roses at our roadsides, as visitors tell us. The sea, too, tones our flowers and flowerage, and is to us what the Alpine heights, snows are to the flowers of Switzerland — it purifies and spiritualizes them. Men long ago have noted that wild flowers are less gross and earthly than well-fed garden flowers, which lack the purity and grace which come from struggle and suffering. The sea tends to make vestals of our wild flowers. It has a special right to do this, because it first brought most of them, as seeds, in the lap of its currents, from the Bay of Fundy, or from our south coast as far as Norfolk, Va.; attested by the singular fact that the flora of the South shore and the flora of the North, divided as they are by the Central Hill ridge, have less likeness to each other than they have to the flora of the distant lands from whence they first came in the carriage of the sea.

And yet, let any man look at a map of the Cape and the islands immediately south of it, and he will see that these are merely the ruins of an ancient continent, still larger, thus broken and scattered by the sea. And no map can show all the work done by the seas, for much of it is under water. Nauset Island, at Eastham, seen by Gosnold in 1602, has long since disappeared, and the mouth of Eastham harbor has moved a mile south in fifty years. Georges Banks, some three hundred miles away, is probably a part of that same continent, and the Atlantic side of the Cape, along shore, is fretted with sunken islands. Nine miles off Chatham Light, in thirty feet of water, lies a ledge with tree stumps, above which one hundred and twenty-five years ago there was a fair island covered with cedar trees, where the Nantucketers came to cut fence-railing.

So much was necessary to make ready to travel over the land where our Itinerary will lead us.

For the rest, this book intends to be honest, and, so far as it has ability, to be historically accurate. It will stand or fall by this test. It will not hesitate to take its bread from any reliable source already provided, and it will especially desire to take up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost out of the romantic and picturesque story of Cape Cod.



Cape Cod." Its men are true,
aidens none so fair,
dier homes no clime e'er knew
the homes of its sailors are.

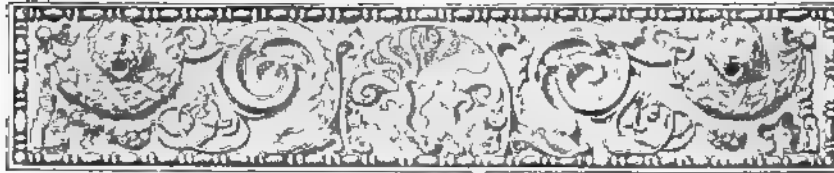
ite barren and cliffs are bleak,
ea is their prairie soil,
rests aye, on its breast they seek,
he waves repay their toil.

s are they, for a native grace,
n art may ne'er command,
in the glow of a sunburnt face,
he grasp of a toil-worn hand.

is widely as e'er I may,
ned by fate to roam,
t arm which shields the Bay,
l my heart's true home.

hor yet, beneath its lea,
the storms of life are o'er,
riends of my youth shall rejoice with me,
I cross the deep no more.





A Trip Around Cape Cod.

CHAPTER I

SINCE either as travellers or inhabitants of the Cape we shall at once find ourselves surrounded by the houses and the activities of the present population above ground, it is well to furnish for the background, a historical perspective of the inhabitants which were here before. The first of these were, of course, the wolves and deer. The deer still remain, but the wolves were at one time so many and troublesome, that the proposal to build a high palisade across from Massachusetts to Buzzards Bay was only blocked by the second thought, that such a fence would keep in as many wolves as it would keep out. The last wolf killed on the Cape was in Sandwich woods about 1837. So far as wild beasts went it was about the same in Old England as in the New. After or with them came the Indians, their kin in wildness and almost a part of the wild itself. As we shall meet many traces of them in our travels, it may be well to say just here something of them in general. The Cape Indians were very much like the rest — they built their wigwams near running water and their food supplies of shellfish, in a sunny exposure sheltered by the hills from the north winds; showed some skill and more industry in their culinary utensils and war arms, and our fields are rich in their arrow and spear heads, sized to kill a sparrow, a deer or a blackfish. They were treated, as all our Indians of that date, with exact justice by the common law. This is proved by the Colonial laws still on our statute-books which treat

te. King Philip's war, which undertook to exchange land for rum, based on what may be called a mutual mistake and selling land, the Indian selling greatly less, according to his English ideas, buying much more. The Cape Indians, with their several thousand warriors, never sent a man to the war, even at times when the Indians with Philip would have turned the

white man drove a hard bargain with the red man and then the price of rum may go without saying, and as the white-bred traders show; but it is not true that our laws are just laws for their red brethren, nor is it true that rum appeared from our soil because of the white man's sins for that calamity will be found in those facts which are narrated in "The Beagle," which narrate what follows, the mixture of the superior races around the globe. Yet the homely white man will throw light upon one phase of the interaction between the white and the red. The Indian was very thirsty and went to the tavern-keeper in his neighborhood. "I have just shot a deer up the turnpike, which is lying at the cross-roads. Give me some rum and take the deer," said the white man. The man was drunk, and the white man struck the deer at the cross-roads, but there was no deer. The white man came back a sadder if not wiser man, full of rum instead of strength than of righteousness, to find his tavern-keeper laid eyes upon him he went at him for the

white man, "You find the cross roads as I told

you? find the big oak tree as I told you?" "Yes," said the white man. "No not a deer nor a hide nor hair," said the Indian in a meditative mood, "Two truths to one man does," and off he goes to his wigwam, and the white man has lost his rum, and worst of all that the red man has won. Ankee.

At the close of the Great Indian War, the refugees from King Philip's army scattered themselves about Buzzards Bay, and Captain Church was sent to hunt them up.

The white folks that first settled the Cape were called Pilgrims, and from them most of our old families derive themselves, and of them the world will not cease talking for some time to come. They were English, chiefly from the eastern shires and Kent, saturated with the principles of that mysterious movement called the English Reformation — each individual an epitome of the principles of the Declaration of Independence walking about on two legs, and sturdy, industrious workers under their ancient sun. There were white men here before them, chiefly off the ships of discovery like those of Smith and Gosnold, and ever since the Cape has been sprinkled over from age to age with men who attained in ship or shipwreck, to our sandy but friendly shores, or men of divers nations lured here by our cod or whale fisheries. From these men come chiefly those Cape names which are neither English nor Pilgrim.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Our new population of summer visitors we shall meet everywhere. The county road runs round the Cape on both North and South shores, as shown on the map, and our journey will start at Buzzards Bay and follow along the North shore. But we should take with us the truth that he is not the greatest traveller who has been over the most miles, but he who has seen the most in the miles he has been over, be they few or many. If in spots we travel slow, it will be because there is so much to see, but we shall, at least, point a finger at things which lie far to the left and right of us, knowing beforehand that we are sure to omit many things that might profit.

So at our starting-point we find ourselves surrounded by scores of stately villas, with men and women more stately, owners of them — houses which are prophets, every one, of what is coming to the whole Cape ; for the most hopeful sign in our summer visitors is not the number but the

Somehow the Cape appeals to the highest in man or
us that class as fellow-citizens.

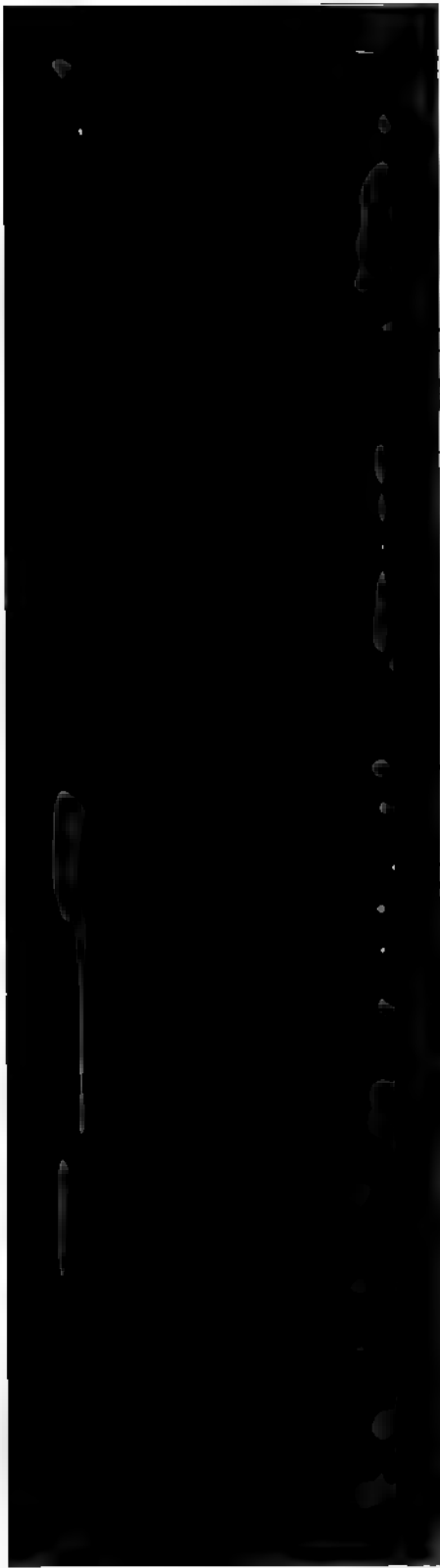
is the mansion of Joseph Jefferson, among its tall
iv, the north end of the greater Bay below, one of
actors, with a manhood greater and more gracious
whole colony of his children and kin about him —
well kept and a house as artistically and elaborately
es in town or country are



Old Wind Mill at Joseph Jefferson's



7



Summer Residence of Joseph Jefferson, Jr., Buzzards Bay





of Joseph Jefferson, Buzzards Bay



way to the Residence of Edwin A. Taft.





Summer Residence of Jonathan Brown, Buzzards Bay





To escape from our "embarrassment of riches" in new villas, let us look across the Bay, south to Gray Gables, ex-President Cleveland's summer home. It stands solitary and almost isolated in forty acres of land, and very open to the sea on all sides. Neither the man nor the house, both simple and so to say homespun in all things, need any eulogy from us, and the man himself must be left to final history, whose pen, in the long run, never allows itself to be jarred from its just inscrip-



Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Residence of ex-President Grover Cleveland

tion by those passions which surround the man while living in a high office. Nor is it below the dignity of history to remark that no lady more gentle, gracious, kind or popular ever abode here, than Mrs. Cleveland.

From this vagabondage of our eyes across the river, we return to ride east along a rather narrow and in parts wooded valley, with the Manomet river running down amidst from the Great Herring Pond, some three

ey ending before us, and barred at right angles
sand-hills covered by forests, which John Ruskin
of the Hills." This river on our right divides
is from the woods of the Cape, very much as the
vides the great forests of the Schwarzwald and the
Just after we start, across the river, is the site
ing fort, built somewhere about 1624 to help our
st penny by trading furs and tobacco for the rum
h neighbors of New York. Up this river sailed
merchant of New York, with his Dutchmen, in all
both peace and war, trumpets calling, powder
lazonry of high-colored garments, flashing steel
rds; and here was trade carried on for years.
us river in open boats, seventy men, women and
th, passes from Southern governors all right,—
French refugees from Canada, whom Longfellow
line," endeavoring to reach Massachusetts Bay and
y offered the country people high prices to cart
peninsula immediately before us, but they were
thorities and kept somewhere on these banks dur-
all the bills for their support and the items of their
e House at Boston. Then the party was broken
among the colonists in a sort of cruel slavery
stant families, as was done elsewhere in all the
ers are full of pathetic complaints over their
some day tell us how far our "poor whites"



BOURNEDALE AND SAGAMORE.

We are now passing through land once belonging easily to the first man of this whole Cape, Richard Bourne, chief missionary to the Cape Indians, whom we shall meet again. It is also the route of the Cape Cod ship-canal, first proposed near two hundred and fifty years ago. Just before reaching Bournedale we cross the old Megansett line — the old Indian war-path between the Plymouth Indians and their brethren at Falmouth and islands beyond, a narrow path, worn down a foot or so into the soil, but running as straight and with as due reference to the irregularities of surface as any modern engineer could order it ; obscured here and there by the farmers building their wood-roads across and by the washings of the rains of five centuries, but yet discernible for many miles, though overgrown with trees and with side paths down to where the springs were,

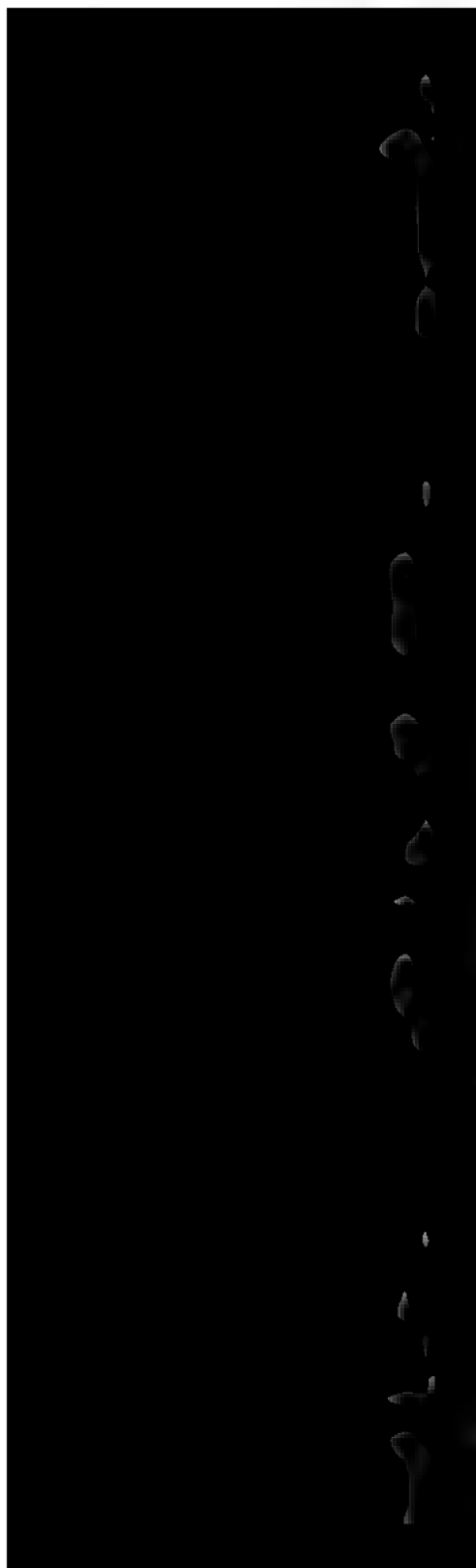


Herring River, near Walter G. Beal Estate, Bournedale



Summer Residence of Walter G. Beal, Bournedale





The Gates of the Hills, Bournedale, looking south



A Day's Outing at the Upper Herring Pond, Bournedale



Residence of W. A. Nye, Bournedale



M. E. Church, Sagamore



Old Crowell House, Sagamore

worn by the red wayfarers seeking water in the hot summer days—a well-known line still in use to mark the boundaries of the wood-lots in that vicinity. Indeed, Bournedale, which lies just beyond us, nestled among the hills, is in the heart of the Indian country, and with the Herring River tribe still extant and having its tribal rights against the whites, are still here and have for their monument “Meeting-House Hill,” the ancient Indian burying ground, even before the coming of the whites,—the Christian Indians buried in rows, the others scattered round where Judge Samuel Sewell of Boston built a meeting-house for the red man before 1688, in the English style—a better one than any on the Cape. And so we drive to Sagamore along the line of the proposed canal and into a thrifty, well-kept village, as most Cape villages are. On the site of the residence of the Hon. Mr. Keith once stood a Pilgrim meeting-house, sprung from some obscure wrangle of the Sandwich parish. This parish had one pastor about 1725, Rev. Mr. Cushing, and no more, the parish itself dying early. Just beyond, on our road, is the famous Swift tavern, from Webster’s time to Cleveland’s: a favorite inn of Sir Izaak Walton’s followers, because the streams or creeks hereabouts always abounded in



Residence of Hon. Isaac N. Keith, Sagamore



Freeman Place at Sagamore



Old Swift Tavern, Sagamore

large-sized trout. Beyond this we reach the Freeman house and the Sandwich line. Freeman was the head founder of Sandwich, and his own grave lies still beyond, covered by a huge boulder which his stalwart children dragged there with ox-teams. It may save time and let in some light into some Cape families, to say that, from the start, a Freeman, a Hinkley or a Prince without uncommon brains, has been as rare as a white crow.

SANDWICH.

We are now where we are in sight of the north sea, or Massachusetts Bay, across Scussett marshes on our left, where the Cape curves into the continent which stretches far north in the white cliffs of Plymouth woods, and sand-faced toward the sea, the back patches of the forest, with the purple haze and shimmer of the summer days in sharp contrast with these sands, at the foot of which on the sea-beach of old the white folks travelled from Plymouth hitherward and back, taking only to upland when they reached the curve or angle of the Cape, near which the Sagamore church now stands, and so on to the hill range south and east until this Freeman place is reached. And here the new county road keeps straight on and diverges from the old road on the left, which follows round the marsh, and where many of the first settlers were. And just here a few things in general may be said about the Cape roads. The Cape man is one of the most independent men on earth, and this independence shows itself in the roads he builds and his graveyards. For there are more private burying grounds here than almost anywhere else considering the sparse population. But all the same he wills to lay out his roads wisely—that is, in the shortest line and the lowest grades. This he has tried at least to do, and in some places, as at Scorton hill, he has laid his main or county road, in three routes, in three different generations. There are few public roads across the Cape, through the forest, and these for the villages hidden there, but the roads of the farmers to their lots are innumerable. At the start the white man's road followed some Indian trail, and as in travel the Indian dreaded swamps and low land more than mosquitos, he betook himself to the first hill ridges on the south and avoided the morass. The primitive forest was then so large and free of underbrush that footmen and horse-men could travel on without difficulty. Some of the oldest houses stand



Old Tupper House, Sandwich



Town Hall, Sandwich



Episcopal Church, Sandwich



Pond View near Sandwich Card and Tag Co.



Sw, Sandwich, showing Orthodox Church



Shawnee Lake, Sandwich, Mass.

on these old roads, long gone out of date, and this is the reason why that, in parts at least, on the West Cape our first roads go all round Robin Hood's barn, rather than at it, and waste so much of the travellers' time in going in so many half-circles. This is why the new county road just here breaks away from the old Pilgrim road which we shall follow. The Tupper house, on this road, is no doubt one of the oldest on the Cape, and for three generations was the home of that famous missionary family to the Indians, whose name it bears. The kitchen and chambers of that house should be seen by every antiquarian.

The sea is still on our left, its deep waters and shore currents flowing sturdily and without cease, west and north - the sea to-day of its usual blue and the white-winged, restless gulls in flocks at every harbor's mouth from here to Cape Race. Only one thing shall we now gather out of this sea - a whale - a distressed, disconsolate, shipwrecked whale or blackfish cast up by the sea, ashore. By English law, under which the Pilgrims lived, all such fish, so caught, belonged from time immemorial to the king.



Right Whale

pilgrims did was to appropriate every such fish to
 very much like treason — a dangerous pastime
 This he d.d either because the whale would glut
 he thought every white man on the Cape was a
 he concluded by his own sovereign law to give
 parson as a perquisite, certainly not to eat him, for
 in supply enough, nor that his wife might re-
 one, for she and her likes had generally but one
 e, and she didn't like the smell nor the taint of
 se, but this perquisite was perhaps given from
 the giver, that this parson, bred at Cambridge
 his solitary life in the wild for his Lord, was the
 those parts, and that the crown of thorns would
 r one never to grow dim, whose brilliancy, like
 on the tear drops he had shed on earth over a
 when there was no money in the parish treasury,
 the lack of those civilized associates, so grateful
 at he who gave was only the prophet to foretell



Sandwich, looking north from Post Office

the future kingship of his parson — with a whale. Anyhow, we know and hear to this day how some of the parsons crowed and crooned about it when they wrote about that whale with happy pens: "They had indeed sucked of the fatness of the sea." It is hoped at any rate, that "the better half" of the parson got the better half of the fish.

As we enter the village of Sandwich, on our left, reaching east as a part of the beach, are seen the rolling hills and pasture lands of Town Neck. These were originally a part of "the common lands" of the town. "The common lands" were these: after any town had been assigned to certain men or proprietors, as the citizens were called, each man had a certain part assigned him for his homestead or farm, according as his dignity or dollars had gone into the venture; and after that was done, there was still more land left. This land belonged to all the citizens, according to their first investment. If other men came and were accepted by the town and land assigned them, they also shared with the first comers, according to the same rule, in these common lands. This Town Neck was a part of these common lands left over, and the present proprietors use it for the common pasturage of their own cattle, one of the few instances of the holding of real estate in the Old Colony in this fashion to this present.

Sandwich, the oldest town on the Cape, full of dignity and industry and checkered fortunes, and a worthy sample of our West Cape towns, has made so much of history in its past of two hundred and fifty years that it frightens away every sensible scribe from attempting the story, though in telling it one would but repeat the story of many another Cape town. Alert, busy, thrifty, resolutely clinging to its own opinions when once formed and ready even to recklessness to back them up with its last dollar and its last gun; paying in butter or Indian corn when there was no silver in town to pay with; open-handed for the public weal when the Mother Land oppressed us, yet in the same hour ordering its committee to examine and report exactly what it owed, that if it ran in debt, it should instantly prepare to pay the same; living through all the wars, from King Philip's to our latest war with Spain; living through all the strifes, religious, political, social, economic, and holding its own place in them all — the life of a town like this cannot be written, for if you write it, it will involve the history of a country. It has always loved learning, as

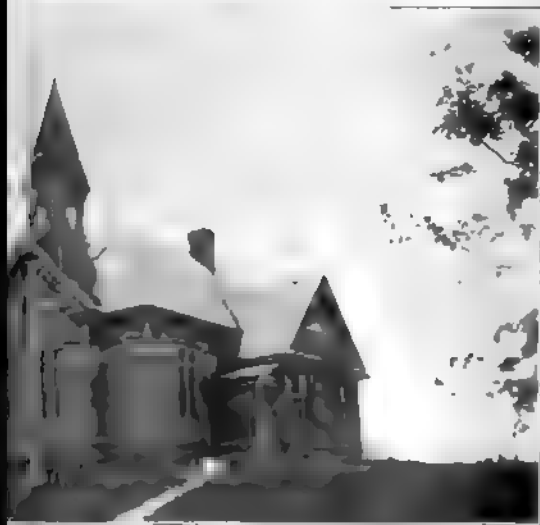
of its schools show ; and virtue, as its churches especially about its mill-pond, has built its houses the Belcher and Wester places, for instance ; but we the country which reaches Scorton Hill, west side, a mile away, the sea at equal distance on our left. In this country we are liable to stumble over historical spots that attract the attention of the curious. For this stretch of country under review may be called both the Quaker Land. A mile away, up among the hills, is Christ Church, named after Christopher Ludlow, a Quaker preacher who lived about the faithful in this solitary spot under the name of his days of their pilgrimage, when if a Quaker met- ing in his house he was fined forty shillings, and every other day though not a word was said in the Quaker silence they were fined every time they did not go to the



Unitarian Church, Sandwich



Wester and Belcher Places, Sandwich



High School, Sandwich

Sabbath meeting established by law, for every time they did go to a meeting of their own. Their fines in three years amounted at least to one thousand pounds, and of this, one man, William Allen, paid eighty-seven pounds. The persecution was the bitterest in Sandwich of any Cape town, not because Sandwich people were more cruel than the others, but because the town was nearest Plymouth, backed by the Massachusetts Bay, who pushed the persecution and overlooked it. By the Old Colony law any man entertaining a Quaker under his roof, though but for a quarter of an hour, was fined five pounds (the wages of a working man for a year), and if any one saw a Quaker loose hereabouts and did not report him without delay to the next constable, though six miles away, he was fined as heavily as the court saw fit. Flogging and imprisonment on bread and water were too frequent punishments to attract attention. It is no wonder then that from time immemorial the Quakers have lived on the hill ridges and outskirts of the town, chiefly as farmers, and no family of staunch Quakers has ever lived in the village. Of course all such persecution is wrong, and it is not sufficient to say that "they all did it," because that is only saying that they all did wrong; but it may be said in fairness to our Cape ancestry that they were never cruel, never liked this handling of the Quakers, and did as little persecution as any province in Massachusetts. And as we travel some two miles east towards their meeting-house, we may say for this people, as they have shown themselves on the Cape for two centuries and a half, that they have been among our best citizens, cultured, given to learning, harmless, thrifty and humane. But their first reception here was more than a trifle rough and warm. We approach their meeting-house by a curve of the old county road, at Spring Hill, to our left, on which still stands one of the old "houses of refuge" or block-house, where the pale-faces might flee for safety in case of the redskins making their attack. There is such another domestic fortress on the "Henry Wing" farm at Scorton. Both, we think, were originally Quaker houses.

We are now in the Mystical Land, rightly so called, because in the confusion of land and water, in the wanderings of its creeks among its uplands and its vagrant streams making to all points of the compass, nature seems to have been of more than usual chaotic mind and a temper which throws all regularity to the winds. For this the creeks from Sand-



Baker Meeting House, Spring Hill



Green Wing Farm, East Sandwich



The Faul Wing Estate, East Sandwich



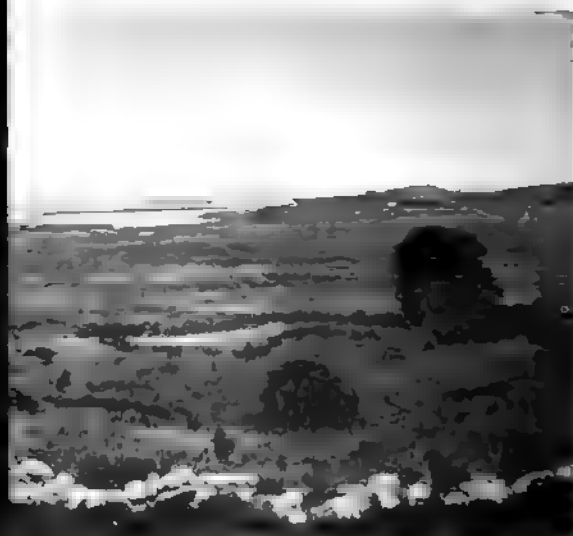
Old Wing School, Spring Hill

harbors, running parallel with the beach outside, and on, are mainly responsible, and the hill ranges and ridges and slight plateaux of upland far into the perplexing confusion, as wide Ploughed Neck. , especially at night, find it very hard to get any-
 ck to the beach. Besides, these same hill-ridges , breaking out into ponds and streams lying in
 dow of pine-trees, beside the water oozing under
 solitary ponds, that lie by themselves farther in-
 vince, far more than many others here, seems to
 water at hand. The general look of the land
 ted to agriculture, and most of the few inhabitants
 ears have been farmers ; but when this part of the
 its occupation sure to come, the land of villas
 is spot is to be graced by summer villas with
 and busy homes of market gardeners. For this
 nly on the threshold of its possibilities. Here is
 as changed less in looks and ways than almost
 It is a Pilgrim landscape gone to sleep, like the
 -ossa, only this land sleeps in the sunshine and
 and has to-day some of our brightest and most
 Then therefore we ride here, the Sandwich hills
 before us, with all the mystery of the sea on one
 l-ridges with their stores of springs on the other,
 noisy and busy world which we have left behind
 minds uncloaked of custom and the frivolities of
 and we can for a moment listen to our own heart-
 a sense of something wiser, tenderer, more last-
 strong upon us, and we breathe long breaths up-
 -m aspirations? breaths which tell us of that Best
 ss of Nature thus laid upon us? Stanley, the
 i parts, Africa is always calling down the white
 f tropic fullness of material gifts, to its own re-
 e is the temperate zone adorned with its other
 , frost, and struggle and toning us up in market-
 deck or battle. And does not this thought solve

the riddle of the strong influence of the Cape landscape upon sensitive minds inspecting it? No man will inspect this Cape with due profit who, when he speaks of nature, does not bow reverently before its Author.

WEST BARNSTABLE

We are now at the head of Great Marshes, so called, probably the most extensive marshes on the Atlantic coast; on our left, Scorton Neck, where a tribe of Indians once had their wigwams, and where, as living witnesses can testify, many houses had their movable ladders, over which on an Indian alarm the house inmates clambered from the first to the second story, drawing the ladder after them for security. It was always noted for its thrifty and rich farmers, mostly Quakers, for there was always good soil here and pasturage for cattle. In the war of 1812, the British often landed to seize these cattle, and when news was brought one Sunday to the worshippers in the West Barnstable meeting-house, the Pilgrim worship was much disturbed by men, in a great hurry, leaping over the square pews, whose doors they were too much in earnest to stop and open, to seek the enemy, and the women and children were left behind in alarm. It is very likely, though not written down, that those services, if so checked, proceeded in the usual order to their conclusion, British or no British, according to the Pilgrim wont of keeping to its point or its text. The best historical illustration of this trait of the New England character, in all generations, is that motion made by a Connecticut legislator when some would adjourn the House on what is known as "The Great Dark Day," when, as most thought, the Day of Judgment was come (the dark arose, likely, from the smoke of large fires in the Maine woods), that lights be brought in and the House proceed to business, on the ground that, if God should come, in any way He pleased, He should find them at their post of duty, doing it, which was the best spot for any man to meet him, if any man or God should come. By this neck of fertile land the long stretch of Barnstable Beach called Sandy Neck connects itself with the continent. On our right is Scorton Hill, with our road at the north side, the youngest of the three by which the white man passed or passes east of this hill. But on this hill there has been for three hundred years now, one grave always spared by the plough-



Looking across the Marshes



at the Marshes at Barnstable



Sandy Neck Light, Barnstable



On the Marshes, Barnstable

stones for memorial, which has a lesson for more
on Capt. Mathew Fuller died at Scorton, in 1678,
ert, was falsely accused of having stolen his mas-
innocent, the charge so wrought on him that he
d starvation. On his burial day there was a sav-
e tired men bearing him to the churchyard, some
alted and buried him on the northeast side of this
in of honor and self-respect. The grave has long
asure his example too. Nowadays, when a man
, or indeed his fellow-citizen's rights, he seldom
rave. He goes abroad with a fat letter of credit
n a green old age in utter comfort and peace with

sely patriotic and for the flag ; but it lacks and
to all its sailors and soldiers (there is a crowd of
vars, viz., the Indian, French, Spanish, the Revo-
our Civil War, and our late war with Spain, -- at
h Cape life was spent and lost, to be found again
ife. The whole Cape should undertake it and pay
or it, considering the contour of the Cape, is some-
re the travelers may see it as they pass up and
e lofty pedestal of this hill would give it promi-

The only other spot, though lacking the gran-
first, is at Buzzards Bay, the neck of the Cape,
the South and the North shore will come in.

l and strange land like this, the most perplexing
o rightly apportion his space between the human
naterial and scientific, or between Man and Na-
' Great Marshes ' ' under our eyes, and knowing
ve of the wooded hill-ranges, far to the south on
et or parish of West Barnstable, in the old days,
rming community on the Cape, we must say a
l, of the future farming in this province. Strangers
r that this Cape, so associated in their minds with
: a great gardening province. Holland, by the
: the richest country, according to the number of

its people, in Europe, with its agriculture seldom outmatched, and yet most of her land was originally like these "Great Marshes," only worse, and much farther below the sea-level than the land here. First of all, they had to shut out the sea with dykes, then to pump the water flowing from streams and rains into the sea ; and then to use the common methods of the Dutch farmers in raising crops. Here (and the same is true of most Cape marshes), the beach is our great natural dyke built for us by the Almighty. It is only to build an additional dyke, some seven miles further east, where the marsh is narrowed by the uplands, to turn all this low land into fresh meadow, capable of raising fresh hay enough for all the horses in the State. So far this has never been attempted because it will not pay. It would simply break the hay market and disturb distribution ; but when the West and the in-country consume mostly their own hay crops, and the increase in value of land forbids such cheap crops as grass, the country will look to the Cape for supply. And there is salt marsh enough on the Cape, when properly reclaimed and handled, to feed the cattle on all the hills of the East. They who look now see only "the great marshes." But if one looks into the future far enough, he sees on this vast stretch of marsh land, now occupied only by solitude and salt hay ricks on staddles, villages with church-spires rising thereon, crowds of children going to well-built school-houses ; and hears the chime of church bells and the merry laugh of well-fed children, mingling with the roar of the surf and the sweep of winds off the bay.

West Barnstable has a strong soil of loam and clay, and its farmers, when corn was one dollar a bushel, were a thrifty race, which scattered wide its seed corn in spring. Their prosperity dried up when the fullness of the western prairies poured its grain at cheap rates in competition, and to the advantage of both parties, the foreign grain being paid for in Cape fish. This is true in all parts of the Cape, which has only followed the laws of nature in its development. The whole of this clay land has only three brief brooks, owing to the nature of the strata here. The ancient graveyard lies near the depot and the center of the village (if it ever had one), and is a sandy lot, not much given to any crop but gravestones, and chosen partly for that reason by the thrifty neighbors. It was in this yard that the last of the most famous name and family in

will his grave dug sixteen feet deep, that ordinary
er disturb his ashes. The grave-digger got six feet
soil caving in forbade further progress, and the
n no signs of being disturbed. As he was in life
ay now laugh at this failure in his case ; and he
who, provoked by his nephews wearing their full
ce, left them at his demise only all his razors. It
ward that the family of Capt. John Percival, "Mad
ed (always behind his back), was buried. "Mad
sea captain, famous for his "cut-out jobs" in our
ed, and is perhaps the most unique and picturesque
y of our early American navy : a rough man with
led, but always high-hearted, whose memory was
our naval men, and withal a wag. When they
at, coming down in a gale of wind in a Barnstable
entiment, "Captain, we are all afraid we shall be
before morning," his cheerful reply was, "Well,
other world where I have one in this," and turned
all morning. It is not known that he is buried here,
e had his own coffin built and kept in his house for
grim monster keeping away unreasonably long, and
an, he had his coffin filled with flower-pots, and
ning-table for many years. It used to be told, in
own this Cape (but the story shall die and not be
at ritual and ceremony he buried his own father,
at sea ; but it may be told how this same fearless
ame graveyard, at the funeral of his mother, whom
od with uncovered head and tears in his eyes, to
al kinsfolk for their kindness to the woman gone.
s the track, southward, and a half mile or so brings
shes," or "West Precinct" meeting-house that
ty road which ran south of Scorton Hill and kept
Barnstable town. Here centered roads from the
as Hyannis and west as Cotuit, not to mention the
eat western arc of the forest which hides so many
Snake Pond. It was evidently once the centre of

large Sunday gatherings and the reunion of families of married sons and daughters, separated all the rest of the week, and the parents in the old home. And while not sketched here, there is no more sweet and pathetic picture on the Cape in all her years than such a meeting of worshippers between the services, waiting under the trees or the shady side of the meeting-house to eat their dinners and enjoy each other's kindred society. Like most such spots, this one has probably seen three meeting-houses built or re-built. The first meeting-houses from Boston to Provincetown were mere barns and have nearly all disappeared. The next in turn were after the Sandwich plan, as seen in Freeman's History of Cape Cod. Sometime after 1830 this house was changed into the Cape style then in fashion, and in the late 1840 was again reformed, a third of its length cut off and all its antiquities and most of its dignities concealed or mutilated. It was improved into commonplace, and all the pathos of its personal associations sacrificed to the convenience or comfort of the worshipper, then in trust merely for the generations to come. There was then no more dignified house of worship on the Cape or hardly in the States than this. Yet even the present house will bear looking at more than once, for it represents the oldest independent society in the world, founded in London in 1606, and drifted about until it reached here, as has been proved when denied. The house of the first minister in this building (Rev. John Russell) is a little way down the road to the depot, and the house of another pastor, Rev. Oakes Shaw, father of the late distinguished chief justice, is still standing about a mile east and down the old county road. As late as 1840, a slave of this same Parson Shaw was still alive, called Bash (probably Bathsheba) and amused herself with singing the rather heathen strain, "When I die I'm going home Guinny" and dancing lustily on two lame legs to the music of her own weird chant. The first parson at Truro, at his decease, owned half a dozen such servants, and cases are known where slaves were willed to be sold and the money used to buy Bibles for the heirs of the testator.

Standing here before Parson Shaw's parsonage, facing due north and, we see across the lowland and swamps the newer or second built county road, about a quarter of a mile east of the station where we turned to go to the church, and beyond this road the broad marshes with the white hills of Sandy Neck, with their black patches of stunted oaks and pine far be-



Church at West Barnstable



Rev. Jonathan Russell, now owned by Chas. C. Jenkins,
West Barnstable

yond. But from this distance we shall not probably see very much of the upland, running its narrow necks out into the marshes and forming coves therein, nor the tall white oaks surmounting these same ridges, where the lee sides were never warmer and the blackbirds (black winged and red) never sang sweeter than in the early spring days when, twenty years ago, a youngster, free hearted and hopeful, hunted round there for birds eggs or gooseberries. The spectator now may see, however, the green meadows slightly sloping northwest towards the new houses westward in sight, but he will not see the two old pear trees standing there, nor the two famous houses of different ages which once stood there. Yet this was once the homestead of the most famous of Barnstable families, and in one of these houses, James Otis, who much resembled, in his mental make-up as an orator, Patrick Henry of Virginia, both foremost advocates of American independence, was born. As late as 1840, the only representa-



Parsonage of Oakes Shaw, now owned by Heman Crocker, West Barnstable

town was an ancient gentleman, short, not stout,
laborate and gracious manners, minding his own
county folk, but keeping his eyes open to all going
and coming in old style, white fur hat, drab Quaker coat,
black stockings and pumps; very polite to all women of
rank too; knocking 'out of the path, with his gold-



James Otis

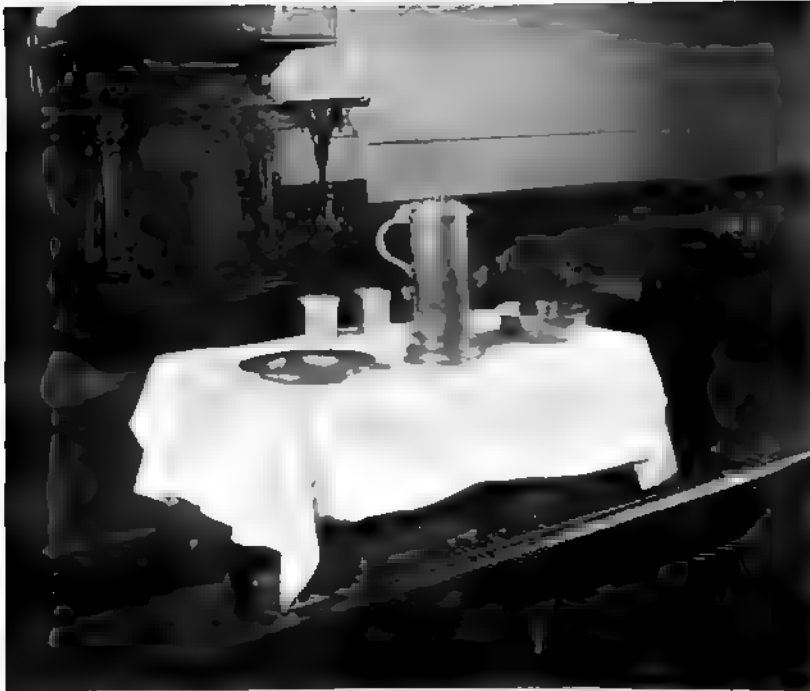
headed cane, the stones which the roguish boys, knowing his antipathy, had piled there, and with quick-gaited, nervous movement going to the post-office for his daily mail. His chief business seemed to be the overlooking and repairing the house of his fathers, which was then standing, but falling into decay. But the years beat him at his pious task, and he fell into his grave, and the house fell too, until the cellar holes, like those of the Pilgrim trading post at Bourne, only remain. It was a large, irregular, vagrant house, in the colonial style, gable-roof windows, ells and out-houses all about, unpainted, unpretentious, full of dignity—a house worthy of a New England yeoman of the first class; and some of the Otises had been lawyers, most statesmen.

We have let our readers stand so long before Parson Shaw's house (this parish used to be full of humorous stories of him, seldom at his own expense), because we are on the old county road, and bound for Barnstable town; and as our progress may be slow, but shall not be monotonous, we will not go alone, but in company with "The Body of the People" who went over this same road—fifteen hundred of them—two years before the Revolution, to meet another Otis, holding, as judge, court for King George III.

"The Body of the People" came about on this wise, and was this: The country was then in severe struggle for its rights with the British crown. The King's Court acted for the king and against the people. If there was no such court, the people could hardly be arrested or punished for any overt act like treason; and their property was also safe, because no execution could issue against it. It was determined to stop, therefore, the King's Court in Barnstable County, and this, too, some two years before the Declaration of Independence. But to stop the King's Court was treason, and exposed every one engaged in the business to the cruel penalties of treason as had under British laws. Yet, by careful arrangement among patriots, men from as far west as Rochester and Middleboro marched down to Sandwich, where they were joined by other Cape men, and marched down in ever-increasing numbers, horsemen ahead, the foot behind, and all armed, towards Barnstable town. They were led by a Freeman of Sandwich, whose personal description, as given by one eye-witness, may add some more colors to one of the most ancient and picturesque processions (and there were many of them) which ever



Residence of Daniel P. Bursley, West Barnstable, on the site of the Birthplace of James Otis



Communion Service used in First Church in New England, West Barnstable

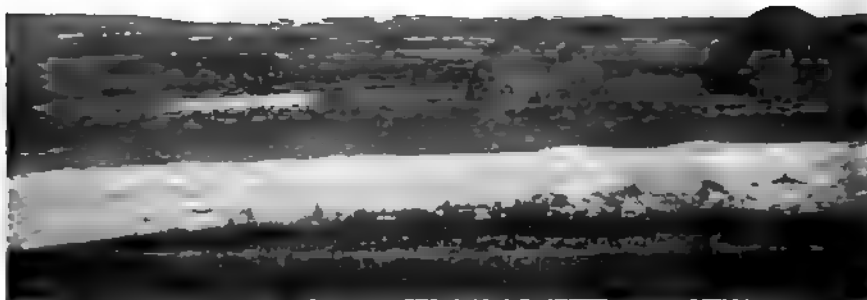


Rev. Enoch Pratt's first Parish House, West Barnstable,
now owned by William F. Jones

county road. "He was a fine figure of a man, be-
years old, a florid countenance, a bright and dig-
majestic voice; wearing a handsome lapelled coat,
snow, and a set-up hat, with the point a little to
to the court with fifteen hundred men, and were
arming of a Teutonic tribe; but they were under
with ordered decency as well as liberty, and therefore
ts, and then implicitly obeyed them; agreed not to
swear; had morning prayers (the Pilgrim prayers
and counselled together with all the decorum of a
en they came to the old court-house at Rendevous
spectful request to the Court (an Otis was on the
ze. Had they been refused, they would probably



which the Old Church celebrated its first Communion
near the grave of Governor Hinkley



Looking across the Marshes



Main Street, Barnstable



ne, Barnstable, Mass. One of the Old Houses.



e Dr. Savage's Residence, Barnstable



Panelling in Parlor of the Old Doane Estate, 182 years old, at Barnstable



Episcopal Chapel, Barnstable

doors or stopped it themselves. But the King's
there was no more of it in Barnstable County from

some a rash and even foolhardy enterprise. But
ed of what stock they were, and that scarce half a
court-house there are remains by this roadside —
Rock under the lee of which their Pilgrim ances-
crisp spring air to celebrate that Holy Supper of
to follow, even across the very sands of this Cape,

BARNSTABLE.

e town, meaning to exclude by the phrase all the
its town limits, has its own peculiar history and
t from its incorporation in 1637, the third in order
n the shire town of the County, and the courts have
ficials, the professional and political men of note,
om all over the Cape, so that its society and culture
arked. Its sons have been in number and quality
cities to win fame and fortune. It stood with the
e of liberty and did its part in all our wars, and like
ferent minds among its citizens. It has always
nty politics.

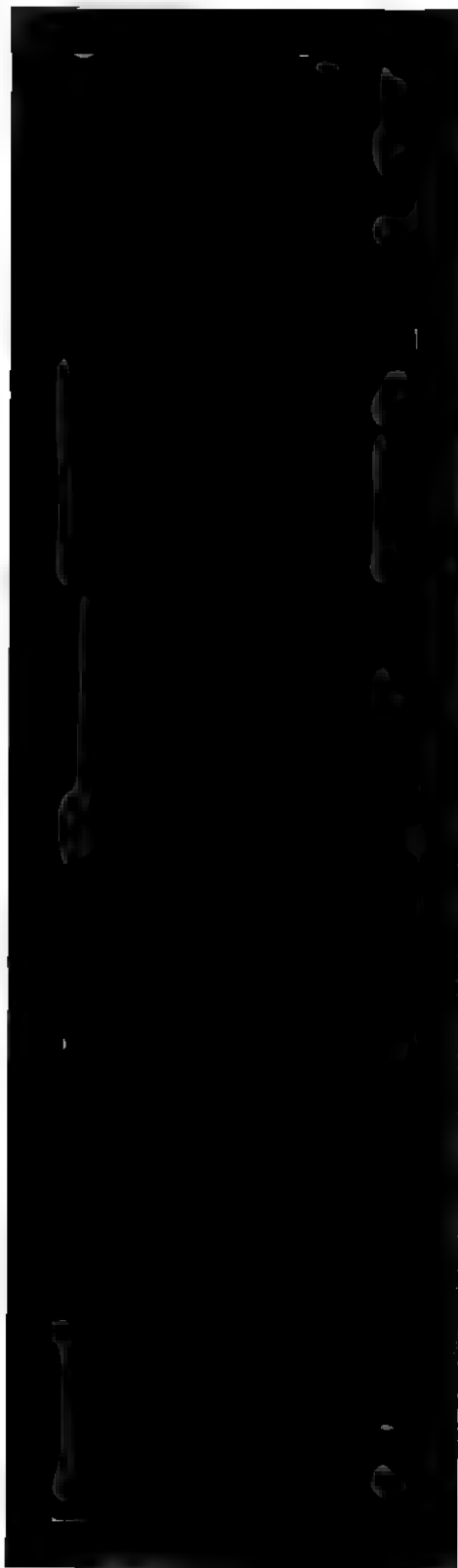
ten asked, though idle, whether the Puritans who
ndependence of England from the start. It is
ntentions, but it is historically plain that the
State were born, lived, and died rebels. It was
religion and their civilization. They rebelled
and one king, and would have rebelled against a
kind, had their own personality been hindered
or state. They were by intent the most radical
ld, and it is likely to be shown some day that our
under circumstances favoring it, were among the
n thought and life. They took boldly and without
ight of the king for their own, as in the coining of
back as the times of the Pine-Tree shilling.



Street View, Barnstable, showing Episcopal Church



**Mrs. Deborah Hall and Mrs. Mehitabel Smith, Twin Sisters
Photo taken 93d Birthday, at Home, Barnstable**



Barnstable Inn, Mrs. G. W. Bangs, Proprietor, Barnstable, Mass.



Residence Thomas C. Day, Barnstable, Mass.



discovered and settled by some one, and must have
some one, certainly not to any other European
n, from whom our people accepted defence and pro-
n. Yet to show the absurd extent to which they
own and its rights, they put laws on their statute-
s a crime to entertain on their soil that church of
g was head, and made it an offence to celebrate that
that king and his court were honoring it with the
d ceremonies.



Barnstable Court House



Sturgia House. Residence of William R. Sturgis, Barnstable





Residence of the late Major Phinney, Barnstable





te of William Bacon, Barnstable

YARMOUTH.

We start for Yarmouth, but are stopped short by the eastern hill-ridge that holds Barnstable's ancient church and graveyard, and halt at the square at its foot. Here and at Sandwich, and indeed elsewhere on the Cape there are others like, and it is merely suggested here, that they very much resemble the market-places of the English country towns from which so many of the settlers came; and among a people who always demanded three conveniences and near together, viz., "The Mill, the Market and the Meeting-House," this was not the old market-place of the town.

From here to Yarmouth we drive between a continuous row of houses, the old ones mostly on the north side of the road, the sea visible and nearer in the distance. These houses express the comfort and architecture of the old Cape, and to a much more limited extent the enterprise and tastes of the new. The old-fashioned Cape remains here and to a marked degree. In early days, in the new towns, laws were passed that the whites should build together and in neighborhoods, to assist each other in case of sudden attack from Indians, and the houses on the north side, facing south, as set by the compass, would have their front rooms exposed to the sunshine, as was generally desired and practiced. This partly accounts for the location of these and other like houses, on the Cape. The towns that we are now passing between are in many ways alike in their history, culture and general handling of Cape affairs, and mostly what was said of the social life of Barnstable town, may be said of the town we now approach. The general drift and history of one Cape town, may be taken as a fair record of all the others; they differ only in details, and these details are often glimpses deep into the life and fortunes of our forefathers. So the old meeting-house at Yarmouth stood four miles east of Barnstable court-house, and sixty-nine miles from Boston. It must have had a tall spire pointing the way to Heaven, and the thrifty seamen put it to another use, viz., as a landmark to direct them safely into the two harbors hereabouts. And these same sailors had other troubles to bear than head winds or sand-bars or rocks under them, namely, the Pilgrim laws over them, which fined many a man sailing on the Sabbath on his way to market to sell his fish, or who hoisted



Summer Residence of Dr. Gorham Bacon, Yarmouth Port, Mass.



Lovell House, Yarmouth Port, Mass., Built in 16——



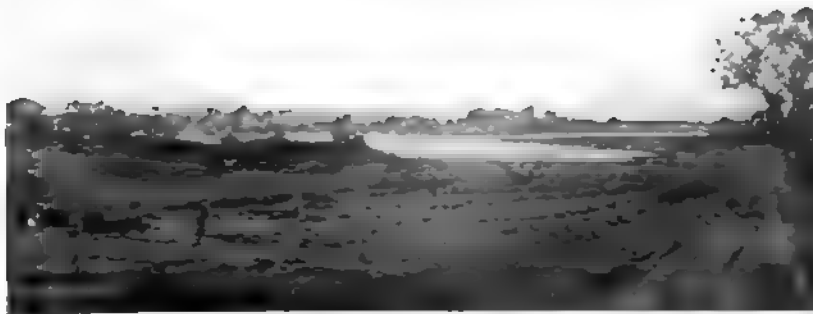
Old Wharf at Low Tide, Yarmouth Port, Mass.



Hallett House, Yarmouth Port



Old Mill, Yarmouth Port



Mill Lane, showing Pond in Distance, Yarmouth Port



Mill Bridge, Yarmouth Port



Insurance Office, Looking West, Yarmouth Port



late Hon. John Simpkin's Estate, Yarmouth, Port



Hallett Street Looking West from Simpkin's Entrance



Hallett Street Looking East from Post Office, Yarmouth Port



Looking West from Post Office, Yarmouth Port



Catholic Church, Yarmouth Port

his mainsail to the cry of "Whale in the Bay!" and scudded after the elusive prey. This was a tight place to put a man in, who must find his bread in the great waters, as men all along the shore to Provincetown found out. For the Sabbath was a fixed feast, and could not be postponed by law, which could not be safely set at naught, but neither could the whale be postponed, and was then and there in lofty scorn of holy days or any other, and must be harpooned to-day, for no one could tell where he would be to-morrow. Forasmuch as a whale in the bay was the chief of prizes which the waters yielded up, it is to the lasting honor of our ancestors that they generally obeyed the Sabbath laws and that many whales, who ought to be much obliged to the Sabbath laws, escaped accordingly. There was less excuse for those fellows (1669) who were fined five shillings apiece "for smoking tobacco backside of the meeting-house," as they might have left their old pipes at home and no law forbid, although "the backside of the meeting house" was and is a favorite spot for such pastime. The town records prior to 1677 are lost, probably burned as so many were. Yet there were men alive in 1800 who had known when the town had as many Indians as whites within its limits; and when there was a clump of wigwams near the mouth of the Bass river, though in 1797 only one wigwam was left, and that inhabited by a squaw and negro. It may throw light on one way in which our Indians disappeared to note in passing how about 1797 this village was attacked with the small-pox; five survived and eleven died. This town was visited repeatedly by Miles Standish, who was then much in vogue for surveying land, settling disputes and arranging military tactics. He was in vogue not only because of his undoubted scientific ability and honesty, but because nobody ever successfully withstood his decision and few had the courage even to try to question it.

The Yarmouthites, in common with their neighbors, were troubled at a very early date with "The Seekers" a curious sect, if not to be called heretics or schismatics because logical adherents of the right of private judgment, who held that the true ministry, the true Bible, the true church, were all lost, and that they were *seeking* for the same. And at a very early date sects arrayed themselves, chiefly Quakers, Baptists and Methodists, against "The Standing Order," who were pestered with their own malcontents who chose not to leave their old home,

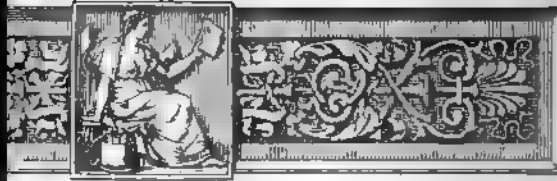
ords abound in reports and notes touching all

f Sandwich, Yarmouth and Barnstable, were in-
year (1639), and the record of the General Court
me Yarmouth stands before its next neighbor. As
of lawyers, Yarmouth was preëminently the town
ch that it had more (and there were at one time a
houses on its soil), but because its clergymen were
olarly, educated in the English Universities or at
enerally leaders among their contemporaries, men
n and Simpkins. Mr. Thornton, one of the chief
as one of the cultivated and learned men who left
rueity of the Act of Uniformity among that clergy
t said, "Many of them were much noted and dis-
ties and zeal." And it required both lawyers and
curious and complex laws of Plymouth Colony,
ts of the white men to own real estate in the town-
r to the Puritan mind, the state existed for the
for the state; and the foundation of Cape law and
maxim. The Puritan held, (1) That the earth is
ss thereof; which is true. (2) That they were es-
l legatees, because of having come three thousand
worship and serve him; and (3) therefore, they,
had a right to rule everything to the exclusion
error lay in the second term of the syllogism, and
e, was vitiated. But if they did hold this trust
right to exclude and suppress Quakers, Baptists,
r anti-Puritan sects, and to say who should and
nd in a township. Moreover, who fought against
st his Lord, and as these were Lord's colonies —
His will was to be carried out by law, as deter-
heresy and schism were rank treason. It was a
set of men comes across seas with these opprobrious
st themselves from the England they had left, and
bors and kinsfolk, at close quarters in the wild,
ble accusations. If these men, and indeed most in

any age, had forgotten and obscured the sun as long and as often as Christians have forgotten charity, which is the heart of Christian life, this world long since would have been lifeless and barren. The Puritan was sincere and dead in earnest. So when he forbade all other religions but his own, allowed no citizenship except to his own church-members, would suffer no heretic to buy land in any township, warned out of town every one suspected of schism, made every one support his church, when the town taxes, sometimes half of them for his parson, were voted as part of the town expenses, though the poor schismatic never put his foot inside the door of the Puritan worship, "The Standing Order" — the Orthodox Puritans — had things all their own way, ruled with a rod of iron, and in due time paid the cost of their mistake. But no man can understand the politics and policy and much of the social life of our Cape fathers, without grasping firmly the religious ideas they tried to carry out.



Thacher House, Built 1680, Yarmouth Port



CHAPTER II.

Farmouth divides arbitrarily the West Cape from parts of one whole, yet having landmarks, and man- from the other. And the task is not so much dif- e parts shade gradually into each other, as a sky ay may shade its parts into blacks of varying in- s trying in all its travels to penetrate the mere se gleams of Humanity and Divinity — Humanity ty in landscape, which, after all, are the only bread land like this can grow strong and wise. For one, dscape profitably, should study as Fra Angelico and from generation to generation keen eyes have pon this strong microcosm of the Cape, striving eyes and ears always open to unfold the mystery s province, at least to the artistic mind. And as pens or comes by accident, but is evolved under effect, and where every new effect must always e, so the civilization of the main land percolated ough the West Cape than here ; so here " the deep- s increase in number and wealth and their houses hual home of salt-works using sea water — all due f their ocean and the salt water's greater activity deeper, the trees shorter, the main hill-ridges nar- the grass in the fields even thinner because of the ch is forever thundering and gnawing away at the pe.

DENNIS.

Until 1794, when it was incorporated, Dennis had been a constituent part of the town of Yarmouth. It had been made a precinct or parish as early as 1721. For a long time, Yarmouth, as one of the earlier towns, seems to have been the residuary legatee of much of the territory lying east of it, and this was the first attempt at division. It was perfectly natural to divide and throw off from the centre into new communities, since the centrifugal force of Protestantism has always been supreme. The reasons given for such town divisions seldom appear in the records, but are about the same in all, and come of course from those who wish division, viz., distance from meetings, state and church, diversity of interests, and what is seldom stated openly, incompatibility of temper between the sections. Theological differences gradually increasing, would often put a powerful hand to division. At any rate, after union of one hundred and fifty years, Dennis asked to go, and Yarmouth said "Yes." It was the old story of the mother bereft of her children, only the Pilgrim Rachel never wept for her children when they were going or gone. She looked over carefully the petition, the effects of division all round, the profit and loss of the whole business, and when convinced, ordered division by the plainest recorded vote, saw that their fair share of the town debt and arrears of taxes were paid by the out-goers, who were then bid to go in peace, except as all future rights and dues were demanded by the mother town.

Their town was named for their first minister, Rev. Josiah Dennis, who was called June, 1725, and died in office August, 1763. He admitted to the church 159 and baptized 560. He had in his thirty-seven years of ministry endeared himself to his people; and that his memory was hallowed is shown by the fact that, thirty years after his death, a generation who had only heard of him voted to call their town after him.

Dennis is a narrow town, but reaching from sea to sea, and a town of ponds covering 455 acres. The earliest houses, monuments and graveyards are in the northern part, and the best land also. The oldest buildings, forts and wigwams have all passed away. In one of the old burying-grounds is an epitaph which tells for our instruction how Thomas Howes married Mary Burr and emigrated from England in 1637, bringing three



The Nobscussett and Cottages, Dennis (Cape Cod), Mass.

The grounds cover 188 acres, with a mile of sea front



Main Street Looking West, North Dennis



From North Dennis Post Office, Looking West



Tobey Farm, Dennis (Cape Cod), Mass.

This farm, which supplies the Hotel with milk, butter, eggs and vegetables, was granted by Plymouth Colony to Thomas Tobey in 1698, for services in the King Philip War, and has been in the family ever since. Now owned by Frank B. Tobey, Proprietor of the Nabscussett.



Residence of Hon. Luther Hall, Dennis





Dennis, Public Library on the left.



Old Salt Works, East Dennis

sons, one born on the passage. When this was written in 1831, from this pair there were living 345 in Dennis, 133 in Chatham, and in other places 396. This shows how a few may become a great nation. It is common to say "as full of lies as an epitaph," and it puts us who have examined several pronounced ones, alleging all virtue to those who lie beneath, on remembering that these same men and women while alive were tremendously lied against, and that, so far as they are concerned, if any fulsome epitaph were all lies the sleepers would be the sufferers, as more lied against than lied for, and if any lies are harmless, tombstone ones are. Of course, all lies which will eat through anything harder than chain cable or ten-inch iron plate are to be shunned as the deadliest leprosy against society and country.

Our forefathers were legally exact and prompt in deciding town or private bounds, and yet set up such perishable marks that nothing but the good sense of their posterity saved nearly every landholder from the vexations of many lawsuits. To make matters worse, nearly all records were burnt in the fire at Barnstable Court House just before 1830; and yet we are told that not a single suit arose from that confusion. To show this phase of Cape business, we shall make two extracts from these boundary records, and the first is between Provincetown and Truro in 1714: "Beginning near the easterly end of a cliff near the Cape harbor, called by the Indians —— and by the English Cormorant Hill, at the jawbone of a whale set in the ground by the side of a red oak stump and thence running by marked range-trees nearly on a north and west line, about half a point more westerly, to a marked pine tree standing by a reedy pond called by Indians ——; and from thence by marked range-trees to a high hill, the back side near the North Sea, with a red cedar post set in the said hill, and thence to run in the same line to the sea; and running back on the contrary line to the harbor."

The hills are there, and the sea, but there are no Indians nor Englishmen to call anything, nor no trees, marked or otherwise; even the compass has changed several points in two hundred years; and where is the jawbone of a whale "and the red oak stump" but under the sand, forever drifting here, or in the air wherein they have evaporated. Yet if, for villas or any other purpose, this land, so described, should become valuable enough to sell by the foot, who would dare to buy or sell with any accuracy?

al description of a boundary line between Yarmouth surveyed under town authority, and oversight of mens of the two towns: "The line begins at three ed and standing at the S. W. corner of Edward c. (But suppose Edward, or some other Howe, in bought another "upper field," and all the Howes 2) There is mention made, of course, of marked but have not been for a hundred years and more; e standing on the S. side of the county road; to hill," of "forty-four rods into Follen's Pond, and said pond, and southerly through the middle of the River into the South Sea," i. e., the sound on the s still further denoted by the farms or houses of six ere dead when this work was done; and our survey will mostly apply to this. Other old Cape tter surveying.

timony of a great man like Daniel Webster, as to of Dennis folk and their neighbors, in a letter of citizens of this town, be omitted from the general earlier to begin, none more cordially embraced, gged to maintain, the cause of the Revolution, pe Cod. All the region about the birthplace of er true-hearted patriots of these times, is to me a . Remote from large cities, scattered along an as yet, I think, in no part of our country, a more ne patriotic cause than was manifested by your

seafaring town, if it has been fed by the sea, has om the sea in its fury, as in the gale of 1841, when promising young men, eighteen schoolfellows from perished at sea in the great misery. And some low the perpetual anxiety for those at sea, the joys and sorrows for those at home, — in short, the e, spent afloat and ashore, affects and sublimates whole communities into a strange endurance and a ction from disaster.

Here was also the original home of salt manufactured from sea-water by sun evaporation, by a process first managed by Mr. Philip Sears, and others, in 1776. For, by wars and embargoes, these hardy men, being driven from earning their bread out of the sea, or on the sea, turned finally upon the sea itself, when it ventured near land, and stewed it with the sun which shines for all, but especially for all who know enough to use it, into gold and silver ; and the industry spread over all the Cape, as the elders who saw the low, flat, creeping salt-works, hooded with caps to keep out rain, remember. The Cape manufacturers had no particular advantage over their neighbors — sea water a little more free from fresh, and sand to hold a little longer the sun heat, and plenty of salt water close at hand. They wanted money, and they went for it ; reached out their brains and hands for it — and got it. But the pluck of that work has never been duly recognized. Before the peace of 1783, salt was eight dollars a bushel ; and just before the war of 1812, seven dollars. Dennis led in the business, followed close by Brewster, Barnstable, and Chatham. The salt springs of Syracuse and the West could undersell our salt, and eat up our profits, and our salt-works rotted down.

This book, fairly judging what they have been and are, has the most unbounded faith in the still greater shall-be of the common people, out of whose ranks nearly all reformers and prophets have come, and that great Shining One who, for eighteen centuries, has been changing the world's darkness into the marvelous light of Christian civilization. As the unmistakable logic of His word and life, it follows, even in this age, that all right to honor, or even mention in history, is character. But here shall be given glimpses of one life, that of Richard Sears, the pilgrim, which ended in this town in 1676, after eighty-five years of wandering and vicissitude, where the interests shall center in the family and social relationships of the deceased, and that, too, under guidance of Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families." He had among his ancestry, before 1400 A. D., an Adam Sears or Sayer, Lord of the Manor of Hougham, near the mouth of the Medway, a gentleman of fair estate and high character. One son was returned to Parliament from Sandwich, County of Kent, in the reign of Henry VI, and another created a Banneret for gallantry at Stoke, while still another, John, was possessed in Colchester, of wealth and land, was alderman of the city, and has a mural brass in St. Peter's

509. His grandson, Richard, described as a man
ne temperament, grew up the elder brother, and
t he happened to have principles, and was not
and himself for estates, so in the rancour and
ons under Henry VIII, he took the opposite
relatives. This compelled him to leave prosper-

But meanwhile he had married Anne Boucher,
nily, some of whose ancestors had been Knights
nd Ann Plantaganet, granddaughter of King
ne Boucher clung to her husband and religion
rited, and her name expunged from the family
him his sufferings, and watched over his death-
1540. This couple left only one child, John
s evidently of a more militant strain than the
angling over religious opinions or miscarried
yages with his father-in-law, the famous admiral,
too, died in Holland, and left four sons. His
married Maria Egmont, daughter of the famous
patriot and martyr, whom the Duke of Alva
ard Sears was the elder of this man's two sons,
so America with a large fortune and settled in
l to the romantic and high-colored history of the
ater generation, two sons, going over from the
estral lands in England, but appointed officers
fell fighting for the crown, against the pretender
tal battle of Culloden.

BREWSTER.

vered their ancient estates in England, but they
es ample enough. by literature and merchandis-
xacting ; and this screed has been made up of
v Cape man looking over his sandy acres and
neither he nor any man can own, is moved to
own estate from the pretence of a fashion which
n order that their families may seem older than

the pork-kettle out of which their money came, he may remember that his own breed is rather old and choice, and that if these ancient pilgrims, like Richard Sears, wading through Dennis sands, to be free and to serve as their only Master did, had as close electrical connection with English folk as they have in blood relationship, they could set half England ringing to their touch, and the sound should be heard in manor, palace, and behind the brasses in pavement and wall of old churches, as well as in the cottages of Scrooby and the tenement houses of Leyden.

As we are driving along the county road, North shore to Brewster, we may reflect that towns, like persons, though they bear a family likeness, have each their own special physiognomy, which at least directs the tax-collector and the creditor where to go for his dues. Moreover, the features of every man are chiselled by his life, external and internal, for parts of which the individual is responsible and parts not. The town to which we are going has a very marked physiognomy, according to all who have looked into the matter. This town was named after William Brewster, one of the "Mayflower" immortals. It was incorporated as a part of the town of Harwich, which in 1694 became a town, and now remained the south precinct alone; and of Harwich we shall see on our return. Until the division, the general history of the two towns is one. It may be as well to explain, just here, the word precinct, which must be so often used in our Cape history. It comes from the two Latin words, *pre* and *cingo*, meaning to encircle, and a precinct is a territory, set off, bounded, enclosed, encircled into political entity: into something known to law, and while more a legal than an ecclesiastical term, is somehow used oftenest in our history with regard to churches, and very properly, among a people where the state existed for the church.

It is a town with many rocks, and, in the northern parts, with strong soil, with no adequate harbor, near the bend of the Cape, but partly for reasons already given, has few events in its separate history to distinguish it from its neighbors, or to merit special mention. It could never rightly be called a fishing town, though fishermen have always been in it; nor a coasting town, though coasters have been owned and sailed from there, and sometimes three fourths of its male population were spending their life upon the sea; nor, like most of its sister towns, never was or could be a manufacturing center, except in salt; but it was a town of seamen given

ter voyages to distant parts, with minds enlarged
gh intercourse with foreign people. It is said that
to population, there were more masters and mates
own than from any other. Besides, these old cap-
ges, were obliged by necessity to be first-rate busi-
eamen, and were the very men to build up a noble
ed fashion, and rule it to broad-minded conclusions

In one important committee, chosen to consult in
ng towns, eight out of the ten members were sea-
t not for the danger of adding to the vanity of the
note what one traveler here, years ago, said of the
ast described: "There scarce seems to be an indi-
upwards who is not a fine study for a painter. I
ndsone old men in any country in the world, — the
type, confirmed and perpetuated by a life of peril
hile visits to foreign parts have kept the physiog-
n." It is very surprising that this writer, and on
ing like it of the old women of the Cape; either
ld women anywhere, or at any time, or because it
that all the mothers of such men were like in looks,
e waste of time to say that, when the omnipresent
unts such colors into woman's cheeks, and the salt,
iving to human lungs, any Cape Cod woman, except
ordid, could be anything else than beautiful. Yet
whose genius and book, "Cape Cod," this book
spect, pays a very back handed compliment to this
ellow countrymen. But he was merely describing
nd the exception only proves the rule.

f early days, of this town, was Parson Stone, who
fully forty-seven years, and, with Parsons Dunster
show one hundred and thirty-one years of pas-
died deeply lamented, but their works lived after
ns was very learned, and students in theology were
on Stone married Reliance Hinckley, daughter of
s so named because she was born on the day of the
amp fight, in token of the reliance of that house-

hold that the good God would spare their husband and father, who was away with the army.

The embargo which preceded our war with Great Britain in 1812 probably drove this town as near into rebellion against our government as any Cape town ever reached. The embargo drove all commerce and foreign trade from the ocean (and our people were generally living by these), and the effect on them was very like what it would be if all the farmers of the West were forbidden, for an indefinite period, to cultivate their lands. How could farmers or sailors live? For our side, and as things turned out, the embargo was a national necessity, but the coast towns paid a fearful price to the nation's welfare. Therefore, in January, 1809, a solemn town meeting was held; opened, as all such were, by prayer from their pastor, Simpkins, and strong resolutions and a petition addressed to the Legislature, asking it to intercede or interfere with the general government. The hand of a strong and skilled writer is seen in the document, as the following extracts will show: "Your memorialists are ready, with their lives and fortunes, to encounter the hazards and expenses of warfare when duty requires. They are ready to bear in common with their fellow citizens any justifiable measures which may be adopted to prevent an appeal to arms, but the restrictions now put upon commerce are conceived to be beyond all proportion burdensome to your memorialists, and almost singles them out as victims for destruction. The abandonment of the ocean is to them as oppressive and distressing as it would be to the farmer to be prohibited the use of his lands. Whilst the mouth of labor is forbidden to eat, the language of complaint is natural. When our children cry for bread, and we have none to give, the feelings of nature will not be controlled." The memorial ends with a high-spirited declaration that they had rather meet an enemy with arms in their hands, than to try to starve them at the risk of being starved themselves.

The law was not changed for the appeal and the town had to wait for peace to end its misery.

But before the peace came they were confronted by a peculiar disaster, viz., an exaction of \$4000 from the town, by a British man-of-war in the bay, backed by the threat to burn down the town if not speedily paid. Then the Brewster people bestirred themselves. Except for their own arms the whole lower Cape was defenceless. A town meeting was at



Town Hall, Brewster



Baker's Pond, Brewster

once called on Sunday in the meeting-house, so urgent was the matter, and parson Simpkins prayed over the solemn assembly. Reports were heard, committees appointed and instructed what to do and report at six o'clock that evening at an adjourned meeting. These committees reported at that time, that they had ordered the captain of artillery, and that "Brewster can make no dependence upon any of our neighbors for assistance in our alarming and distressed situation." The town heard the report, ordered the money, and paid it in due time and got a receipt. How far all such demands and threats are allowed by the rules of war, let the men of war decide. But the memory of some British ships and captains on this coast, has left a strong antipathy in most of the Cape generations since.

But to return to the physiognomy of the town as it has long been — academic, dignified and urbane, with a sense of repose and grace, based on ample means and self-reliance. It goes dangerously near a comparison to say that these things distinguish it from its neighbors who have all their virtues in degree, and perhaps truer to say that Brewster is a town that centralizes and accentuates these virtues to a marked degree. At any rate this town has about it the stamp and color of a sea-captains' town, where the captains had sailed far and often. Perhaps they carried more barrels of reading matter on these long voyages than some, or their learned clergy like Stone and Simpkins early set the note of culture high and in refinement. Governor Hinckley's daughter Reliance, the parson's wife, and other women of marked character, assisted to tame their wilderness of forests and men to a better civilization. Who knows? Brewster has for long presented a curious problem to men skilled in social and political economy, which this book notes without solving the intricate and subtle questions involved.

Brewster always puts us seeing over the sea a square-rigged ship, first class, all sails set, running free before the wind ; and if one in the old days, especially if she were a woman, was allowed to rummage the rooms and cupboards of such a house, she would be both amused and delighted with the stores of old china, foreign curiosities, brilliant silk coverlets and quaint armor brought home ; and, if she were not confirmed in her Christian habits, would be sorely tempted to covet the Canton crape shawls, and carry away the slightly tarnished but heavy India silk robes which the hardy seaman

ago to his spouse, who had waited so often and
ht of his returning sails. The captain and his
the churchyard some time now, and cannot wait
the old house is owned by strangers, who per-
rize the many and singular things which belong

have introduced newer or certainly more costly
at style of architecture, to a degree prophetic of
of the Cape in the future — the very handsome
sitors, generally of Cape stock, who have made
Now there is such a thing as "philosophy of
d clothes, as in "Sartor Resartus," or of hats or
ly by their association with man in his long day of
al tragedy. For instance, in an agricultural com-
fers, the size of the houses will depend on the
the acres out of whose surplus these houses are
s here, his style is sure to vary from the prevalent
chness will depend very much on the success of
e or ship out of which the money came. Besides,
is own house, builds infallibly his own character
tion, ethics, all. It must be confessed that our
energy, power, and even taste, in finish and con-
they are trophies of a man's victory in the battle
s no new house can ever have. It cannot have
ons, nor its memories, always audible under its
ear which listens, nor the tableaux of man and
nneral, which the clear eye can always see when
anthem, the wail, the paean, the litany which,
grow into tragic verse and melody, very in-
ful, such as no new house can possibly have.
s of new houses, and their descendants will no
e lives worthy of the houses and their costly
At any rate, no matter with what cost or style the
ne old houses stand very much as they are ; if
of noble men and women cling to them still ; or,
fers be reverent, and willing to emulate virtues



Residence of Hon. Roland Nickerson, East Brewster



Stable of Hon. Roland Nickerson, East Brewster

them; and let no man sneer at an old house any
at the Christ, forasmuch as His image, in the guise
so long in them. There are many old houses in

line, still eastward, to enter the town of Orleans
on some surviving gratitude to France for her help
taken off from old Eastham and made a township in
time her history is that of the mother town. Its
that of the towns already noticed, — hardship all
with men and animals and elements; dangerous
lost in them; patriotism and conscience strictly
and state. Only in the war of 1812 she refused to
an English man-of-war, as Brewster did, and suf-
at her people were braver than Brewster's folk, but
defend her was much shorter and her houses of
her inland, and away from war-ships. Her merits
pic living of her common people, and that she kept
man Bascom, thirty-five years, until his death, and
him.

at 10 P. M., an earthquake swept over the colonies,
g to the testimony of some prominent divines of
oved reformatory of some loose livers in America,
nitents; and the same is true, probably, of some of
leans, as well as other towns hereabouts. If this
quakes might be serviceable in any age.

Now the singular changes of the sand in the region
ing, to state that in the December of 1626, a ship
migrants from London to Virginia was shipwrecked
s town, and the romantic story of Indians and the
Colony in connection with the shipwreck may be
The ship was buried in the sand, but emerged to
and many pieces of the ship were carried away by
When the ship went down it was *inside* the harbor;
outside the beach. In about two hundred years the
the ship.

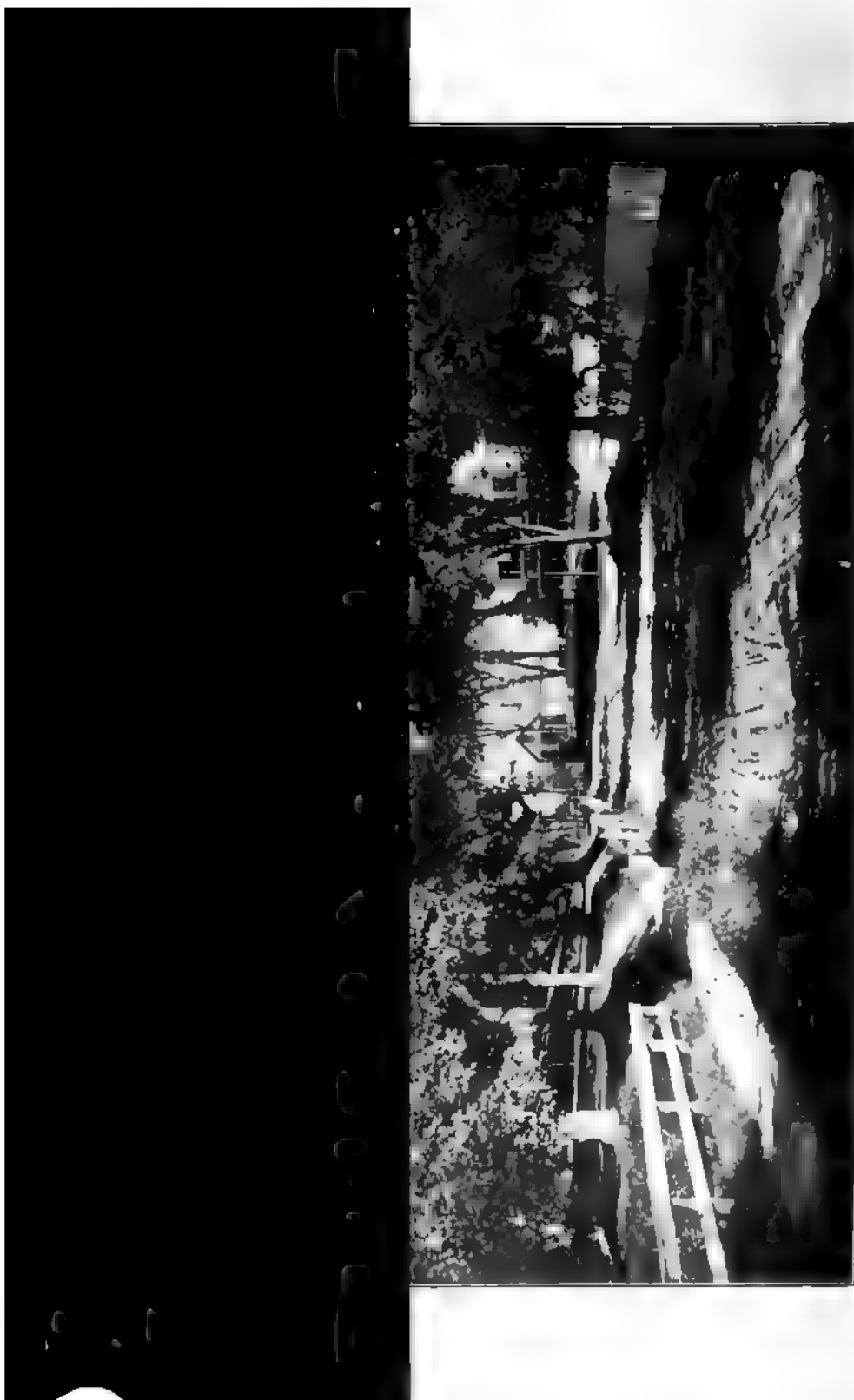
l, not without sturdy protest from some of the con-



Summer Residence of Mr. Crosby, East Brewster

gregation, was purchased for the meeting house. It was a very significant innovation. It may well show the vagaries of the human mind under strong excitement, to note how apt we are to throw away the good with the evil and the indifferent, as seen in the animosity which our Puritan ancestors had against all musical instruments in the house of the Lord of all melodies. The stately organ was identified with the worship of the old church in England, and therefore, against the example of Luther, was broken in pieces by the reforming zeal backed by Cromwell's hammers, and was banished from the new worship. After trial and acquired knowledge of many other instruments, most of the parishes on the Cape came back to the use of the organ. But it took more than two hundred years to do so, and something had been lost.

Here the Cape bends and turns sharply north ; and here begins also, in our triple division, the east Cape, which includes all the towns which reach the Atlantic Ocean as well as the Bay waters



View at Orleans



The Snow Library, Orleans



Old Mill at Orleans



Residence of J. H. Sparrow, Orleans



A. T. Newcomb's Store, Orleans





French Telegraph Cable Office, W. Osborne, Supt. Co., Orleans



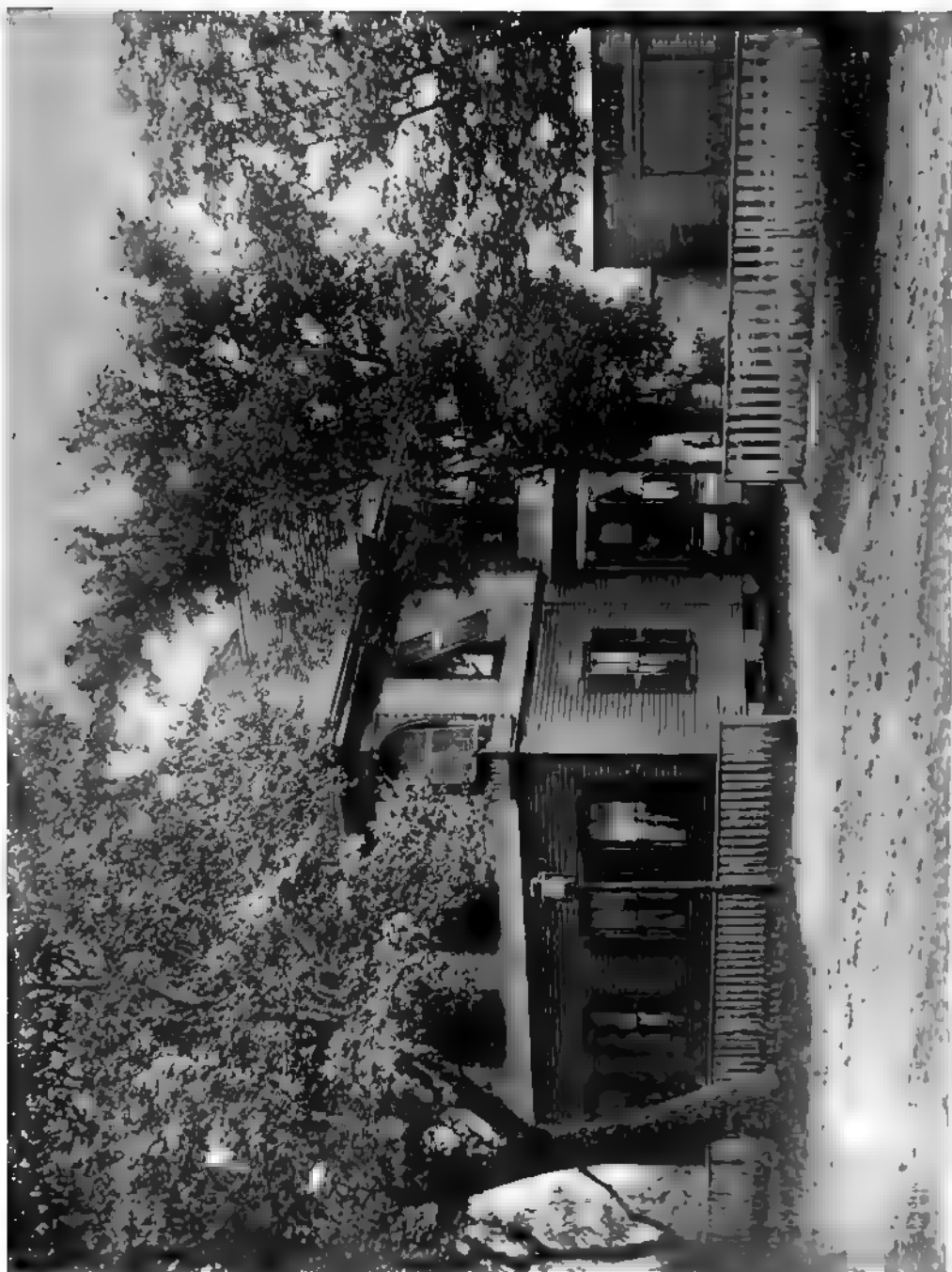


Cove, Orleans





Taylor Homestead, Orleans, Mass.



Residence of Sparrow Higgins, East Orleans



Residence of Oliver Doane, East Orleans







Street View, near Davenport's residence, Eastham



EASTHAM.

Eastham was from the start, owing to its corn, a very great favorite with the Plymouth people — their Egypt, and thither they early and often went to fill their sacks, never returning from its plenty empty. Indeed at a very early date, 1643, it was proposed to transfer the Plymouth Church and government here, and a committee visited the place to report on the outlook. Their report was unfavorable, probably "Out of the frying pan into the fire" and the transfer was, luckily for the Colony, not made. Yet they sent some of their best men here; Governor Pearce among them, whose old farm we shall see later on. Perhaps it was more truly a scion of old Plymouth than any other town on the Cape. Gov. Thomas Pearce and seven families, forty-nine souls in all, came in 1651.

So early, and a frontier town, at first there was much uncertainty how far the town extended, and many taxpayers ignored the town's jurisdiction. But in 1646 the Old Colony Court ordered, "Nauset is granted to be a township, and to have all the privileges of a township as other towns within the government have." Five years later, it was ordered by the same Court "that the town of Nauset be henceforth called and known by the name of Eastham." In point of time, this was the fourth Cape town incorporated.

Its charter gave it sixteen miles in length and two and one-half in breadth. By its dismemberment into three new towns, — Chatham, Orleans and Wellfleet — it is now reduced to six miles in length, and as to width, is just exactly as wide as the Atlantic Ocean allows and makes it.

The outside at least of the old Eastham life, is as well shown from the town and church records as from any other source, brief as many are.

The acerbity of our Pilgrim fathers against blackbirds and other feathered felons against their corn seems to increase as we get down the Cape, and the blackbirds too, if we may judge from the old records, for here is an Eastham vote that every man should not only kill every year twelve blackbirds or three crows but that no young man should marry unless he has filled his quota. Thus, in the inexorable Pilgrim justice, one poor miserable blackbird — one short of the tale, could hinder or root a whole wedding, bridegroom, parson, all, especially the bride, from the wedding flowers and feast.

ere killed here in 1665, and bounties paid on their Indian land, and they were assembled once a year law read to them, and so might not offend. "The is seen in the town rate of 1659, which is not quite of the town officers, i. e. : assessors, £2 14s. ; magis- £2 16s. ; record book, 1s. 10d. This town raised Philip's war, eighteen men, when the whole colony ce hundred.

ust have had, also, its comic side, as little of it as we For there is a magistrate's record that he fined one dering and belying his neighbor," and another was for a "fish story." to wit : "lying about a whale," an animal. Stocks and pillories were provided by for all such persons as carefully as pulpits were for man who stood outside the meeting-house in this service, stood, according to town law, very near the town full of Indians and Calvinism. The Indians x, until, in 1802, there was only one hundred and five t.

e town life, and for years after him, was in that great r, Rev. Samuel Treat, settled here in 1672, and after forty-five years, died in 1717, on a salary of £50 a ood brought to his door ; grants in fee simple ; six d, including one island and a homestead of twenty obligated themselves to build him "a suitable house " and \$400 income ; and as he received additional h Society to the Indians. he enjoyed a comfortable the Indian language, and spoke it. In 1693 he ase Mather : "I have from time to time imparted the esus Christ to these Indians in their own language, ot without success. They have four distinct assem- ages belonging to our township, with four teachers of e repair once a week to my house to be themselves o *modo* in the concernments proper for their service are, besides, four schoolmasters, who teach their rite in their own language. They have six magis- ed courts."

Whether they or any of their kith ever understood the "scheme of salvation" as proffered them may well be questioned; but these children of nature learned enough of Christianity to be good citizens and obey the ten commandments. The "scheme" has fallen into disgrace, but only long after the Indians had fallen into their graves. Mr. Treat visited them in their wigwams; affable, social and helpful in this world's matters, attended their solemn festivals, and was a Pilgrim father to them, as those noble Frenchmen north of us were to the French Indians along the great lakes. He had in the pulpit a voice like a hoarse northeast wind, and which the roar of the sea could not confound. But his words about the future fire were strong enough to keep any congregation warm, and throw some into a panic.

But it is around Mr. Treat's ministry to the white people that memories love to assemble. And as he was a sort of archdeacon in the East Cape (the title is very foreign to his own religion), or overseer of churches in his neighborhood, it may be as well to say a few things of the Eastham meeting-house, to illustrate still further Pilgrim fashions of worship. The first meeting-house was twenty feet square, "with a thatched roof, and posts in the sides of the building, for use should occasion require the use of muskets in defence." In 1681 it was ordered that the ranks of the military company shall be filled by all citizens capable of bearing arms (a sword or cutlass as well as a gun), and that each Sunday one part of the company go armed to public worship. None of these first meeting-houses remain on the Cape.

These houses were of no style in architecture, and merely consulted the means and convenience of the builders. The Puritan had thrown away the old church, and all styles and rites associated with it. Therefore, here Gothic is in abhorrence unto this day. New England has been searching round from 1630 to now for a style for its churches in harmony with the Puritan religion, and has found none, except in the reformed Dutch style as it prevailed at Leyden, as seen in the style of the Old South meeting-house in Boston, or in the Swiss style of reformers, like Zwingle and Calvin, as the new chapel at Andover Seminary shows. They dissented from the rest of Christendom, and were not unwilling to be its antipodes.

The Pilgrim ruled strenuously all the circumstances of his house and

substance of his parson's sermon did not escape his
though he might be born neither philosopher nor theologian.
conclaves and courts abroad, and cut off one king's
own way, in his own land, his own worship, his own
everybody, except with that class, that band of nonde-
present, omni-eating, omni-talking, omni-devising and
pany of monkeys at their tricks and drollery, to wit, —
the Cape."

quoted, again and again, anathemas and money against
scals, but it was no use. The ruling elders made a
handling them. Instead of leaving them in the family
s, they put them together in the gallery under the eye
with his long stick, and the girls' pew was not far off.
thing to do, but to listen to a sermon an hour long,
understood nor cared for if they had, and not Hercules
club, assisted by Apollo's persuasions could keep these
ke or silent, or quiet, much less the tithing man with
od. "The small boy" has so far occupied his own
and will, as the Pilgrim found to his cost.

sons and their families were of the Brahmin caste, gen-
married among the best, and were true men and
the people among whom they dealt. The Cape par-
large families of sons and daughters, and Parson Treat
To him, as he passed along the roads, every girl or
or wait with hats off, until he passed. He himself,
re the Quakers, would receive an ovation and rever-
s every time he went out on his parish calls, and on
y founded on the Pilgrim attitude towards religion
e parson's family, — especially its women — on the
n can hardly be overstated, and has been in history
were the oracles of fashion, and madam, the minister's
untance abroad, heard early of any new fashion, modi-
ce to her young friends about how to use it, and
e of the daughters would be among the first to try it.
quette, morals and books. Many of the daughters who
elves above the possible husbands hereabouts, and

even knew a little Latin and Greek, died maids. One should suppose an ordinary fisherman would go to the parsonage for a wife ; not that he did not think himself good enough, but that the form and decorum there were not good enough for him, and compared poorly with the ease and hearty fellowship of his own kind, boys and girls, in the long kitchen on a winter's night in some yeoman's cottage. Yet life beat high in some hearts of these tall, demure, rosy, busy and silent daughters of the parson, who so often waited for their fate from abroad.. All the day, let us fancy, Mollie, the eldest, has been waiting for a knock at the door ; more busy and silent about the linen and china than usual. Her simplicity is a trifle tidier than usual, and she answers questions abruptly and in a key a trifle higher, as if in a reverie. A young man on horseback, all day has been riding down the long Cape road hitherward. It is even night, the supper table has been long set, and yet no supper eaten, and no word of explanation of the delay asked or given. The house glows in the yellow light of the open fires. And at last that knock. Nobody rushes to the door which opens at last with true modest gravity, and a young man in a huge grey overcoat comes in — into a house abundant in tallow candles and open wood fires and hard floors, innocent of carpets, as clean as the tablecloth itself. Parson Treat, disturbed a little in his library at the side of the house where he receives callers and does all sorts of town business, by the new arrival, will come out from his den and scanty books, and the ample supper, especially abundant in cake and preserves, will be eaten.

Whether the demure Mollie has a fire in the best room, "to sit up" with her city lover (he is from the same college that her father was), this book knows not ; but it does know that when she takes him across the fields by that narrow path in which but one can walk unless two walk very close, buried with daisies or patches of the large, blue Cape violets —when the great sea off shore is so very still and blue, and the small birds of all sorts hopping and singing in the woodlands of open oak and pine-trees in their light, cathedral green, and she, clad in well-starched muslin and a chip hat, with the roses on her cheeks beneath, is helped over that gray stone wall, where the stile should be, by him, while the woodchuck and her young brood look wistfully at both, there is no young queen that looks more stately and sweet than she, and that no city park or boulevard could give such a sendoff to such simple beauty. If she

the minister's pew, nearly all the town will make close
situation, especially the girls, for a month to come.

The book knows, however the match may fare, that if he
remember and feel the soft sun-warmth of that Sunday,
the blue of the sky and sea, the gray of that stone-wall, the vestal
paths through which he passed, and, above all, the glory
of that sweet, rosy Puritan Pilgrim face, which ought to trans-
figure him, until his life's end, which the book hopes may only

be the heart of the East Cape, the very land of sea and
sand have been with us from the start of our pilgrimage,
resented against him, not in quality, but by magnitude
of his struggle for the mastery of them in his attempt to
not partly live from the sea, by his fisheries and navi-
gation, but to live against the sea on land which would eat him
up, or, worse still, accumulate and spread the sand
about him, its ministering angels the winds, until they resemble
the sea, only conquer Nature, as Lord Bacon says, by obeying
the laws of the land which he tills against the laws of the
sea. No title deed. And just here it may be as well to
recall the old saying, "Nay," that this book goes on the firm belief that
"The sea is His, and He made it," is no mere phrase
but a stubborn fact, and derives faith in the future of the
land covered the land with the deep as with a garment
and above the mountains: but at His rebuke they fled;
and in thunder they hastened away, up by the mountains,
unto the place appointed for them, and has set a
boundary that shall not pass over, nor turn again to cover the earth" —
and power to protect and fortify, through man and
the Cape against the sea. Goethe says somewhere that
the will of God, and so be it, if the garment itself is vital-
ized by Him; and the garments here are surely many-
valued.

The people here are ashamed of so much sand, and others,
indeed ignorant of its conditions here. A New York
girl with her Cape spouse for the first time to the Cape,

wanted to know if there were any birds on the Cape. This insinuation against the plenty of his native province so roused him that he answered, with a half-fractionous, half-angry lie, "No ; only crows, and they will sit in rows on the top of the chimney for hours waiting, half-starved, for somebody to throw the breakfast-crumbs out of the back door to them."

We have a little too much sand in some places, perhaps, but none to be ashamed of anywhere. For as to family, sand is of the most ancient hierarchy of the rocks and older than the pyramids of Egypt.

Yet on almost our first introduction to Eastham land, our road shall pass through Governor Prince's ancient farm of two hundred acres as



Location of Governor Prince's House, Eastham

ere found in the state. The farm is largely swale
a narrow sea-arm or bayou, and is well tilled to
famous pear tree, small "button pear," in ancient
ns all over the Cape. This tree itself is down,
in its place; the apple trees are very tall and
ll the shade trees, pine, cedar, ash and elm here-
ernor's house is gone, but almost behind the new
ds, they found in digging for a barn cellar, the
brick — of the governor's house, some twenty rods

It was identified by kitchen utensils still there,
of his own, and a number of his silver teaspoons,
in the Plymouth Museum. The rest were given to
gged shores of the Town Cove, mixed up with the
l the low hills of Nauset sand beach, whiter and
with greener bush patches and the blue sea for
e furnished a most variegated view to the old gov-
st have compensated in part for the many political
which met him abroad.

vine, east, on another neck of land, running into
house and homestead of Parson Treat who had the
bor, Prince. Turning sharp to the right, around
ard Penniman, that Arctic whaleman's chief of his
, with his house full of Arctic bear robes, he him-
a man whose record Cape history will not willingly
erson Treat's old house lot of twenty acres, with a
tradition to it that the land is so good now, partly
a long life, rarely tilled it or exhausted it with
from his son by the great-grandfather of the present

ong in pathos, that the Nauset Indians were in his
ag their wigwams near the home of their great
s the many shell heaps here roundabout still de-

le between the customary sprinkling rows of shops
us to the roads across Nauset Plains to its three
before turn sharp to the right, and east accordingly.



Residence of Capt. Edward Penniman, Eastham, Mass.

side shows us that Eastham farmers are busy and asparagus or "sparrergrass," or "grass" for short, as shows the possibilities of Cape gardening already referred to. A sailor ashore tying up his bundles of what he has given us also a valuable lesson of how words are formed by common people. Syllables, or a letter slip off a word, because there are hard consonants in it, because their articulation is weak to conquer it, or they cut a word short because of our friend bunching asparagus was.

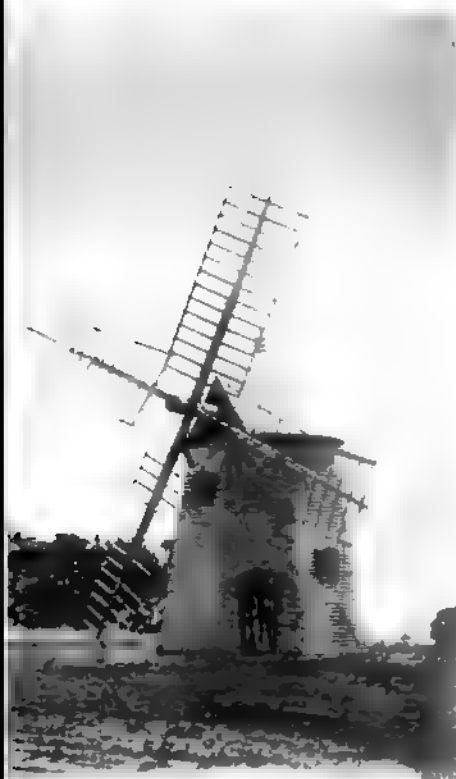
Nauset Plain ; on our right, low, red-colored sandhills, a narrow inlet of salt water low down among the sand ridges, and us, on their sand ridge, Nauset light-houses, white, and sky — but neither wigwam nor Indian left, only shell mounds for the horse in the deep gray sand, and he shall see from our sand ridge, and turned due north, look at the plain here, and through Wellfleet and Truro, the domain to be this : — a wide middle plain between, a low ridge on either side keeping back the sea, — these ranges of sand gently to the plain, and covered with pitch pine trees, patches of sea-sand which show like half-healed scars on the plain, while the valley or plain between, often miles in length, is covered with young pine trees above the ancient corn fields. These indeed, are old farm-houses of the early settlers, their heads and station above ground in spite of winds and ever on-marching time which grows as it goes, and nature, destroys so ruthlessly all the works of man. It is a rough reasonably level, nor like any other flat land or sea, and in minor features only resembles the sea bottomed and reformed outside the hill ranges by the sea. Always at work, as any one may see through the water in a boat when the sea is calm. The same little round hills by some water swirl, the same low, rounded hill tops, low sand ridges, with narrow and shallow valleys between, by sea tides or currents on the land as under the sea. The plain has its sparse grass and low pine trees and will follow the sea will. A confusion, not of chaos, but of much



Residence of Seth Knowlton



Old House, Eastham



Old Mill, Eastham



Summer Residence S. P. Doane, Eastham



Universalist Church, Eastham

of a sea which never tires, and never remits its
escapes into dry land — such is Nauset Plain.
thickening sand and across wagon-paths which
compass, we reach the three lights of Nauset,
with the keeper's house in a shallow hollow in the
as now the wisdom of its experiences, for it for-
close to the sea-bluffs, and of brick, which they
by gales, and the sea in perpetual motion wasting
es and Washington wisdom back in defeat, and
and, and of wood, so that if the sea eats through
they can move them back on rollers (iron ones,
have not seen the Atlantic Ocean in all its pride
we heard it day after day in our journey — low-
stant, unflinching, almost perpetual sound to
r in mid-air is cousin to this voice of the sea on
rupt and evanescent because the air is more ethe-
n the waters. Thoreau in metaphor compares
dog. It remind us of the voice from "the
ing law, never violated with impunity, a vocal-
nite — a celestial reminder and warning of "the



Oldest House in Eastham



"Keewaydin," Summer Residence of P. C. Hatch, Eastham





two paths" and the danger of mischoice. Even Holy Writ, aware of the difficulty, contents itself with hints at its multiform shapes and aspects, as in that awful but magnificent description of its birth.

No man can describe the sea. Homer tried it and failed, and from his time, all through the ages of the heathen, who feared it but did not love it, their epithets are chiefly such as befit a huge monster or leviathan which had no pity, and was busy in overwhelming and eating up. Christ and the mariner's compass changed all that, and now, at least among Christian folk, such as our seamen are, the sense that "the sea is His and He made it" carries with it the thought that His work cannot be the enemy of Him whose sons they are.

A rugged, spare, more than middle-aged seaman, the captain of a life-saving station, who had seen much service, was asked lately if he could describe the sea.

"Do you mean the sea at any particular moment?"

"No; the sea in general, as a whole."

"No-sir-ee," was the emphatic answer. "This 'ere sea is never twice no two minutes alike. It would take a very big book to do that."

To turn the talk the inquirer asked, "Would you, at your age of life, put out in such a sea as this?" pointing at a rough sea, with a heavy wind blowing on shore, and the white, wrathful breakers gnawing in at the sand-bluffs below us.

The man took a cool survey of the sea, and then, with the corners of his mouth drawn tight over the teeth, looking with his cold, gray eyes straight in his questioner's face, answered slowly, "Yes; I think I would, if it was my duty."

The Atlantic Ocean has indeed a majestic voice, — it has been heard by many, and it still keeps on. But more wonderful still to us is the old plain-song out of Parson Treat's ancient meeting-house, miles west from the ocean, sung to rude music by the Pilgrim wanderers from home, three thousand miles away, seeking here liberty and the rights of man, which are also the rights of God: —

-- God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.



and Indian Camp Ground, Eastham

not the Lord by feeble sense,
trust Him for His grace;
a frowning Providence
brides a smiling face."

been somehow fastened by the lighthouse people
the summit of one of the sand-hills, and looking
fifty feet or so into and across the sea, which, as
day, is merely blue and babbling on its placid
extent of view, though a long, black cloud rests
one can see, north or south! Three thousand
est neighbors off shore are in Spain. Society
re, nor the inane gossip of idle men and women,
a water limpid, and the winds wafting life to the

set Island, the islands of Humphrey, Gilbert and
ll, the Norsemen?

ong by the ocean that we came back, tired and



Rock, Eastham



Nauset Three Lights, Eastham

keeper's house, and out of the wind. Only our
rather fat, and with a bald head — was very loth

with you, driver?"
here."

alt water is here?" I could live here forever,
' enough."

gry.

se only the keeper's daughter — a tall brunette
ady tongue — and her big, black Newfoundland
ny of you gentlemen try to shake hands with
when he went hoeing over by the woods, told
e care of me. Won't you, Nero?" And the
ooked at the strangers. "He feels himself in
e father told him so he frightened the baker,
to shake hands with me, a'most out of his wits,



Life Saving Station, Eastham

catching him by the arm and holding on." (Jim was her beau, and the two were frightened, though she didn't tell us that.)

"Anything in the house and will you pay for it? Plenty ; but we don't keep a boarding house." So by the help of our own big basket and her tea-kettle we had a good hot dinner in the kitchen, where a fine telephone was ready for the shore men and life boat's crew to send word in a stormy night if there was any shipwreck in these parts, and from here by way of Highland Light, if necessary, to the owners in Boston or New York. Only our driver had deserted his grub, which he usually did only late in his last illness, and we found him after our meal on the bench again, looking at the sea. But meanwhile the Maid of the Lighthouse showed us the parlor full of sound English literature and family photographs and such a profusion of lace curtains for her bay windows as might make even a city dame envious. We were more interested in the little holes in the panes of the aforesaid windows, made, as she assured us, by the sand-grains dashed against them by the storm of November 27, 1898.

Travelling back over a road already passed is like "a twice-told tale," a trifle monotonous, and the only variety came from a Westerner in the wagon who, about the middle of the plain, told us to our surprise that he was born here, and when a child had moved with his father to Peoria, Ill. ; that this was his first return to the old home, once owned by Deacon D——, and that he must get out and go across the plain and find it. Did the driver know where it was?

"Do you see them locust trees north there — them trees that looks kinder yaller against them pitch pines? There's old Deacon D——'s farm."

"Is there any house standing?"

"No, hain't been since you and I were boys. But when you see locust trees, and balm gileads, and lilac trees and Aaron's rod about, there's been a house."

So the Scribe and the Westerner started together, with the assurance that there was no stream or pond to stop us, across Nauset Plains to find that house, or rather place. And we found it as gray as our own black coats in this hot sand-tramp — trees and Aaron's rod and all — all but the house. Only the cellar hole was left, looking as most such places do — all its wall angles toned down by the crumbling soil, a few

from the old chimney ; catnip and burdock and
thin grass with a mullein stalk here and there
in front, i.e., towards the road, and the usual
apple trees, rich only in fresh sprouts on the old
of decay, with the locust trees and balm-gilead
cornfields — such indeed was the look of an old
ad on Nauset Plains.

left the Scribe to himself, and was found later on,
of where the house had stood, which he said
flower-garden," the old ladies being his aunts,
mother. The Pilgrim rosebush was still there,
bouncing Betties, and box and thyme were still
saken life. The Westerner was even wearing a
ad gathered out of the ancestral garden, but he
this. It floors me, it does me up ; it is too mel-
d much more of this." Before all this could be
ain ; but at the fisherman's house at night, the
us this poem, without saying he wrote it, but
his own, and as these verses cannot be popular
human, and are not so very mystical to meaning-
age require, we will lay them at the door of the
across Nauset Plain.

ODE TO A LILAC TREE.

O lilac tree !
all the trees to me ;
rooted, while swift years flee,
old as lilacs be ;
quar than such as we,
spring art thou. lilac tree
beside the ancient door,
on the vacant floor,
fect of children are heard no more,
are gone forevermore ;
our plumes as then you wore,
er me tender things of yore.

When I, looking through the window pane,
Saw your dark leaves wet in the cold spring rain ;
Clutching after your purple plumes in vain,
Wondering most, in my childish brain,
How the flowers came by the window pane,
And whence was dropping that slow, sleet rain.

Looking up to the clouds so gray,
Curiously pondering, as children may,
In the flower-crowned month of beautiful May,
How and by whom and in what queer way
You, lilac tree in the rainy day
Dared ever to look so gentle and gay.

All have gone, O lilac tree !
All from the house, but you and me,
And the murmur of waves from yonder sea,
Borne with gray mists across green lea,
Calls to ancients — you and me,
Bidding us ponder the things that be.

You, O lilac tree, stayed by the door,
I went out from the nursery floor ;
Out in the world's ways rough evermore ;
Out where the dusty feet ever are sore.
Bearing the burdens which brave men bore,
Forgetting for prouder things, pure things of yore.

But to-day I've come back, O pure-breathing tree,
To make a confession 'twixt you and me,
That since I stood by my mother's knee,
Looking at you and yonder sea,
Wondering such glorious things could be,
I have never loved creatures more than ye.

In this silent room, I make my vow,
Where no children prattle, nor mothers bow,
By your plumes in the rain-drops falling now,
By those violets crowning the earth's green brow ;
O meek-browed lilac, O murmuring sea,
I have never loved creatures more than ye !

Violets and pansies in spring winds nod
To sunshine on greensward, the smile of God,

the path my dear ones trod,
their coldness under the sod —
O vestal lilac tree,
best of all the trees to me.

of all, for the legend told,
sweet flowers fed from the dark, cold mould,
' life broken from death's clammy hold,
winter and frost from our hearts off rolled,
live in the skies that ne'er grows cold,
in dear ones, the arms of the Great One enfold

'ee' O lilac tree '
of all the trees I see,
one but yba and me.
old — my swift years flee;
violets ne'er wither, I soon shall be,
in warm days of eternity.

in bunching his "sparrergrass" in his narrow shed,
e down the Cape soon after dinner to the next town;
ping tally of the hours, and would soon sink in a red
f the bay, westward, and we would not travel in the
but "turned in," "put up," "stopped over," as the
ne fisherman. Some of us slept under the roof, which
uld see the stars from there. The next morning, on
we drove through the young pines and sand, we had
ents of its town story as it was long ago made public,
ires so large a book to tell the domestic and home life
more than a century long.



Church at South Wellfleet



Gull Pond, Wellfleet



Scene along Shore at Wellfleet



Depot and Store, South Wellfleet



CHAPTER III.

WELLFLEET.

of Eastham, called Billingsgate for a long time (if short in time), until it was made a town in 1763; and two or three wide. Rev. Enoch Pratt, in his there are fifteen fresh-water ponds in town, eleven rect-line north and south. Its shores, especially on the chief village is, are indented with bays, forming small craft, and its north headlands help its harbor-



el at Wellfleet, Holbrook House

age. Its soil may be dismissed with the general remark that what the soil of this East Cape needs for profitable culture is three things, viz., water, manure, and brains. There is an acre of water under every acre of land here, and it must be raised for irrigation by windmills or steam; the sea and the ravines furnish stores of compost, and it is safe to say that no race of men could have existed here so long as these people did without ample brains. Money will follow the brains. The Wellfleet people themselves, in a petition to the General Court for a remission of the Province tax in 1776, said they were "situated on the most barren soil of any part of the Province, and that all lands capable of being tilled would not support one fourth of the inhabitants." Its early history, like that of its sister towns, was a medley of bargains with Indians for land, checking marauders upon the shellfish and deer, gathering in and trying out blackfish and whales, and blackbirds and wolves with a price on their heads; and, in general, they were a people who enjoyed the ancient promise that "they should suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand."

In the middle age of this town it bore the buffets and disasters of three wars, and substantially three embargoes, as its neighbors did; but like them, it found the men and money to go with the new flag, — the men because of the freedom which Congress asserted.

The date of the subjoined letter will show what period it was, and the fact that it was tea which made the trouble. A British tea ship had been wrecked near here, and Mr. John Greenough, one of the most respected citizens and probably master of the grammar-school, not only helped the owners to ship their tea to Boston, but, worst of all, picked up or bought two chests which he used himself or sold to his neighbors. The town took the matter up; so did the Committee of Safety in Boston. Mr. Greenough must have been a patriot of an "off color" or he would never have meddled with "the accursed thing" which tasted so grateful to the sex which had yielded to the serpent and still drank the Chinese nectar. But he was a Pilgrim, and stoutly defended himself, saying that the tea he bought had paid no tax to the British crown, and therefore he showed no lack of patriotism in dealing in it. But the town said, "This tea is a tool to rivet chains on our necks by Great Britain — away with it. Is there not 'Labrador tea' enough, and good enough for our women, in the woods? Have they not on the Upper Cape harried a poor pedler who had a few



Billingsgate Light, Wellfleet



Congregational Church, Wellfleet

pounds in his pack until he promised to go and sell no tea again, and watched him until he went? And would any man, even the schoolmaster, dare to have tea in Wellfleet?" So the war was long, and toward the close of it this letter was written :

"Whereas, I bought a quantity of tea and brought it in to this district last winter, I do acknowledge I was therein guilty of an error and am heartily sorry therefor ; and I declare I had no intention to injure the liberties of my country therein. And whereas the Committee of Correspondence for the district apprehend that I have abused them, in a letter I sent them, I do declare I had no such intention, and wish to be reconciled to them again and to forget and forgive on both sides.

JOHN GREENOUGH.

Wellfleet, December 19th, 1774."

The town was "reconciled" after a full inquiry, and Mr. Greenough lived and died respected ; but he never forgot this episode of the tea.

In 1778 the British warship "Somerset" was shipwrecked near here, and her crew, in marching through, were fed by the citizens. Since the war of 1812 her history has been that of peace, fish and prosperity. The same energy which chased whales to the Falkland Islands, chased fortunes here at home. It is surprising how many were captured here in commerce.

Some persons object that so much is said in the town records about churches and their ministers. But the towns occupied the meeting-houses, and the meeting-house affairs occupied the towns as the centre of their whole public life. But it may be mentioned that this town seems to have treated its ministers prudently in the old days, and voted to buy a horse for one of them, on condition that the price was not to exceed sixty dollars. In apparent confirmation of their good treatment, or of the salubrity of the Cape climate — perhaps of both — the longevity of its pastors bear witness : Rev. Isaiah Lewis (H. C., 1723) appears as the first settled minister in 1730, and after fifty-five years of service, died in 1786, at the age of eighty-four ; Rev. Mr. Whitman served the town twenty-three years, and died at ninety-two ; Rev. Timothy Davis (H. C., 1804) came, and after twenty-two years' service, left in 1830.

It is true (whatever fame is in it) that Thomas Holbrook served this town as selectman for twenty years.

Its citizens have improved the oyster culture for at least a hundred and fifty years or more, and claim, as against the rivalry of Truro and Province-



Church at Wellfleet



Oyster House at Wellfleet

town, to have originated the whale-fishing to the Falkland Islands and elsewhere, under the advice of some long-forgotten British admiral who had been in those parts. This old life on the East Cape should be represented in allegory by a man with a hoe in one hand and a hook or harpoon in the other; and perhaps this town had more hooks and fewer hoes than its neighbors. At any rate, they kept on hooking and catching in order to exist. Where everything was moving — tide, sea, wind, the very sand under their houses — they must move, too, or be buried alive or blown away. Under such discipline they became stronger than the sea, tougher than a northeaster, craftier than the fish which swam in the sea. A man raised here is first of all a seaman, and next a landsman; but he is never a countryman. He has sailed too far and to too many parts for that; and from the sea he has grown quick, nervous, full of expedients in having his way either on a main deck or a main street, and is usually wonderfully well informed. He knows how "to hold fast" to the rope by clutches when the sea-wave is sweeping the decks; and so he learns to hold fast to his aim in business, and the fortune which lies beyond it. He is a man to stick to his passion, his politics, his friendships, his religion — this Cape man with his terrible clutch. An honest story lately told us will illustrate this quality once for all: A ship from Boston to Searsport, too heavily laden, took a heavy storm aft from port to port, and was in mid-ocean. To add to the misery, she had sprung a leak, and the water was over the main deck. A lumberport in the bows, some four feet square, though in harbor tight enough, had strained in the gale, opened and broken in, and the water was pouring in. The crew was worn out at the pumps; but that leak must either be stopped or the ship must go down, the grain lost, and probably the whole crew. Then the Cape Captain, a man of middle age, ruddy and stout, and the head of a family at home, called his crew together and asked for some man to volunteer to go over the bows with him and stop that leak. Then a Cape boy, son of a sea-captain himself, and a neighbor of the captain when at home, stepped up and said he would go with the "old man." The boy was not married, but he, too, had his home and father's family ashore. Then the crew tied the two men, each with a stout rope, of which the crew held the other end, and over the two men went. As the ship was running before the wind, and cavorting like some gigantic horse, the trouble came, as all seamen know, not when the bows were lifted toward the skies, but when they took the plunge that followed into the



View at Wellfleet



Schooner Daniel B. Fearing at Wellfleet

sea, when the men would be buried deep in the waters. No man, unless lashed, could live in that sea, or be saved, when once overboard, and no boat either, and the two men knew it before they went. The "old man" lost his foothold once, but his rope saved him. They had carried over with them a square piece of stout sail-cloth, and when the bows were up in air they nailed that canvas on, nail after nail, and then waited until they had dived through the sea again, until the leak was stopped and they were pulled aboard. They had done only what a Cape Cod seaman should and could, and asked no thanks from anybody. No man would say, when he saw the "old man" (he died long ago) carting home his winter wood from the hill ranges, behind a pokey nag, or the boy going demurely about on shore at carpentering, that they looked very much like heroes. But they were, all the same. And plenty of their like have always been here.

Heretofore in this journey down the Cape our company had been as varied as our vehicles, but all had been of the same mind or no mind at all, as the way with us mortals is; but when the Ark with its two horses drove up before the old inn where we were dining, and we were told that the next town (Truro) was sixteen miles long (it made no matter to any of us that it was only from one-half to three miles wide), it was very like a mutiny that arose among what we may call the crew, infected as we were by the sea around us, only there was no captain on board or around the board to invoke obedience, except the Scribe, who had the convenient habit, especially if there were women in question, to let everybody have their own way; he was a Pilgrim himself. So on somebody's motion — very likely a strong-minded woman's — which soon became everybody's, it was agreed that the crowd should go over by rail to Provincetown and wait for the Scribe to join them at one of the most comfortable — it could not be called fashionable — hotels, he riding over in the Ark by himself, alone. Now the Ark was a curious conglomeration in wagon-building, that had first been used by some pedler as a dry-goods emporium, with a smattering of current groceries intermingled, and several jugs hanging under the whiffle-tree — a very apartment-store on wheels — and had gone up and down the Cape, fifty years ago, tempting the matrons in caps and aprons, in every village, to cluster around its three back steps, on which the chapman might display his high-colored calicoes and cambrics. It had lately been fished out from the dust of a carpenter's shop at Eastham by the antiquarian of our party, who pre-



View at Wellfleet

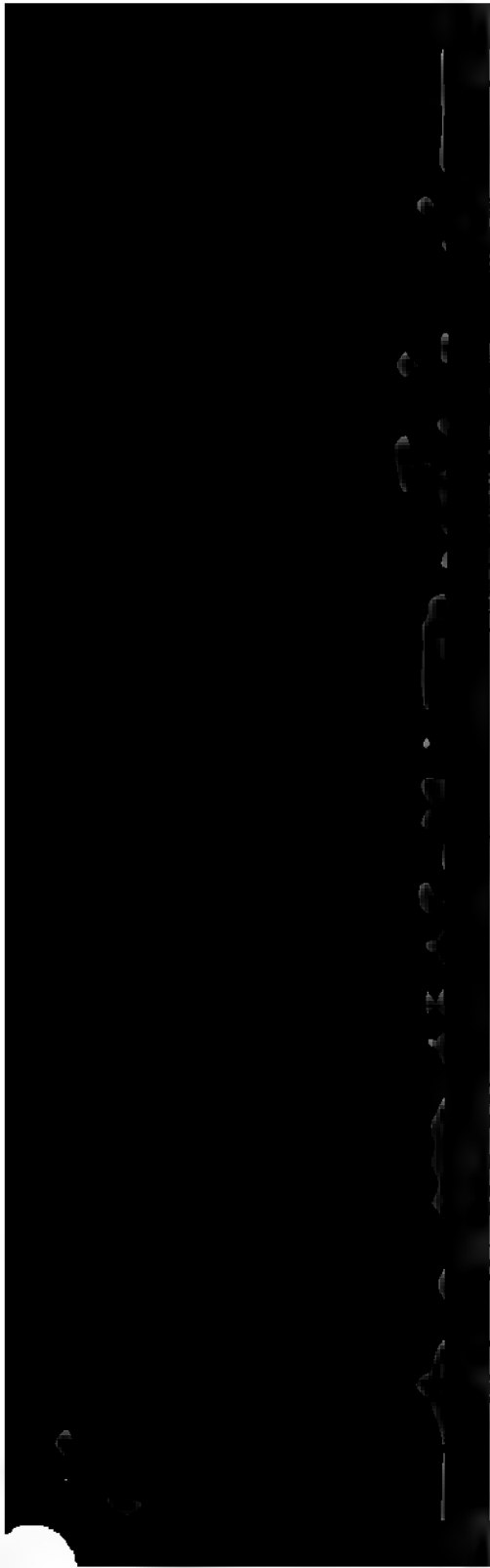


Wellfleet Light

served tender memories of it from his youth, and of his father's dooryard where it had stood over night and nothing had been stolen, for the thrifty shopman used to sleep on the steps. It had been used to cart us over so far safely; though the creak of its wheels was strident and a trifle ill-natured. It might have held everything and so be entitled to its name; but Miss Browne, our most pronounced brunette, in gold spectacles and a free mind, had no right to raise the laugh against us by quoting from Holy Writ that the ark mentioned there contained all manner of creeping things; beasts, clean and unclean, male and female, four-footed and two-footed; and that our vehicle therefore was rightly named. Our ancient produced his Bible from his pocket, to verify the record, and there was much danger of precipitating our first theological wrangle: but it was no go. Her witticism also did her no good, for it caused several to remember that her big-bowed glasses were not becoming, that she had spoiled several pairs of kid gloves, never taken off, even for dinner; that she was over-nice about the polish of her very tight but natty shoes, and one woman had heard her say that, provided a woman was well gloved and shod, it did not matter whether the soft, insinuating sand had to be shaken out of dress and hair every night or not. So over we all went to the Ark. And such a scramble and hurry and packing, especially of shawls and overshoes, for the down-coming train. Our ancient was actually found under the Ark, with what looked very much like a demijohn that hung there; and Miss Browne to the delight of several, had some trouble finding her tooth-brushes.

TRURO.

The Scribe being thus alone, and left rather to his own free will and the memories of the ark in which he was riding, was able to recall ancient Truro, in certain matters of its history, viz.: that purchases of certain lands were made from the Indians as early as 1696, when it was called Pamet; that white folks were here at an earlier date; that it had secured some privileges in 1705, under the name of Dangerfield, and became a full-fledged town in 1709, under its present name; that it fared very much as all the other Cape towns did in all the American wars already noted; that its misery and poverty were then accentuated by its nearness to Provincetown harbor, which then furnished a home to the hostile fleets; and that, when peace came, it rose rapidly to wealth again, so as



Summer Residence of Capt. L. D. Baker, Wellfleet

to outstrip some of its neighbors. It has always seemed to us that here abode men of oak, and that, for occult reasons, in general culture it resembles Brewster more than any other town. The business success of many of its sons abroad, and their gifts to the land in general, like the Collinses and Riches, seems phenomenal. It always insisted on having the best schools possible, and studied hard in them, and as good parsons as there were going. Its early history of its home life, at least, hovers about its parish meeting-house. No man knows when or where the first house was built; but probably about the year 1709, and on "The Hill" where, from that time until the present, some holy house has stood, and the ample graveyard has spread forth, in ancient grave-stones, its prayers and litanies to the sweet smile of God in His sunshine, and neither fog nor fierce storm from its two seas disturb the rest of those who sleep. The town records say of the first house, in 1710, that the town treasurer shall buy, as soon as convenient, a pulpit, an hour-glass for its pulpit, and a box to put it in, and charge the same to the town. The second meeting-house stood one hundred and twenty years, and was ordered built in 1720, forty feet long and thirty-five feet broad, with walls twenty feet high, and the town voted £350 for the expense. Its steeple is said to have been one of the most reliable and well-known landmarks for the mariners to sail by, and in the gospel preached inside was as honest, as we may suppose, then inside and outside truth was preached to the welfare of men, which is more than some men do.

For some years several ministers preached in the old meeting-houses, but none settled permanently, until in 1710, when an excellent parson came to them, in the person of Rev. John Avery (H. C., 1706), at a salary of £60 and the usual grant of wood and land. In his pastorate of forty-four years he admitted three hundred and sixty-seven to the church, and died here in the odor of sanctity, 1754, aged sixty-nine. His faith never could have been turned to lead him, at that time, so far down the Cape, and his works were certainly many and multiform. He was doctor, lawyer and minister to a large parish, and, to keep himself busy, he carried on a farm and a blacksmith's shop, where he wrought with his own hands. The clinkers and waste-iron of his shop have been found, of late years, at Tasmuit, on the west slope of the Clay Pounds, at Highland Heights, where his parsonage and some of the best land in town were. This town was, in general, very kind to him and his successors,

down, his salary, by vote of the town, went up. Avery £200; but, in 1749, £100 was really worth the sum. Parson Avery was a thrifty man, and left, at his death, a large fortune, and bequeathed several legacies to his

Rev. Caleb Upham (H. C., 1744), who married a daughter of the pastor, and died in 1786, after a pastorate of thirty years, and had a hundred and forty-four persons. He was with the Revolution; learned, patriotic and self-sacrificing. He relinquished £50 of his salary for the poor. His old headstone, erected by his son, "I have been,

installed here in 1786, at a salary of £75, use of the good oak wood, three cords of pine, and five tons of coal annually, and £200 specie, not bank bills, by way of reward for forty Spanish dollars for entertaining the council in 1788, aged seventy-eight, and in the forty-

It was Mr. Damon who prayed from his pulpit, and the members were obliged to go exactly two opposite ways, and he would not pray against either venture. The first ministers served Truro were one hundred and eighteen, and seventy-five were baptized. Their years began in 1700 and ended shortly before the coronation of Queen Victoria. What was done, and what suffered by our hardy

large Christians, though worthy, came in, and the parsons ceased. Nor can anyone, especially the historians, unravel the history of this town, made by its brave, and its cunning bits, here and there, of its picturesque and its days, the town voted, in rectifying some mistake. "We are not willing that any Indian should suffer from our mistake." So when any whale came into the bay, the men so keen with the harpoon, the Puritan could not keep many men back from hunting the prey, and on any other day, any other meeting, or any

other business, sacred or secular, would have been broken up long before the swiftest runners could reach the shore, as witness the meeting which was broken up, though called to elect a new town parson, and adjourned to the next day, as the record says, "because there was a whale in the Bay." Nor is the state of mind of that money-grabber without its ludicrous side, who, very much afraid of losing his share of the whales, which came in summer but not in winter, and also afraid of sinning against the Lord's Sabbath, and who had his conscience often conquered by the neighboring and visible whale, while his unseen Lord was absent, who frankly declared to his fellow-Christians, "that there was no hope for him if he died during the fishing season, but in winter he was all right."

Nor is it irrelevant to the story of the Cape, that when Charles II, who was very fond of the fish, was very angry with the Colony for coining "Pine Tree Shillings" (a clear invasion of the rights of the British Crown), the General Court of Massachusetts ordered to be sent him, as a present, ten barrels of cranberries, two hogsheads of syrup, and three thousand pounds of codfish, to allay his wrath. Probably the berries, and certainly the fish, came from the Cape.

The old life was picturesque and high-colored, and new fashions of modern times only came in to the county towns about 1800 A. D. About 1750, a young man's courting dress, at twenty, is described as "a full bottomed wig and cocked hat, scarlet coat and small clothes, white vest, ruffles, and silk stockings, shoes with buckles, and two watches." What *two* watches were for, it is difficult to say, except to be sure not to keep the lady up longer than Pilgrim decorum allowed. His sweetheart might wear red kid, high-heeled shoes, with peaked toes, so long that it was difficult to kneel in the house of prayer, fifteen-button kid gloves, silk or satin dresses, gold beads, hoops, peaked stomachers, modesty-bits or riding-habits, waistcoats trimmed with silver, perruques and cocked hats. The dress has altered since, but we fancy the way of making love remains about the same. A silk dress was an heirloom, more prized than a paid-up life insurance policy; and solid gold beads are still in plenty on the Cape, and over them, to our sure knowledge, there have been many bickerings and heartburnings, after the will was read. The boys, in turn, inherited the family breeches of "everlasting" from their elder brothers, and no young man ever wore an overcoat. There was some flirting between the



Depot, South Truro



View of Hills, South Truro

Truro girls and the red-coated Britishers from the ships, and some English surgeons, married and settled here. Green goose feathers, brought back from Labrador by the fishermen, made good beds. In fact, the people here plucked from every quarter whatever there was to be got, in a ceaseless industry and energy. There was, and is still, a pair of andirons in the town made from a cannon-ball shot ashore by some British cruiser. But it was especially in the Revolution that Truro men and women showed their pluck. Shattered and ended as all their commerce was, the hardy sailors turned their hands to privateering, and showed a strong fist in it. But it was a very dangerous game to play at, and there were cases where prisoners were sure of a scant welcome, and, sometimes, of cruel treatment on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war. Many them, father and son together, died in the prison-ships, or in England, and only a few came home again, — poor unknown seamen, who died for their country and their bread. From May, 1776, to February, 1778, one hundred and seventy-three American privateers took as prizes seven hundred and thirty-three British vessels, worth not less than twenty thousand dollars, and by all, two hun-



Church, South Truro

taken by our privateers from the British. Indeed, a navy, which we did not have. a life for so many, for so long, bred Spartans; and. This world, according to the Christian writers, is not on, but a post of duty, where man and woman are to for something higher, and for progress. Of such d, "Every cloud might well bring a shadow to the ters; every wind a sigh from their hearts in these ro, the lives of sixty citizens, chiefly the heads of storm, almost in sight of their own homes; seven one house." In 1841, there died fifty-seven seamen

itating on old and musty things, the Ark and the n Truro, sharp to the right, into one of those "longi- people in Truro, Cornwall, England, call them — ing here so often from shore to shore, and Highland



Residence of Isaiah Snow, Truro, Mass.



View from Sea Breeze Hill, Truro



First M. E. Church, Truro



View of Truro, Showing the Hills



Planted at Truro, on the Sands of Cape Cod, 1644

Light, the Clay Pounds, that was hardly more than a mile away. The houses, especially the older ones, are built in these "hollows," and not on the hill-tops, as elsewhere, as the driver said, referring to the violent winds often running hereabouts, "that the owners might know where to find their domiciles in the morning, as they were never tied with a cable-tow overnight." This gave the Scribe a chance to see the, certainly, peculiar features of the country. Such fat, gracious, rounded hills, and so many of them, bald of scrub oaks and young pines, as is common to the land in Eastham and elsewhere on the East Cape, thanks to the old husbandry; the poverty-grass, with its yellow flowers, a bastard kind of heather, with its wide-spreading stout roots to suck up moisture and to stand against the northeasters, and a general sense of comfort and cultivation on each side over the straight but sandy road.



Church, Truro Centre



Hall, Truro Centre



Pond Village, Truro Centre

There has been much loose talk about the pigmy height of the fruit trees on this Cape town, which is attributed to the scant soil. This is only partly true. The Frenchman Michelet, in his "La Mer," speaks of the tyranny of the sea, how, when strong enough, it smites down, with its salt air, both branch and trunk, all trees towards the earth, from whence they sprung. This is no more strange than that kindred tyranny of the sun, which compels, unless a superior natural force intervenes, to bend toward it as its master, and as if in adoration. Certainly, in these hollows here, and sheltered, the apple-trees grow as tall as anywhere.

At the sea end of one hollow, we pass Parson Avery's old house and smithy (they are not there, but gone, like him), and, turning sharp corners, we reach the Highland Light territory, on which stands the largest and oldest lighthouse on this Cape, built in 1798, and rebuilt, as it stands, in 1833. Here



Church and Street View, North Truro



Storage and Depot, North Truro



View along Shore, Truro

is the highest land on this shore, and the government bought ten acres of it, which the present keeper thinks has been reduced to six, by the sea in storm. Yet this hill and Clay Pounds (clay impounds rain when it falls), is a huge clay cliff, breaking out here from the central clay which underlies the Cape generally, and has been watched and marveled over from Professor Hitchcock's time till ours. Facing seaward, due east, and on either side of us from Race Point to Chatham, are the life-saving stations, hid in their ravines, and near the sea, waiting for storms and the shipwrecks, — more of the latter than elsewhere on the Atlantic Coast. The old folks called Truro " Dangerfield, the field of dangers ", and so it is. But it does not look so to-day, for the wind is off shore, and we can hardly hear its ceaseless babble, one hundred and fifty feet below us, and the sea is very blue, with the white sails of ships moving steadily, with a quarterly wind to their port. But a northeaster will soon change all that. With your back to the land, look. From Race Point to Cape Malabar, under that blue sea, is hid a veritable devil-fish, with its merciless tentacles of sand-bars and shallows. The head and mane are just about here at the Lights, and in fine weather are quiet, and not in action. But let a north or northeast wind rise, and they do so often very suddenly, and every sailing ship, and even



Highland Light and Cliff



on Cape Cod, near Highland Light

on, and going on means generally death to crew
which loses sails or steam in that hell of waters.
is or so south, and, as a landsman would judge, to
ore, safely. But then, Nantucket shoals, reaching
thernmost tentacle of this devil fish, will clutch her,
n no human help to save her.

of the way Truro lost her sons, in what they call
storms actually create new currents in the sea, of
gnorant, and often assist them to their doom.

to the town again, thanking his stars that he had
in a storm. And when he arrived at "The Cor-
meet, he saw the woman he was in search of,
ere, with her arms full of parcels, dry and wet (for
everything except virtue on sale), "Aunt Hepsy"
uch was a holy name, and entitled, according to
ssing, never exactly defined, as "written in the



Wreck of Schooner Kate J. Barrett after Masts had gone

Lamb's book of life"). The Scribe had met her in his own town, where she was making a rare visit to relations, and had promised to hunt her out if he ever came to Truro. It was an odd figure she cut, in that dusty road, just then, to the visitor, but withal a figure with which the town's folk were well acquainted. She was dressed in a blue woolen gown, which reached low to the feet, and what was once called a "poke" or "coal-scuttle" bonnet, of yellow straw, adorned only with black, velvet strings, and noticeable for its great size, from which her face looked out very much as a mouse from the recesses of his flattened hole. Her shoes, as she clambered into the Ark at the invitation of the Scribe, were probably brogans, although her long dress prevented certainty. The coal-scuttle bonnet she wore was in deference to the dignity of the main street she was visiting, for on her farm she generally went bareheaded, and wore her hair drawn back into a Greek node. To-day, this node protruded through a hole she had fabricated some time in the back curtain of the bonnet. When seated and inspected, after piling her bundles on the seat beside her, she seemed a long, strongly-built woman of past middle age, with deliberate but



ghland Life Saving Station



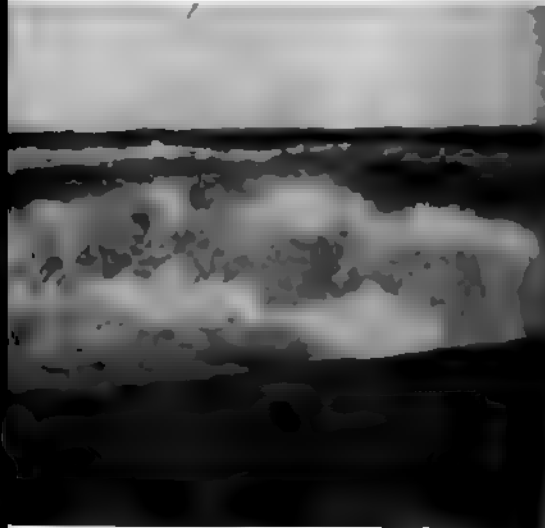
ishing Schooner Fortuna.
Went to pieces in one Tide off Cape Cod.

strong motions, which signified strength, with blue, friendly eyes, and, if the tan had not been so deep, would have allowed her to have been in her youth a fair-haired blonde, with roses, dimmed by the sun, in her cheeks. She was always ready to talk on any fit theme, and, when she pleased, even vivacious and entertaining. She seemed to be at home at once in the Ark, which was now being driven to the farm, and, what was more strange, the Ark seemed to be at home with her. Neither was young, and both had seen service for their generation, and had fallen on certain bodily stains and scars therefrom, and both would do their best, despite the creakings of its wheels and the tanned and wrinkled face of the woman, and to the finish. The woman was at home at once, and the Ark would behave its prettiest for the new passenger, whoever she might be.

For Aunt Hepsey was indeed a character. First, she was aunt to the whole town, and especially the children, and that, too, of several generations, who knew her by no other name. In fact, that name came very near being put in the Parish register, when she stood sponsor for the son of a colored seaman, away on the Banks for fish, as the subsequent erasure by the parson, and insertion of her true name and surname, which last she shared with some of the best in the town, will show. She won the title of "Aunt" in honor of her constant deeds of a kind heart, and a ready hand to help, just as others gain stars and garters for their war deeds on land and sea. For she, too, belonged to the royal army of the Helpful, and had waged war all her life against pain and want, and, what is more, had often won the victory, as folk felt, though they did not always say it. This title of "Aunt," from this town, as it always is, was, indeed, its public diploma to her of respect and love.

Of course, she knew everybody and everybody knew her, for the reasons given. She had many family secrets in her keeping, and yet never betrayed one. She had dressed for the first time half the babies of the town, and was constant at christenings. She never refused service in the poorest home. She was a great watcher with the sick, in her own way. And her way was, when the case was not urgent, nor in crisis, to roll herself in some borrowed blanket, and lie down on the floor by the bedside, like a dog in a rug, to be ready for the sick one's call. She was acquainted with all medical herbs, or "yarbs," as some phrased it, and was often on hand, and administering, when the doctor was not. Her medical diploma and skill (and she had both) were deserved by her long serving.

ved "Aunt Hepsey," especially the girls. Them
s and beaus; millner and matchmaker, also; for-
saw of some Eastern pundit, "Never make nor
s. for how knowest thou that, in contriving happi-
r misery." So, in her long life, she heard many



the Shores of Cape Cod

ry long, by repetitions, and gave her sage, certainly
deserves another," some of these girls, in gratitude,
r "go-to-meeting" dress, and give advice. For
lors to her dress, which was always of one pattern;
d blue for the farm, which her father left her, such
Ark. Her father, fisherman and farmer, had left
a high-backed, square pew, with a carved open
nd far up the main aisle, and "Aunt Hepsey"
n there was any. At first, in her young days, that
nt on, she came to be alone, except for the strange
e put there, and she stood up there in the "long

prayer." Some watchful women worshippers complained that the red, and the height of her, obstructed their view of the beautiful expression of the parson's face at the common prayer, and she was told as much by the deacons ; but that made no difference with her. "They can mind their own business, and I will mind mine. My father left me that pew," she said, and kept on.

Then the girls, "her girls," she called them — girls that she had dressed for the first time, and every one of whom she had apparently adopted at birth, as she had no daughter of her own — modestly interfered with her, and gave advice about the red dress and the coal-scuttle bonnet, advising the new and current fashions.

She broke out into unwonted clamor. "What! Them hussies in France, to copy them! Didn't they fight for independence for women as well as men, and my father lost a new schooner in the war. What are they to me or I to them?" and much more of the same sort. But she went with the girls to the new milliner in town, and many a day after did that functionary of French fashions remember the coming, and much more the staying. Ten girls, with different tastes and advice, and one woman, differing from everybody else, and taking nobody's advice but her own. "Another such week would drive me distracted," the milliner said. But at last all was settled, or rather adjusted, somehow, as no man nor even woman could say. The main struggle arose over that coal-scuttle bonnet, which was changed, at the last moment, for a sailor's straw hat, such as is sometimes worn at this date. One difficulty no woman of the dozen active ones could pass over. It was the age when the sleeves reached only just below the elbows, where all the flounces and laces ended, and the rest of the nakedness concealed by very long gloves. There were no gloves in that town, nor with its neighbors, that would fit Aunt Hepsey's arms. And as to the shoes, to take the place of the brogans! The victim walked about in a dozen pairs, tried on, and fared very much as a Chinése woman would, trying for the first time to walk. So the brogans must go to meeting, which troubled the girls, but not Aunt Hepsey, much. And she went. In the sunshine, the general effect must have been like Joseph's coat of many colors, but the two bare arms, as she sat in her father's pew, and alone, did the business. If she had worn the coal-scuttle bonnet, she might have hid them, but a sailor's hat — no! She sat still in prayers, and spoke neither to man or woman going out, and "her girls" never came near her, as they were in fear, as they saw

It is perhaps a waste of time to say that she
fashions to meeting from that day to this.

Age, Aunt Hepsey had but one fault. She was a
too, of the yellow kind, and not over-perfumed;
"drunk," as the phrase ran, through the nose.

times, made all carnal use of tobacco very unpopu-
their sermons, denouncing it as one aid of Anti-
; but when they also so far succumbed to the
r pipes, and smoke diligently in their studies, and
public opinion changed, and a very human taste
day. So, in her time, she "snuffed" in peace.

from a well-known and actual fact, which affected
even of their infants went to spend the day with
own babies liked to do, because there was always
in her pantry, and hers was a free hand with the
come at night bespattered with the yellow snuff, and
stains, of snuff about their white frocks and rosy
aid mothers much shaking of the little dresses and
ings of heart, as to whether they could trust their
she would promise to change at least one of her
was far gone with the weed, and kept on as usual.
of what leisure she had, to take snuff, and read the
time. And, as to do two things well, but at the
e, the snuff fell down upon and smote the Holy
re of some holy words; and, indeed, it was easy to
e authors, and even chapters, from the obscurity
pages, as may be seen in that family Bible to

story? Certainly she had, as every woman, as
and that story is not ours to hear, yet is curiously
aking habit. For the Scribe, in old days, had
nt of a square silver snuff-box, of ancient guise
"J. A." upon the lid, and asked her, in mere idle
one had better have struck her in the face, she
en for the tan and the wrinkles, the inquirer would

have seen a broad blush. She was evidently disturbed, and answered nothing, but went out at once, in an uncertain, bewildered way, and fed the hens. For the next hour or so, indeed, she acted as any young girl would, so and for such cause distressed. But a familiar of both afterwards told the Scribe that "J. A." stood for Job Atkins, her sweetheart, who died at Newfoundland Banks long ago; that he left it with her, as a keepsake, before he sailed, and she had kept it ever since. Perhaps they two had even taken snuff together out of that box. Yes, Aunt Hepsey, in her brogans and blue dress, had her story, also; such as is not rustic, hereabouts, but perennial. Talleyrand, of Napoleonic diplomatic traditions easily the chief, used frequently to ask the brutal question, when any unusual tragedy, or even accident, occurred in his neighborhood, "Who was she?" as if, at the bottom of all such misfortune there must be a woman for the first cause. But the Scribe holds, with due reverence for such solemn and tender matters, that, in much of the tragedy as well as comedy of life, whether among fishermen on the shore or fashionables on the boulevards of cities, one finds, as bottom and tap-root thereof, the heart-love between man and woman.

But all this time of meditation, the Ark was nearing Aunt Hepsey's house, in some features as old as she was, and, lest our description should be amiss, it shall be described in the words of a very learned man here, long ago.

Old President Dwight, an eye witness, in his travels somewhere about 1800, describes very accurately what "may be called with propriety Cape Cod houses" on the Cape town. And this house of Aunt Hepsey's was one of them — a house of seamen and farmers of average revenue everywhere, then and now, any additions being, of course, new. These are usually of one story, with four rooms on the lower floor, and are covered on the sides, as on the roof, with pine shingles, about eighteen inches in length. The chimney is in the middle, and immediately behind the front door, and on each side the door are two windows. The roof is straight (not broken horizontally, as some are, which is a still older pattern), and under the roof are the chambers, there being two larger and two smaller windows in each end. As Dr. Dwight did not inherit and inhabit one of these houses, as the Scribe does, he does not mention that the kitchen, or "living room," behind the two square rooms on the first floor, runs the whole width of the house, with closets, butteries and bedrooms at either end of it, and that, when the favorite son or daughter of the

oks" gave up one end to the newly-married couple, to remain into the other, sharing the kitchen, with its common, as well as one huge oven, while each enjoyed a room, in front, on their side the house; nor that, under the eaves, each had one square chamber fitted, i. e., and on the left one narrow room more, under the eaves, and where were for the lighting of their eave rooms, where the wind blew through some slight snow in the stormier days they heard that softest of lullabys, in the pattering of the roof, not far above their heads; nor many other things not expected to see from the roadside, then or now, on the old Cape.

Aunt Hepsey's house was as ample and as open as it drove up the side hill on which it stood, toward the top that aunt said: "I have two families belonging to me, one outside. I must show the outside first. Foxy!" She addressed to a long, lank, yellow dog, of the Scotch breed, for his fox-like yellow hair, lying in the shade of a tree, who answered not a word, nor a wag of his tail, to

"Catch on deck, now," said his mistress. "He is looking at you, later on, who Jane is. She is one of the house dogs, with his long, narrow nose, two of his feet turned forward, head motionless, but with his great brown eyes looking thither quickly enough, as if taking in the whole scene specially. Foxy, like so many other things, had been washed ashore, for his mother had been washed ashore from the sea, where all but she perished, and he was born on this shore, where his family were lost, but his points showed that he was only a dog, no emigrant or other commissioners were to be sent to citizenship, or send him back to where he belonged, for he was here, and so he stayed here ashore, with none to molest him or to his few dog necessities. Nor had he, besides his fox-like hair, anything worthy of notice by any of the most critical in dog-kind, except his aversion to water in every form. This hate was

so intense that he would not drink out of the horse-trough in the barn, though no doubt often thirsty, and they had provided a small pail for his own use in the shade of the locust-tree. He was never found wading in the shoal brook, after frogs, as so many of his kinsfolk are, and he never went near the sea except to watch over Jane, when she strayed there ; and, indeed, his only care and business seemed to be as her servant and protector. The few times he had been taken to the shore when it was stormy, almost by main force, his attendants reported back that he behaved almost as if mad, barking and bristling up whenever the waves came hissing up the sand, and bounding away, first head and then hindquarters up in ungainly motion, so as not to wet his feet in it, as though it were molten fire. And after such excursions, when he got home again, he was seen to sleep deep and long, as if to recruit his nerves.

But Aunt Hepsey's voice had already started into motion other members of her family, in the shape of a large flock of hens, who came flying and running from all sides "as doves to the lattice," expecting something to eat, though it was not the time when, with a big peck measure, she came with the yellow corn grains to satisfy their hunger. They were, indeed, but silly chickens ; but they knew their own wants and their true friend, and would have smothered her, their benefactor, if she had sat down, with their caresses, which is better than some mortals do ; but she kept on to the barn, the hens following in a deep phalanx, to find "Portuguese Joe," the farm-hand, asleep on the shady side of the barn floor, with his head on a pile of meal-bags, while in the midday shimmering heat, "the cattle on a thousand hills" were standing under a thousand trees, or knee deep in the mossy pools at the hill's base, while, at this bucolic scene, the Scribe wondered that, when so many had told of the blessings of sunlight, as giving the black coal and the beauty of all flowers, so few had spoken of the blessings of shadows—to the urchins in the alleys of crowded cities ; to the sailor in tropical harbors, behind the bellying sails ; to the laborers behind stone walls ; and to the cattle, in a hot day like this, under the trees on the hill-tops.

"Portuguese Joe," like Foxy, came from somewhere, nobody knew — a Western Islander, perhaps — and had gone fishing with Aunt Hepsey's father ; had fallen overboard in a stiff breeze, been caught by the nape of the neck by the aforesaid father as he was drifting swiftly astern, and ever after had stuck to the man who had saved him, and to the farm. In his inner consciousness

to land, but he never took vigorous care of his or
l to rest again upon the meal-bags, Aunt Hepsey left
this ejaculation, "O, poor Joe is too languid for
by that Joe was too lazy to work.

e Scribe went in by the kitchen door. She could
she was that honest woman who kept her back door
ch is not always the case with maids or men, who
ttering up the back yard with crippled pans and ket-
ed with small stones, all rounded by the sea, and all
grow in the chinks between them, was swept clean

Indoors, the floor of the big kitchen was as white
ring could make it. Nor did she waste any time or
ng him about in her choicest preserve of her buttery,
ringers, out of which, in old days, children used to
seated at a table with their parents, but ate stand-
ir elders, in the Pilgrim fashion; nor the huge pewter
s were laid, nor even the wooden trenchers, oblong or
hunger had been satisfied; nor, indeed, any of her
which are the pride and solace of such women, but
e huge fireplace, in a half doze or dream, and the
wake up to livelier manners. Nor had he long to
re east bedroom opened noiselessly, and a young
cross the room, as if going outdoors. She was bare-
ng, loose flaxen hair covering her shoulders, and clad
re in that house.

t; where are you going?" Jane stopped short, as
on her mind. Then she held her head down on her
call something, or to answer the new question. She
led from some deep meditation, or even resolution.
epsey, but over her head, as at something a long way
, and answered to somebody, after a while, with the
suting action to word, went out at once. She was
men, but not in spirit, but was living with one or
ere she was then.

re, Jane. Some folks call her 'Crazy Jane,' but I



Race Point Light, Provincetown



Cape Cod Shores



Point Life Saving Station



wreck of Bark Kate Harding

don't, although she's wrong in her head, for certain; my sister's daughter, dead, poor thing, and Jane is deader, too, having lost her mind, and I don't mind telling you her story. You are strange here, and it's some relief to talk to somebody, even if you don't say much," and she laughed almost hysterically, as she told the story.

CRAZY JANE'S STORY.

"That there girl was pretty once, as pretty as a pink. She and Henry Lumbert were great chums, and he went to sea, but never came back. They said the ship floundered at sea. Sure, it never came back, nor no man of it's crew. Nobody never heard nothing about anybody aboard, and that poor girl waited (just as many girls will wait, as long as that there sea lasts) for news. Finally, sister sent for me. She said her child Jane was in a poor way; she had had converlutions (convulsions). So I went to see sister and her, and the child was bad enough, sure; worse than she is now. There was her wedding dress, all made, and spread out on her chamber walls, and one night she told me what went on the last night he was ashore. And she told me, not as peaceably as she answered me just now, but she choked tellin' it, and those big brown eyes were flashing through her tears. Harry Lumbert was a fine fellow, and all the folks liked him.

"'I said, "Harry, don't go. Something tells me you won't come back again. You've got 'bout enough, and I don't mind a small house, nor working hard, if I can have you with me. Don't!" I begged him hard.'

"'Nonsense, Jane," he says; "I'll be back all right, and then I'll stay ashore for good. Only this time, and I'll earn enough to buy that field next our house on the hill, and while I'm gone you can fix up things all right, and I shall find all scrumptious when I come ashore." Well, it pleased me that he thought I could help him, and I let him go. It is two years since he went, and no news!' And then she choked and lost her tongue, and I was afeered of more converlutions. And that is all. Her wedding dress is in that bedroom she has just left — yellowish white it is — it has been made so long; but ever since, I told you, she has been queer like. She lives away by herself — always in a hurry, always as if expecting something. She don't seem' like other people. She never talks much, even with me, her aunt, nor with Foxy, the only one she seems fond of, because he can't talk, and she's sartin he won't tell

lks, who knew them both, used to say, 'There goes
t the new brood of small boys call her 'Crazy Jane,'
es by. But she won't answer anybody who speaks
r, who tried it once about her soul's health. She
l went on without a word, just as though she hadn't
r creetur, she hadn't — it has flowed away, perhaps.
and she with nobody, since the time the new town
er, going along the sea-road, when Foxy (you see
s have gone from that ere door, just as soon as Jane
r there was a big pile of brass, and blue coat, with
oil on top; and she's just as safe with him as at





CHAPTER IV.

PROVINCETOWN.

The smallest part of the marvels of Provincetown is the history of how its people have created a home, very like a city, on the sands and out of the sea. It is the only town on the Cape entitled to the name of city (and cities are plenty in many places), and it may be granted that, because of its locality, and for the security of its harbor, it is a municipality more important to the whole land than any other in this county; that it shared the same fate as its sister towns in embargoes and wars; that it had the same educated clergy and frontier schools; that it had the aspirations after religious and civil liberties; that it had the same holdfast and brave citizenship, and learned the same manly lessons from its hardy maritime service. All this may go without saying, and is undoubtedly true. It is as nearly true that, whatever navy holds sway at Woods Hole or Provincetown, controls our commerce between the South and North, as the history of two wars with Great Britain seem to make manifest. Otherwise there is not much to distinguish this place from others. It was made a town in 1727, and, owing to its exposed position and hardships, was exempt from taxes and military duty. As late as 1755 it contained only ten or fifteen houses, and it fared hard when the British occupied its harbor during our war of the Revolution. And it is now a city. It should be studied on a map, and in such views of landscape as we now offer, rather than in the old records, most of which have, indeed, been lost. In this visible world there are only two chief verities or entities, viz., Man and Nature. All the way down this Cape, we have been remarking on these two verities, and the strange and awful struggle which the two have maintained with each other — Nature making no mistake,



West End Life Saving Station



West End Street, West End, Provincetown



View at Provincetown



Drying Fish at Provincetown

mistake of cutting down its woods, and thus let-
Nature seems stripped for the final fray, and, with
covering the land with sand, seems to have taken
the valleys of the sea and wind to conquer.
ape, especially on the East Cape, we have been
the sense that there was, in the rare and some-
of the landscape, much that no life could see,
it is very much the old story of the heathen Pom-
Holies at Jerusalem for something, and finding
ancy, though the One, the All, was there, as
and sea. Here is a line of wharves and houses,
of its harbor, protected far out by its lengthening
behind the houses, north, ragged hills, to modify
ants below, and, behind them all, trees still stand-
hill-tops in utter chaos; trees stunted to shrubs,
desert, made so by the greater desert of the sea,
Point, always embracing but always destroying.
in this life when a Christian man might repeat,
ths of Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," it is this
on shore, and the wind is blowing the sand entirely
he stands : —

voices of the wandering wind.
for rest, and rest can never find.
and us, so is mortal life, —
gh, a sob, a storm, a strife.
and whence we are, ye cannot know,
te's springs, nor whether life doth go.
are, ghosts from the inane :
re have we of our changeful pain ?"

e fixed stars shining far above the storm, and the
e pole. Who fixed all this?
our hotel, and our friends were looking out for us.
one shopping, and our brunette, Miss Browne, had
the men of our party, including the antiquary, with

his pocket Bible, had done much worse. They had utilized the lapse of time with pilgrimages to the little back room of our landlord, who dispensed, in a no-license town, liquids through straws.

All the company had agreed to refuse to accompany the Scribe until he got back to Chatham, where only they would join him. That was purely a matter of their own good will and pleasure. They gave not a single excuse for their decision, remembering, no doubt, the saying of that astute bishop who declared that, in his long life, he never knew a person good at excuses good for anything else. So the Scribe ordered the Ark to be ready early in the morning.

So it was, and the Ark turned back toward Truro, with a rather sparse company. It was a placid morning, and the drive was, at start, along the East Main street; on the right, shops and fish-flakes, where the codfish were cured, old wharves broken up, and carpenters' shops to repair them or build new vessels; then the thin, baby waves babbling on the wide sandy shore, while beyond, the harbor waters poured out through Wood End to Truro Heights into the mightier bay, to Plymouth Bluffs and the curve of Sandwich Beach sands, happy, sparkling and busy in the sunshine, mellowed by the sea moisture. Then, on the left, where were patches of lowland under cultivation, and more sand patches, covered over with brambles and branches, to prevent drifting, and summer villas on either side, owned by people from inland towns, chiefly painters and other artists, until we were outside the town, and face to face again with Nature. We were now on the low, narrow dike, built at the national cost, against the troublesome sea, which long since would have eaten away and submerged all the dry land hereabouts, and left the town behind us on an island. Before us, but miles away, rose Truro Bluffs, green in the sea haze, with forests of unwonted height, especially where the oaks and beeches grow close down to the marsh; the whole in a semi circle which reached from bay to sea. But on the left of us, and reaching back to Cape Race and its desert and forward in a sidelong direction towards the Bluffs, was the wonder strand of the Norsemen and its still more wonderful sea. Between us and that sea, broad, and far as the eye could reach towards Truro, was a fresh-water pond where people cut ice in winter, walled in by marshes of coarse, fresh grass and rushes in which the smaller birds build their nests. Then east, the long line of sand bluffs, which seemed whiter and more frayed than elsewhere. And beyond all was the sea, so blue, and the white sails of the fishermen. The Cape, all through,



Cahoon's Hollow Life Saving Station



Sand Dunes

but I won't tell you." So this conversation ended
as mortals do, with no human hearer being the better

pt'n," said the driver, after a long silence, the horses
Bro Bluffs, "I know one thing ; we are going to have
weather, and, more than that, before long ; a dry

that, driver?"

gulls are crying louder ; the wind has shifted from
again the sun ; it's thickening up to leeward, and
head." So that was settled, according to our Jehu
back time, into Aunt Hepsey's dooryard, when he and
am home.

ing about with more than her usual activity, not to
"go-to-meeting-gown," and the Scribe, who knew
ens from seeing or hearing of them from others,
what the matter was?

ould think ; I'm going to have a surprise party here
here going to give it."

ed rather early, aunty, since they won't come before
you've got your red gown all ready in your surprise
beforehand."

only — I mean, please shut your mouth and come
I'm tired already in thinking it all over. I wonder

ening up, and the wind rising for a storm from the
that night the Scribe found out who was coming,
pasty knock at the front door, and then the muffled
crowd running away ; and then the surprised Aunt
taking a dash after them, and next a laugh from all
en the first laggard was caught, red handed, by the
ed into the old kitchen, which was soon ablaze with
tallow candles, and, somewhere, Aunt Hepsey had
for the ravenous, if there were any. Here was a
her neighbors out on a local spree ; rough-handed,



Peckhill Bar Life Saving Station



Town Hall and View at Provincetown

men and women all eager for a good time and with
Here was, indeed, a "hanging of a May basket,"
which had probably come down from a very early date in
the history of the Pilgrim and local necessities.
It was of great size or capacity, but an oblong frame affair,
filled with many-colored papers, cut into a ruffled shape.
If the neighbors wished to feed or clothe, then a barrel
or a whole clothes-line of sheets and garments were
hung (of course), and laid on the front doorsteps by
the women, supposed to save the pride of the people thus
to remain impersonal in the darkness. As Aunt
Mary brought but gifts of candy and several packages of rare
tea, and everybody, without introduction, was soon
gathered there. There would be feasting, and often dancing, and
the same industry that the soft swains would catch
the ball at the high altitude of utter sociability and
good persons.

Sometime in the frolic, the Scribe, who sat by Aunt
Mary, said to that lady as he came in from his
study: —

"It is a stiff northeaster blowin'."

"Let her go?"

"Out doors. It was, indeed, a wind in gusts,
in the old way."

"Said Joe, abruptly."

"and find Jane."

"I speak to you if you found her. She's gone down
when a northeaster's coming on. That's the way
the gullus at that ere sea, and the dog is with her, for

men with them—for that light might confuse the
narrow valley, with the wind shrieking among the
trees, and sweeping up the valley as in a tun-
nel, tracks, deepest in the wet places; the moan and

rage of the sea sounding louder and fiercer at every step they took, until they came out of the ravine to the beach. It was a black, high-headed, giddy sea before them, white capped, and pounding with its innumerable hammers upon the sand, without cease or let up. And the two looked round. The great light on the cliff top only cast light down where they were, spasmodically, and then left it all dark again ; but after one of these flashes, Portugese Joe hallooed in the ear of the Scribe :

" There she is. I saw her then, sitting down half way up the hill, out of the sea's way, and the dog, too."

And the next flash that came the Scribe saw her also, and the dog beside her on his haunches — both ears straight up, as if in close attention.

" Let's crawl towards her," suggested the Scribe.

And they crawled on hands and feet to the base of the clay cliff on which Jane sat half way up, and listened. She was singing something, but the sea was so noisy they could hear little. But then, and afterwards, they came to know that what she sang was a version of the Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin, made, perhaps, by the famous Truro pastor who translated Job into blank verse. At any rate, these are the words, as the Scribe afterwards verified them :

THE HYMN.

(The words are by Mrs. Hemans ; the music is by her sister.)

-- Ave sanctissime.

We lift our souls to Thee.

Ora pro nobis,

'Tis nightfall on the sea.

Watch us while shadows lie,

Far o'er the waters spread ;

Hear the heart's lonely sigh.

Thine, too, hath bled.

Christ, who hast looked on death,

Aid us when death is near.

Whisper of heaven, of faith,

Sweet Saviour, sweet Saviour, hear.

Ora pro nobis,

The wave must rock our sleep ;

Ora, Christe, Ora,

Lord of the deep."

girl is crazy. What is that? Not to be like other

"Then the martyrs and best folk would be
y what it is. The ancients thought the insane to
treated them accordingly."

ample, Cape girl, nurturing her love for one so
many other things so dear to her sex and age, in
n a world where so many forsake, and the world
says that genius in anything is only a whole mind
nite object. Was Beethoven or Strauss insane?
r. For a woman, on such a night, to pray to
ond reason. Yet the sea is His, also, and faith
He said who stilled the waves of turbulent

cribe crawled back again, and walked home. It
ter on, Crazy Jane walked through the lighted
king to no one, and no one to her, to her bed-
had at least done what she could, and to save.
d his room under the eaves and could look out
that with his visit to the beach and the kitchen
ne fog had come in later, with the wind. And
t, flaring eye of the light on Truro Highlands,
esty by the fog, looked in upon him; and he heard
, crying, "Look out," "Keep off"; and far out,
ring cry of the steamer's whistle, "Aye, aye, my

f us look at this life of ours, now passing before
eves? That life, even for the lowly, had grandeurs
here and every year, grander and more ghostly
painter color, or even the prophets can foresee



**FIRST LANDING PLACE OF OUR FOREFATHERS
AT PROVINCETOWN, NOV. 11th 1620.**

This harbor is completely land-locked, and is known as one of the finest on the Atlantic coast. The "Mayflower" anchored within half a mile of the end of Long Point. Here the shore was found very bold, and the water deep,



and, for the first time in the world's history, a social compact was realized in practice. Before they left Holland, it was evident they expected "to become a body politic," using among themselves civil government, and choosing their own rulers, and, "on the 11th of November, in the year of our Sovereign Lord, King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620," one hundred and one of the passengers of the "Mayflower" prefixed their names to this compact, just that number having sailed from Plymouth, England. On this day they chose John Carver their governor for the first year. The same day they set ashore some fifteen or sixteen men, well armed, to obtain some wood (as they were out), and also to see what the land was. The men appear to have been landed on Long Point. It was tolerably well-wooded with oaks, pines, birch, juniper, etc. They returned on board at night, without finding any person or habitation, having loaded their boat with juniper.

On Monday, the 13th, they tell us, they went on shore to refresh themselves, and the women to wash. On the 15th, sixteen men set out in single file, with caution, every man with his musket, sword, and corslet, under command of Capt. Miles Standish. They marched about a mile by the sea, and espied five or six people, with a dog, coming towards them; these proved to be savages. When they saw them they ran into the woods, and whistled their dog after them. When the Indians saw the Pilgrims they ran away. They were followed by their footprints about ten miles. The next morning they

pursued them until they came to a creek; but
thickets and bushes without meeting them. As they had
water with them, and only a few biscuit and Holland
ale," they were getting hungry and thirsty. They saw
spring of water; and when they had refreshed them-
selves and made a fire, that they might be seen from

is a portion of Truro, they found fowl and deer,
water. Here, too, they found corn, which had been
They went off farther, and found new stubble, of
this year, and walnut-trees full of nuts. And they
been, and four or five planks laid together, and a
evidently come from Europe. They found, also, by
full of Indian corn. It held three or four bushels.
to do with it, but at length concluded to take the
corn as they could carry away. Some time during
the kettle, was restored to the Indians. They

In the morning they sunk their kettle in the pond,
and, in their attempts to return to their vessel, lost
some time in the woods, and at times in water up to
the near to their ship. By shooting off their muskets,
more for them. They returned weary, and delivered
their seed. The weather became suddenly cold and
many colds and coughs, turning to scurvy, and causing

when they again set out in their shallop with thirty-
as boisterous, and they rowed to the shore, making
bed at East Harbor for the night. It snowed and
and some that afterwards died, it is said, took their
they sailed to the river, now known as Pamet River
part of their men, and marched some four miles;

The next morning they got to the head of Pamet
the corn they left behind them when they were there
farther off, and found a bottle of oil, Indian wheat,

and a bag of beans ; they found in all about ten bushels of corn, which was considered sufficient for seed. This they considered a part of God's providence, else they knew not what they should have done, as they thought they never would have seen a grain of it except for their first journey to this place. A portion of their people went home with the corn (some who were sick), and the shallop was returned to them the next day.

The next morning they came upon a broad and beaten path, but it did not lead to the dwellings of the Indians, as they expected. They marched five or six miles farther on, but could see no signs of people. They came to a place not bigger than a grave, and, digging, they found, under planks and matting, a bundle of perfect fine red powder, and the bones and skull of a man ; other articles were bound up in a sailor's canvas cassock and a pair of cloth breeches. Another bundle was found, the same kind of powder in it, and the bones and head of a little child. About the legs and other parts of the child were found strings and bracelets of fine white beads. They covered the corpse up again, taking away a few things with them. While ranging, two of the sailors by chance saw two houses which had been recently occupied.

They entered the houses and took out some things, but dare not stay. The houses were made of sapling trees, bended, both ends stuck into the ground, with wrought mats, the door made of a mat to open. The chimney was a wide-open hole ; in the top they had a mat to close this with when they pleased ; they could stand erect in them. About the fire they lay on mats. They found here wooden bowls, trays and dishes, pots, baskets (made of shell), also an English pail or bucket ; it had two iron ears, but no bail. There were curiously-wrought baskets, and sundry other household stuff — deers' heads recently killed, eagles' claws, baskets of parched acorns, pieces of fish and of broiled herring. Some tobacco-seed was also found, and other seeds unknown, with bundles of flags, sage, bulrushes, and other materials to make mats. The meaner wigwams were covered with mats made of bulrushes. Some of the articles found here were taken away. Afterwards, " Young's History " informs us, full satisfaction was given the Indians.

Some of the party were inclined to abide at this place, as it had a convenient harbor for boats, and because it had corn-ground ready for planting, and because Cape Cod was likely to furnish good fishing ; and they had seen, before entering Provincetown Harbor, several whales, which in pleasant weather

hem. These would furnish them the best kind of company was chosen to go out upon another discovery, Mistress White was born on board the "Mayflower," and called child born of English parents in New England Plymouth County, and died in Marshfield, aged

December, it was resolved that further explorations gain set forth for that purpose. Captain Standish, Edward Winslow, John Tilly, John Howland, Hopkins and Edward Dotee, and two seamen

English were of the party. The weather was a long time after they left the ship before they int, - the end of Long Point. The weather was ir number became very sick. At length they got wing, and got their sails up, and followed the shore r came to what is now known as Billingsgate Point, near the shore in Eastham, they saw ten or twelve ke of the fire which the savages made that night,

7th they divided their company, — eight in the re. They found this nearly as good a harbor as ide in five fathoms, and the land was level, though ard the shallop found nothing encouraging, and e Indians had struck into the woods, by the side of they found corn had been planted that year, and ecently occupied, but there was nothing left but ats and a little sedge. They espied, before night- ury called to them. They proved to be friendly,

8th, after prayers, they tried their muskets, and a journey. Before they got away, however, the long them. Capt. Miles Standish, having a musket t, after him, one or two others. The arrows were s. One of them stood three shots from a musket,

and, after an extraordinary yell, they all went away. They were followed some distance with the firing of muskets, that they might know they were not afraid of them. By the noise, it was thought there were not less than thirty or forty of them.

After they had given God thanks for their deliverance, they took their shallop, and went on their journey. Having a good wind they sailed all the day, but saw neither creek nor river to put into. The distance along the coast from Eastham to the high bluff at Manomet, in Plymouth, is about forty miles. They encountered a snow-storm an hour or two after they left Eastham, which prevented their seeing Sandy Neck, the entrance to Barnstable Harbor. If it had not been for this, it is highly probable they would have entered Barnstable and made their settlement there. In this case, Barnstable would have been the Plymouth! In the afternoon the wind increased, and, the sea being very rough the hinges of the rudder broke, and it was with difficulty that the use of two oars would serve their purpose. Master Coppin bade them be of good cheer for, although near night, he saw a harbor. It was the cove between the Gutnet and Saquish Points, at the entrance of Plymouth Harbor. They tell us that it pleased a Divine Providence that they fell upon this place, where their shallop rode safe and secure that night.

On the morning of the 10th of December, Saturday, they landed, and marched about upon what is known as Clark's Island, just within the entrance of Plymouth Harbor, and so called after the mate of the "Mayflower." They made a rendezvous here for the day, but found no inhabitants. The following day, Sunday, they rested, and on Monday sounded the harbor and found it good for shipping. They then marched into the land, and found corn-fields and running brooks, and otherwise presenting a favorable appearance, and returned to the "Mayflower" with good news to the rest of their company. This is the ever-memorable day of the landing of the fathers at Plymouth.

This was comforting news to the Pilgrims. They left the "Mayflower" at Cape Cod Harbor the 6th, were three days getting to Clark's Island, at Plymouth Harbor, and started on their return to the ship about the 13th, and going across the bay, reached her on the 14th. They found that the day after their leaving the vessel, Dorothy, the wife of William Bradford, who was one of the party in the shallop, fell overboard and was drowned.

"Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers" informs us that, on the 15th

l anchor in Provincetown Harbor, to go to the
ey did not get across the bay until Saturday, the
harbor. Monday, the 18th, they landed upon
v island in Plymouth Harbor. They landed in
the master of the ship and three or four of the
oast seven or eight miles, saw no Indians, but
corn. That night, becoming weary, they went

Tuesday, the 19th of December, some went on
o make further discoveries. They found at the
me three miles up, a very pleasant river. At
of thirty tons might go up, but at low water it
o up in their shallop. They took a liking to this
nain until they had more strength. That night
h resolution the next morning to settle on some
larbor.

ber 20, after calling on God for direction, they
ore again, and take another view of two places.
o be on Plymouth Rock), they came to the
round (which is on a hill facing the harbor).
into the sea and Cape Cod. In a clear day,
town may be distinctivly seen from this hill. So
is for their people, and the next morning about
and build houses.

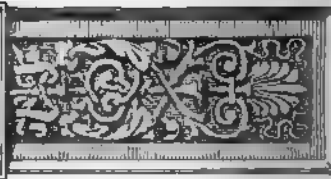
21st, was stormy and wet, and they could not
t those remaining on the shore could keep dry.
op went ashore with provisions, but could not
and the "Mayflower" was compelled to ride

out for nineteen families, not on the hill, but in

Not until January did they commence their
It was agreed that every man should build his
ce mortar and gather thatch, and, during the
"they had completed seven dwelling houses."
count of anticipated troubles with the Indians,

they called a meeting for establishing military orders, and chose Miles Standish commander. During this month, seventeen of their number died. It was not until the 22d of March, 1621, that all of the passengers were landed at Plymouth from the "Mayflower," when the weather had become fair and warm. During the month of March, thirteen more of their number died; and in all, during the three months previous, one half of their company perished, the greater part in the depth of winter, and for want of houses and other comforts; at times two or three died a day. The scurvy fell among the sailors, and almost half of their number died before they sailed. But spring finally came, and it put new life into the people, though they bore their sad affliction with great patience, and on the fifth day of April, 1621, the "Mayflower" sailed from Plymouth and arrived in England the sixth day of May. It is worthy of notice that, notwithstanding the hardships, privations and mortality among the Pilgrims after their arrival at Provincetown, the 9th of November, during the winter months, not one of them was induced to abandon the enterprise and return home from the "Mayflower."





CHAPTER V.

FROM PROVINCETOWN VIA CHATHAM AND SOUTH SHORE.

much like a "twice-told tale," for much the same
our way back around Orleans to Chatham, which
its sister towns on the east Cape, especially
antipodes, in location, it certainly is; this like-
distances visible on all sides, and in the long
and Cape Malebar, thrust out far between the
gnaw around their base, making them less as
behind the old lighthouse, the salt water is at
and the last lighthouse is built far back in a







Atchafalaya River, South Orleans

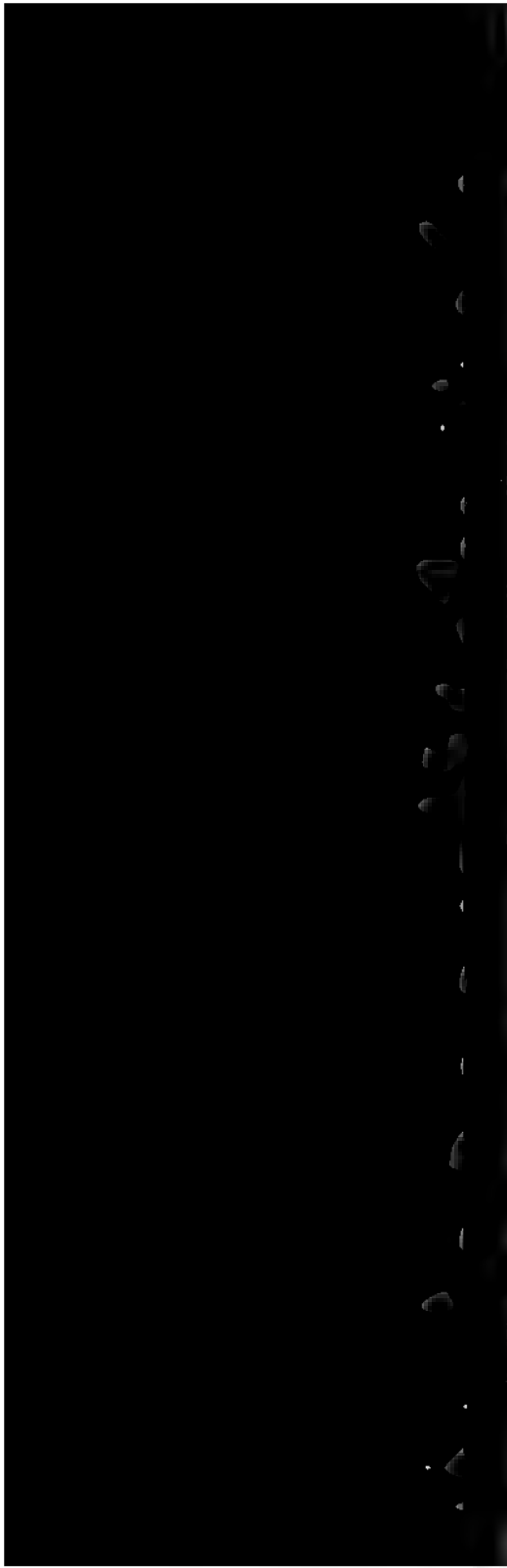


Hon. John Kendrick's, South Orleans

CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, lying in lat. $41^{\circ} 41'$, long. $69^{\circ} 56'$ W. Greenwich, was first settled by wandering pioneers, with money in their pockets, who bought land from the Indians, in 1665. It will illustrate the kind of truck in which the old settlers paid the Indians for their lands, to note that, in 1665, William Nickerson bought of two sachems here a parcel of land, not small, paying this, viz. "One shallop, ten coats of trucking cloth (of poor quality, no doubt), six kettles, twelve axes, twelve hoes, twelve knives, forty shillings in wampum, a hat (did the two sachems wear it alternately, as joint property?), and twelve shillings in money." Chatham was certainly a town, by Pilgrim law, as early as 1686. It was incorporated under this name in 1712. It lies at the southeast corner of the Cape, nearly opposite Nantucket, some twenty miles distant, south, and that island can be seen from the hills, on a clear day, distinctly. Its Cape Malebar runs south into the sea ten miles, towards the same.

The town and its people have always been saturated with the sea, and marine fashions have always colored its social and economic life; and life here has proceeded in that grand diapason of the organ of the sea, echoing from its shores on all sides, which is so remarked by the visitor. If the glare of the summer sun be too violent, its ocean, both vassal and master, sends speedily sea-fogs more than usually dense, to restore coolness. It is a Cape sea-town and therefore must breed Spartans, and this town has had its full share of them. Great men, and many of them, have been here, or emigrated from here, the Seares among them, on whose family monument is written, what should not be forgotten: "Worth is better than wealth; goodness greater than nobility; excellence brighter than distinction." Indeed, this town, for the sake of such men, deserves to have recorded here, what may be applied in other degree elsewhere, the truth in the old English saying, viz.: "In some ages, men of willow dwell in houses of oak, and in others, men of oak dwell in houses of willow. The poverty of these men might compel them always to live in houses of willow, but they themselves were always the men of oak. Men not self-reliant, always died very early on the Cape, and from natural causes, easily recognized. They fared together, fought together, fell or rose together; but in town and social interests, they stood together, and the hands went out together, and in the same direction, in any common work. For instance, the town voted, in 1700,



Eldridge House, Chatham, Mrs. L. O. Eldridge, Proprietor

to build a new meeting-house, 20 x 32, and "13 feet in the walls, and appropriated £6 14s. 2d. for the framework, and £1 10s. for ammunition." It was also agreed, by the inhabitants, "to take their turn, and their teams, and go out with Edward Small, to get the timber, two days each man." A few months later, "Thomas Atkins was appointed to look after the said meeting-house, sweep, lock and unlock at every service," and was to receive ten shillings a year for his trouble. In this same year, the town raised only £11 for all its charges. Now, here was a people, evidently poor, their lives and property exposed to enemies, and where every day's work counted at their own tables and family comforts, "turning out, they or their cattle," to build, at their own toil and cost, the Lord's house; and personal sacrifice took the place of the wealth which they lacked.

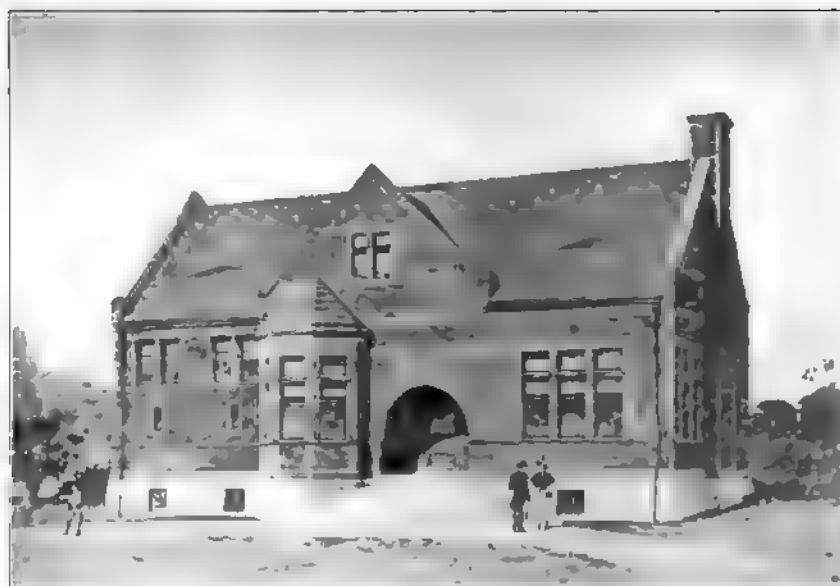
In our two wars with Great Britain, Nantucket was in the hands of the British, about as completely as Ireland is, and then East Cape towns were under the British guns every day. This situation will explain two votes passed by the town, so as not to impugn its patriotism. In 1768, a letter was sent round by the town of Boston, to other towns, for a convention to consult (the war of the Revolution was then coming on). The town, after discussion, voted *not* to send delegates, "on account of our circumstances," though approving of the object. So, in 1775, the resolves of the Continental Congress, being read in town meeting, it was voted, "*Not* to vote to concur." "A large number signed against *tea*." Yet this same town always furnished its quota of men and money for the wars.

In the year 1812, an American privateer had sent ashore here some goods captured from the British. Shortly after, a British frigate appeared off shore, and sent a barge to demand the goods, with a threat that, unless they were delivered, the frigate would burn the town. A public meeting was called, and some of the more timid property-owners advised surrender, and, in fact, commenced removing the goods to the ship. Then one of "the men of oak," Salathiel Nickerson by name, a business man, having large interests at stake, a selectman and representative many times over, and a soldier of the Revolution, broke into the meeting raging, forbade them to touch the goods, although some of his neighbors threatened to burn his house if the British did not, and drove the barge from the harbor, defying the frigate.

The town suffered no damage, and Mr. Nickerson died in 1847, at the age of eighty-seven. Mr. Joshua Nickerson served as selectman for eighteen years.



Ocean House, Chatham, Capt. W. H. Berry, Proprietor



Eldridge Library, Chatham



Interior View of Eldridge Public Library, Chatham



Dill House, Chatham

whole of the ragged "elbow" of the Cape, having the
land and southern boundaries, with Harwich territory on
one is broken by indentations caused by the encroach-
ays, creeks, harbors, coves, inlets, — every kind and
mation that can make irregular and tortuous the line
the land and sea.



Beach, Chatham



Residence of the Late Marcellus Eldridge, Chatham



Oldest House in Chatham



Monomoyck Inn, Chatham





Harbor View at Chatham

"No stir in the air, no stir in the sea."
Senthey.



Hammond House, Chatham





Summer Residence, K. Fisher Eldridge, Chatham



Life Saving Station, Chatham



Old Ruins at Chatham



We are now fairly on the south shore of the Cape, homeward bound, and it is the same Cape as before, only with differences. This shore seems more open and full of sunshine than the other, and less stormy. For this the absence of hill-ranges and high bluffs will partly account, and it seems to lie more open to the sun; the land is more level, but still broken. Besides, the islands south modify both the winds and waves, as breakwaters. Here the water is often on the same day nineteen degrees warmer than on the north shore. There is nothing regular in the landscape. Indeed, there is nothing regular on this Cape, except the tides and sun in their movements, and these the Pilgrim never undertook to control, though they appeared in his own territory, and sometimes troubled him. Nor was this a misfortune altogether, certainly seldom a disgrace to any people. Regularity begets monotony, and that is death to any people at any time. Take a whole nation that is uniformed, and it is only wearing its graveclothes. This, too, in spite of all that Paris or other marts of fashion can do or say. The glory of the Cape, both land and people, is that it never was, is, or will be regular, like a big prairie or a plain, but full of variety and individuality. If one could just here overlook from some high hill the land as far as Hyannis, it would look as if the human race had explored every nook and corner, and planted homes wherever the sea or land would allow. Many of our pictures will show this. There are few harbors here worth much,—mostly sealed against commerce, except the more trivial kinds, by sand-bars across the harbors' mouths. The soil is very ordinary, and yet the accumulated property chiefly won by the thrift of generations of these "toilers of the sea" is wonderful. There are plenty of small houses, but very few poor and dilapidated ones, in the whole territory. A Cape man or woman has great faith in the use of a paint-pot. The inhabitants here are a busy and thrifty people, as all their ancestors were.

These southern villages, as we may call them, strike the visitor as rather new, and this may be accounted for partly by the fact that the older villages were generally on the north shore, and men migrated southward in the townships to this shore. It is to the older village of Harwich that we must now go before we inspect her offspring to the south.

So across the wooded hill-ridge from Chatham to ancient Harwich.



Residence of the late Levi Eldridge, South Chatham

HARWICH.

The town was incorporated in 1694, although white settlers had been here as early as 1647. A church was gathered in 1700, of eight male members, and the same day Parson Nathaniel Stone was elected minister of the town (including Brewster). Before this, all the province, from Yarmouth down, belonged ecclesiastically to Eastham and its great missionary Parson Treat. The town, in early days, had much trouble with its eastward neighbors about boundary lines, owing to loose legislation and to what we should now call "squatters, and even under grants of a higher order, like that of the Nickersons, who had bought of the Indians without due license from Plymouth. The nominal allegiance to the British crown is brought to mind by the date of one of these deeds of agreement made between Eastham and Harwich about 1703. "Signed and sealed the 16th day of October, in the fourth year of the reign of our gracious Lady, Queen Ann." Nor, to illustrate our forefathers and their quaint surveying, can we abstain from adding to what has already been said, a word about another line reported surveyed between this town and Chatham, then called Monomoick: "A pine knot driven into the marsh on the easterly side of Red River, and so running northerly to the head of the swamp where the said river issues, and to a pine tree marked on two sides, H & M, and so running along a valley, with trees marked, and from said valley to a grassy pond, a pine mark on the southerly side," etc.

The fate and history which Harwich shared with its sister towns are varied only by a few incidents suitable to our survey. In 1749, Deacon Ammie Weeks being chosen constable, "having hid himself so as not to be found," as the old record puts it, another party was elected in his place. In 1735 the amount raised for town charges was £276. In the general philippic against pestiferous birds, it was ordered that, as "crows, blackbirds, bluebirds and jay birds are so destructive in pulling up the corn in spring-time and opening ears at harvest-time, every householder shall kill six of these smaller birds and two crows, yearly, and every single man of 21 and upwards shall kill three smaller birds and one crow," the heads to be brought to the selectmen before the last day of May, under penalty of a fine. In 1717, the pay of the representative to the General Court was five shillings a day, six extra days being allowed for going and coming.



et View, South Chatham



View at Harwichport



View at Harwichport





Residence of Valentine Doane, Jr., Harwichport



Street Scene, Harwichport Road

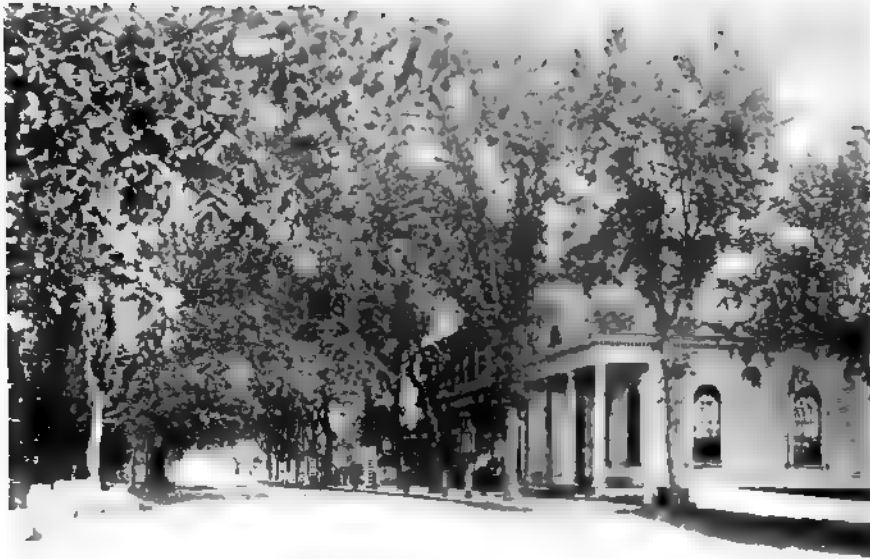


Library Block, Harwich

Pell was called as town minister at the following
bushels of grain, viz., 15 bushels of rye and 10 bush-
els annually in the month of September, and 135 bushels
annually in November; also to buy a piece of land
to build a house for his use, and deliver to him annually,
10 cords of wood and 20 cords of pine, so long as he shall
live in this precinct." In the fluctuations of colonial
times, this pay in kind was quite on the side of the par-
son; but not long; and he it was who, at his death, is
said to have requested that he might be buried in the north pre-
cinct, and that he might be buried among the pines of the south precinct,
"in the resurrection."

The war caused much heartburning among the Har-
vardians, and a vote taken by the town in 1803, as to where the
academy should be located: "Voted, that the academy should *not* be





Street View, Harwich, Showing Savings Bank and Library



Street Scene, Harwich



Congregational Church, Harwich



Boarding and Grammar Schools, Harwich





American House, Harwich, Mrs. F. M. Spaulding, Proprietor

The house here shown is a representative of the home of the class called "poor whites," found everywhere, and has been introduced for a specific purpose. Now "poor whites" are not whites that have no money, but a poor breed of whites. They are not exactly tramps, for they have a fixed abode, but their social position and their occupations are like those of tramps nevertheless. The trouble generally is in their blood; and the questions are: "Where did they come from?" "How did they come so?" and "What shall be done with them?" Men experienced as selectmen, and long in charge of the poor, testify that they never knew one of the "poor whites" to ever raise himself above this station, which is un-American and dangerous, especially when they have many children (which is not uncommon), and the town expenses for the poor and the criminal courts all show this. They are not generally violent or given to bloodshed. they have not mental or bodily vigor enough for that; they live close to the ground, and never try to straighten themselves out or up; they are not anxious, at least, to work, especially if the town will give bread; have no personal pride, but plenty of passions of a sickly sort; seldom in debt, since few will trust them; take no thought about their burial expenses, or



Barney Gould Residence

nor, indeed, whether they are buried at all; know is the coolest side of the house or pig-sty in summer on the south side in winter; wander about in the rag and ragged shoes without complaint, and yet live in a very close room all the evening as one of get their tobacco from somewhere, nobody knows; comes before even bread as a necessity, their chief delight is fried eels. The "poor white" is the least, dirtiest and happiest man that exists.

He knows no ancestry, and don't want any, and his neighbors, who live in dens as full of such people on this Cape were ever baptized? "Anthony Braide," has made the best analysis of the matter.

Where do they originate? From the servants who came over with the early emigrants? From the Acadians or French who came through all our older towns? We have too much to say about that they sprang from sailors shipwrecked on our shores. Some of the notable Cape families are from that source. Some of the real menace, they and their hovels, to our institutions, free to know something, be something, and do something for themselves as for himself.

The house illustrated belonged somehow to this class of people and distinctions. He was probably of the class of the pilgrim fallen from grace, for he had intelligence, and was always on foot, before there was a road and even beyond the Cape, without loss or delay. An authenticated instance is mentioned where, coming at Hyannis from Middleboro, he walked to the Cape, wheeled it to Middleboro, and then trundled it back to the Cape town again.

Separated one of these men from the mere "poor white" by the most famous names on the early Cape, wandering with rags and bundles, never having a home, fed by natives who pitied him but admired his sayings,

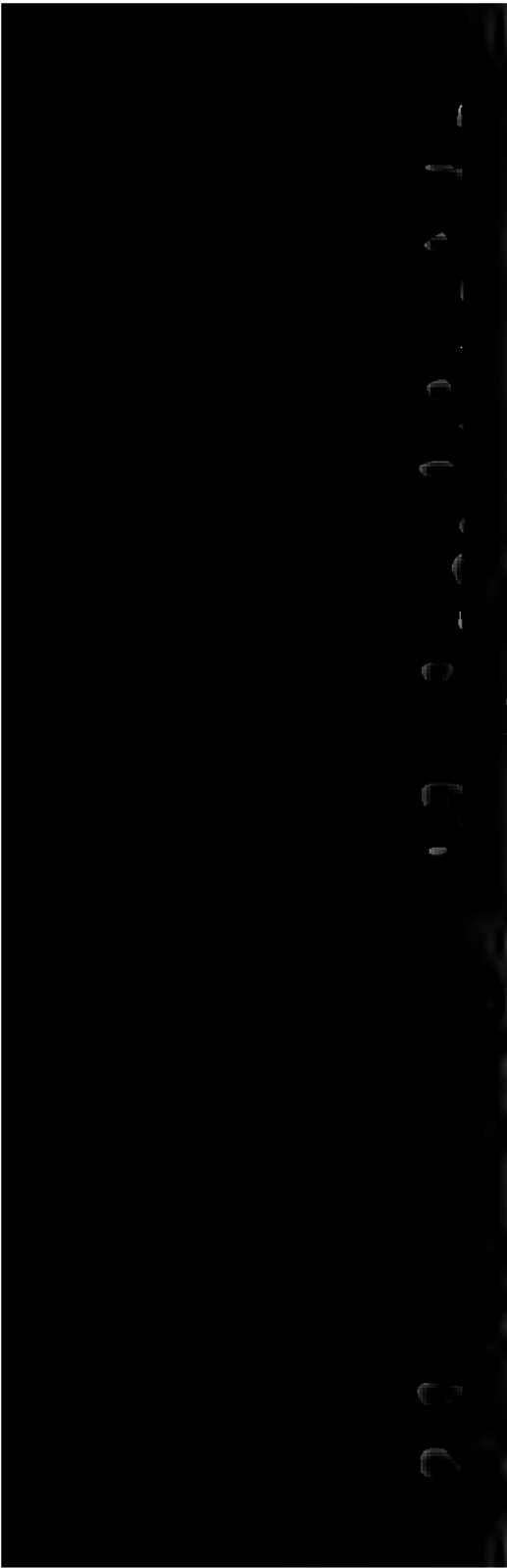
— a man who has left that part of the Cape full to this day of stories told by him — a court justice of the olden times, born late — “the only possible Shakespeare we have ever seen,” sharp men said ; having comedy and tragedy at his tongue’s end. Only one story of his shall be recorded, for he has been sleeping now in a pauper’s grave some fifty years, and his memory is still brilliant if not fragrant. He was fond of strong drink, as most of his kind are, and on one of his journeys, with pack and rags, he came to the store of a man as remarkable for his meanness as his money. “I will give you a glass of brandy, Billy.” The brandy came, but in a very small glass. Billy drank it to the very last drop in silence, which ought to have been grateful, but evidently was not. The storekeeper said to him, “Do you know, Billy how old that brandy is? It’s very old ; it’s more than twenty years old.” “Well, then,” says Billy with a low sigh and a toss of his head, “all I can say, is that it’s very small for it’s age.” A love affair is usually behind such cases as his. It must be good stock he came from. It is only the best woods, like the oak, for instance, that are gnarled or twisted. Court fools or jesters have neither been rare nor common in Puritan stock, and the Cape has had only its share of them.

But whether this Cape has had more or less of such people, or none at all, one thing should be said sharply, so as not to be mistaken by any honest denizen of the Cape, in the interests of honest literature, or indeed of the Cape itself. That thing is, that a certain class here are very restive under any analysis or narrative of Cape affairs which shows the grotesque, the droll, the picturesque, the provincial found here and often not recognized by themselves, nor admitted even when shown to them by some keen-eyed scribe on the lookout for such things. In going through a forest of pine trees, it is simple waste of time to describe their monotony. But let a gnarled, knotty oak appear, bent midway at right angles with its own trunk, and every artist or scribe will fix his attention upon it and, if need be, describe its picturesqueness and neglect the others. The mental attitude referred to showed itself in the reception which such books as “Cape Cod Folks” (who by the way were not Cape folks at all) — a book of nascent genius nevertheless, and Henry Thoreau’s “Cape Cod,” received at the hands of this class. Yet Thoreau looked deeper into the Cape than any one before him, and his book is already a classic. What would such people have? The whole earth? They have already a land full of noble history and with the glamour of a rare earth and sky and sea upon it. The mercantile and artistic value of a

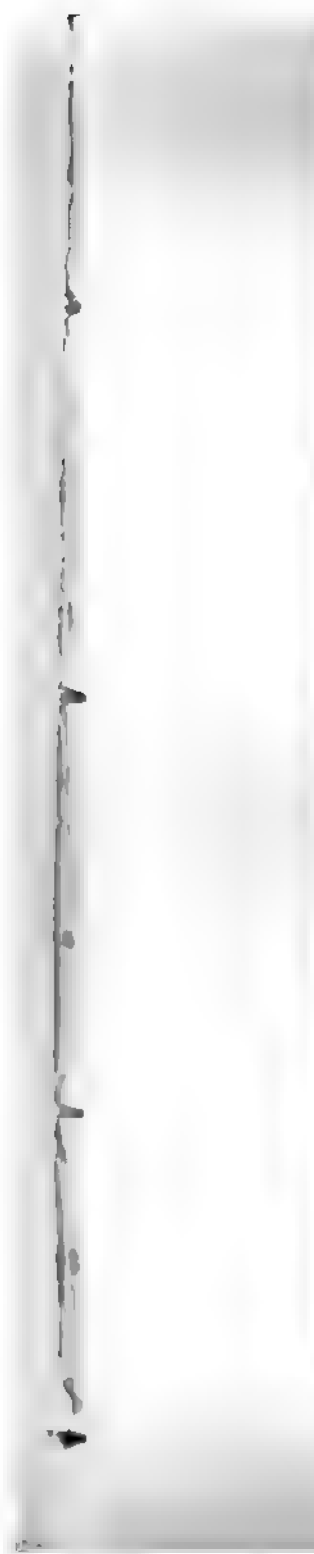
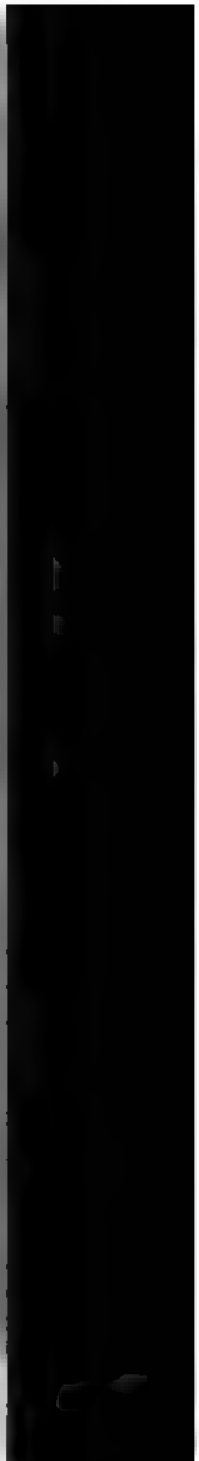


Residence of Caleb Chase, West Harwich





Residence of Caleb Chase, West Harwich





Bungalow," West Harwich



Belmont, West Harwich



Residence of Frank Stempson, West Harwich. An Old Veteran of the War of The Rebellion



View in Sitting-room in Residence of Capt. J. G. Parke, West Harwich

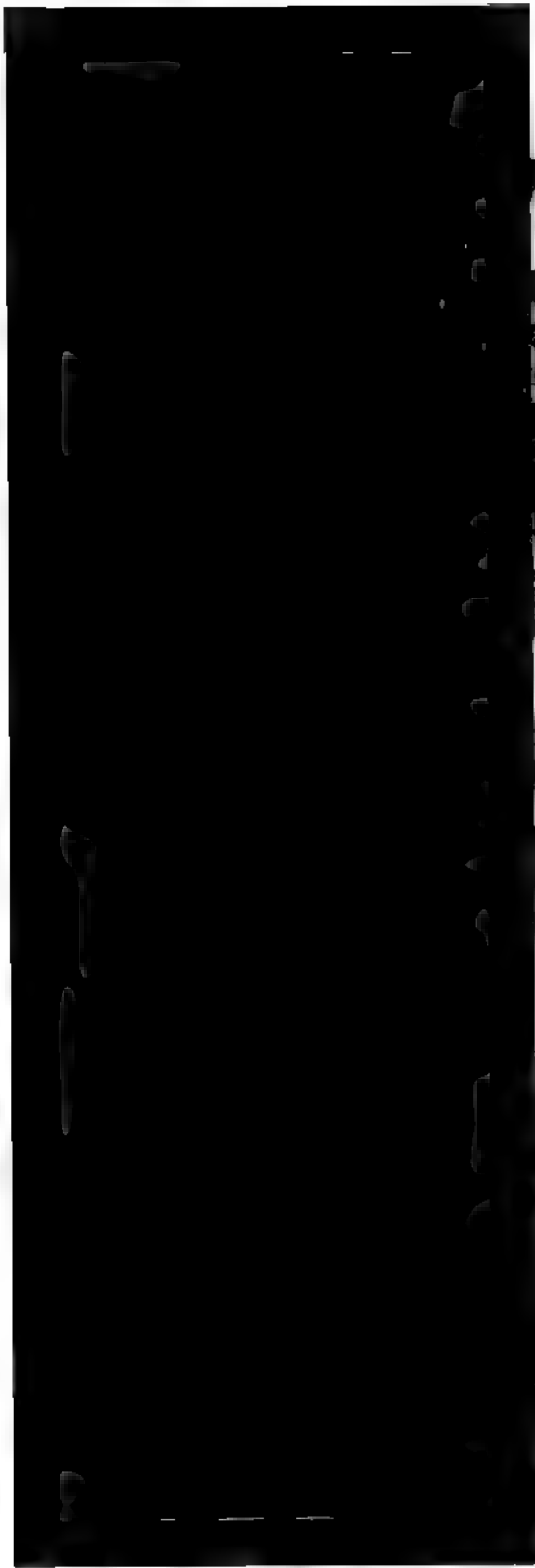




Residence of Capt. H. C. Berry, West Harwich



Capt. Gustavus V. Crowell
Commander, S. S. City of Panama, of P. M. S. S. Co.



Residence of Capt. G. V. Crowell, West Harwich



largely on the
 e and man, and
 that the *Seers*
 or Essex or any
 le. Such sensi-
 only shows that
 our own position,
 down from the
 ty cousins. It
 and stuck to by
 ed to stand cap
 from any one.



Hazel Byron Berry

er in its two hun-
 own right arm and its own brain, as its graveyards
 n abroad will show. It is only those who live in
 any attention to stones or mud. And the Cape
 ous for their glass. As we were, as we are, and as
 only business to record ; and this true Cape will, in
 e satisfied with only truth from him. If this thought
 may be found in the preface (p. 6) to that most
 " by Shebueh Rich.



et View at West Harwich





The Central House at West Harwich, William B. Brooks, Proprietor



Dr. H. C. Gunn M. D.

One of Cape Cod's Prominent Physicians



D. R. Ginn, M.D., West Harwich

DENNISPORT.



Ginn's Bazaar, Dennisport



Residence of the late J. K. Baker, Dennisport



Grammar School Building at Dennisport



Street View, Dennisport

SOUTH DENNIS.



Methodist Episcopal Church, South Dennis

The Dennis villages on both shores are thronged with visitors in summer time, and her hospitable, comfortable homes in every part, harbor numerous sojourners throughout the months from spring to the late autumn. Her ponds and streams and the bay and ocean on every side afford inexhaustible facilities for enjoyment and recreation; her islands and towns are full of novelties; and all experiences of her people and their surroundings are of the most pleasing nature. The breezes of the Cape, and especially of the upper half of its territory, are healthful and to the first degree invigorating, and they temper the summer heats of this latitude in a way to render the same extremely grateful to humanity seeking for rest and renewed life. Laden with salty perfumes and ocean exhalations, and with balsamic particles and qualities from the pine growths on every land, they "so good like a medicine," and surely dissipate the seeds of disease.



Residence of Capt George Nickerson, South Dennis



HISTORICAL LETTER.

CENTENNIAL YEAR. — ITS OBSERV- ANCE IN BARNSTABLE.

Barnstable and Cape Cod made no extensive preparations to commemorate the advent of the centennial year; but on the 4th of July, the church bell was rung, the old gun fired, and numerous private houses were illuminated, all with enthusiasm.

Why our citizens should thus honor the birthplace of the patriot James Otis was born; here upon Meet-
first troops raised upon the news being received of war with England. Everything relating to the history of the Old Colony will be found interesting. It is conceded that at Provincetown, Cape Cod, was the birthplace of the "Mayflower" of our Pilgrim Fathers; there the first government was enacted; there the first governor of the colony was born; and, as Professor Palfrey said, "the second centennial celebration at Barnstable is a day that has not blood in his veins from this, our birthplace." And the occasion leads me to refer to the fact that it was so full of historical facts.

Barnstable Harbor was visited by a party of Englishmen in a shallop commanded by Miles Standish. The first settlers here as early as 1638; Thomas Dimmick was appointed to exercise people in arms; and the first ship arrived from Scituate, arriving here in October, 1653. By his will, he gave his house in Barnstable; to his son Thomas, in England and Benjamin here, each a cow and a horse. "Jane and Barbara," he says, "having had

common men, and they did not despair. All they had stout English hearts and stout yeomanry. The availing prayers that went up from



Grammar School, South Dennis



Residence of the Late Capt. Obed Baxter, South Dennis



Residence of Chas. F. Lancaster, West Dennis

pious homes. At length, by the blessing of the God of hosts, they triumphed. But it was a triumph won at almost intolerable cost. Barnstable always bore her full share of the deeds and sufferings of those days. As early as the spring of 1676 she was called on for one-tenth part, and her share of the disbursements of one period of the war is found to have been exceeded by only two other towns. At the time of the annexation of Plymouth to Massachusetts, Thomas Hinckley of Barnstable was governor of the former colony. He was a native of England, where he was born in the year 1618. He lived and died in the house which stood opposite to the dwelling of the late Mr. Jabez Nye.

Two ministries of Rev. Mr. Russell and Mr. Shaw covered the term of a complete century, within five years. Rev. Joseph Green, of the East Parish, died October 4, 1770, and was succeeded April 10, 1771, by Rev. Timothy Hilliard, who, after twelve years' service, asked for his dismissal, and ended his days as minister of the church in Cambridge. Within the limits referred to, a son of Barnstable had done a work and attained a glory scarcely equalled by any great name of the American continent. On the 5th of February, 1725, in a farmhouse at Great Marshes, was born the pioneer of the American Revolution, James Otis. As long as the question shall be asked, "Whose ardent steps pressed on foremost in that front rank in the great action of American independence, whose burning eloquence fanned the flame in this nation's bosom, which never expires until the right is won, or till there is no more martyr's blood to flow?" History, as Mr. Palfrey so beautifully says, will have to reply, "That illustrious instrument was the Cape Cod boy whom I have named." His individual greatness came not the less naturally for being attached to a long Barnstable ancestral line.

The family from which he sprung was of ancient consideration in our town. John Otis, whose grandfather of the same name had emigrated from England to this country and become one of the first settlers of Hingham, was born in that place in the year 1657, and removed when a young man to Barnstable, where he lived to attain the age of seventy years, having for twenty years represented the town in the General Court. His son James, commonly spoken of as Colonel Otis, born on the paternal estate in 1702, were not his fame eclipsed by that of his greater son, would fill a larger place in history than he now does.



Residence of Col. H. B. Winnip, West Dennis



Capt. Luther B. Croswell, West Dennis

The great question which came to involve all that was at issue between the mother country and the colonies was, whether general search-warrants, called writs of assistance, might legally be granted to officers of the customs, to give them admittance to suspected houses ; it was powerfully argued in the negative by Otis. What belongs to history is the effect produced. "Otis," said President Adams the elder, who was one of the delighted hearers, "was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American Independence was then and there born. In 1776 he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free. The same venerable witness testified on another occasion, "I do say, in the most solemn manner, that Mr. Otis's oration against writs of assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life." In reference to his services, some one has said that "No spot in the country has made such a gift to the country as the spot called Great Marshes in Barnstable."



Residence of Dr. D. D. Kelley, West Dennis





School Building, West Dennis



West Dennis, showing M. E. Church

There are many events which carry us back to the heroic age of the nation. Among them was the impression made here by the first news of the Lexington fight. Deacon Phinney says, "Thursday, the 20th of April, was received the news of the engagement between the Regulars and Provincials." On the 21st he says soldiers were mustered, and nineteen were sent off, and adds that he believes these nineteen stout Barnstable farmers "reported themselves at General Ward's headquarters at Cambridge as soon as Nature's vehicles could bring them there." On Saturday, the old muskets of the French war had been cleaned, the flints and cartridge-boxes looked to, and blankets folded in the compact knapsacks by the loving care of trembling hands.

Tuesday, the 25th of April, was town-meeting to raise money to buy guns, when three hundred pounds was voted for a chest of arms and some ammunition. This will furnish some idea of the state of mind in Barnstable at the beginning of the Revolution. Money was liberally raised from time to time to increase the bounty offered by the Commonwealth for enlistments in the continental service. The naval war of the Revolution was in a great measure carried on by private armed vessels. This is shown by the fact that when the ill-fated privateer, the "Arnold," Captain Magee, which sailed on the 30th of December, 1778, from Boston, went on shore at Plymouth the same night, in a snow-storm, out of sixty-eight men of her company who perished, ten were from Barnstable.

I will close by making only a slight reference further to the second centennial at Barnstable, which was so full of interest. It is painful to notice the many changes which so few years have wrought. Your Boston readers, where there are so many of the descendants of Barnstable, will scarcely credit the account that so many of their number who took part with us in September, 1839, are no longer among the living. I am induced to furnish you with the names of some of the public men of that day who were in Barnstable.

The orator of the occasion was Prof. John G. Palfrey; marshal, Henry Crocker; toastmaster and toast committee, B. F. Hallett, Henry Crocker, Joshua Sears and John L. Dimmock. Others of the managing committee were William Sturgis, Francis Bacon, George Hallett, Thomas Gray, Adolphus Davis, Horace Scudder, Robert Bacon, Benjamin Rich, Benjamin Bangs, Benjamin Burgess, Matthew Cobb, Prince Hawes, Daniel



Residence of Capt. Arthur L. Nickerson, West Dennis

C. Bacon and Thomas Thatcher. Judge Nymphas Marston was president of the day. Governor Everett responded to the toast, "Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies," and charmed his hearers in his happiest strain. His address at this time has often been spoken of as one of his most eloquent.

Then followed, in a deeply affecting manner, Chief-Justice Shaw, to the toast, "Cape Cod"; Hon. William Sturgis, to the "Emigrants from Cape Cod." The remarks of Mr. Sturgis were followed by a neat original Yankee song on the towns and names of the Cape. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, then speaker of the house of representatives, responded to the toast of "The Younger Winthrop of Connecticut." "The New England Guards" was responded to by Captain Bigelow, who many years since occupied the bench so worthily as our chief justice.

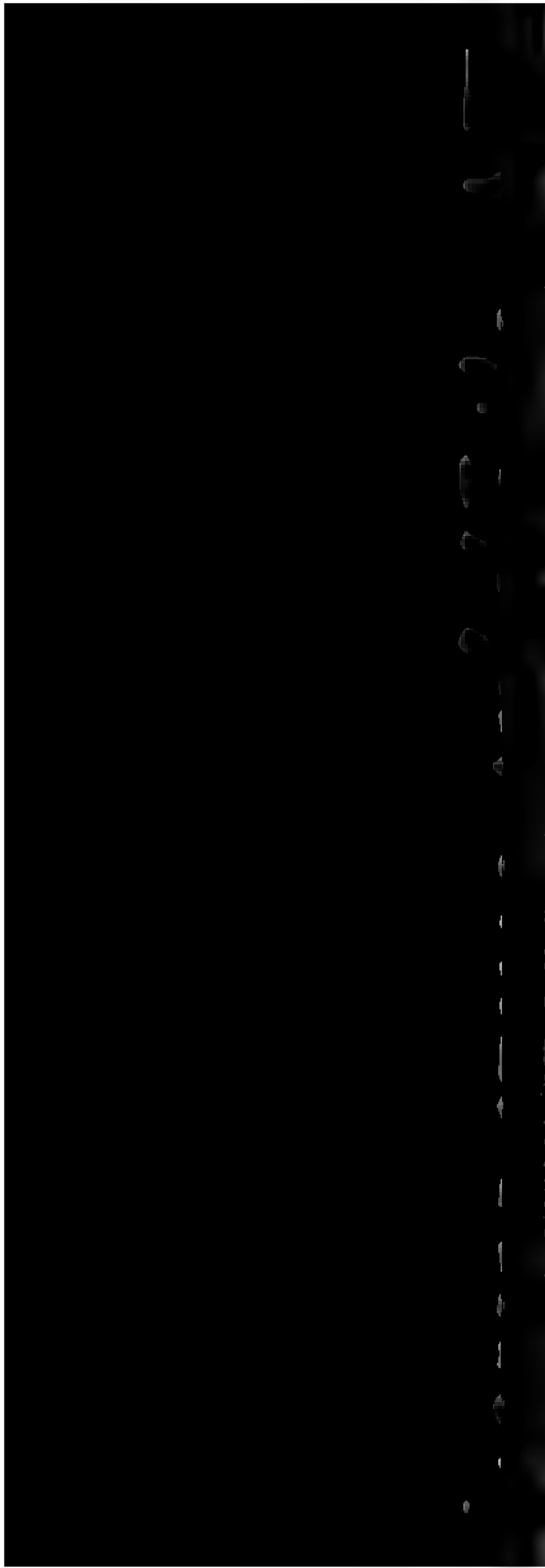
Toasts were also responded to by other distinguished gentlemen. Ex-Gov. John Henry Clifford, then one of Governor Everett's aides, gave: "Cape Cod. Her pine trees once furnished to Massachusetts the device for her flag. She has retained the prouder distinction of furnishing, through all history, the truest hearts and the stoutest arms by which the flag has been defended." To the "West Barnstable Church," Uriah Crocker of Boston. These were followed by toasts by Prince Hawes, Henry Crocker, Joseph A. Davis, S. B. Phinney, Adolphus Davis, and innumerable other citizens of Cape Cod.

Interesting letters were read from Judge Mellen of Maine, Hon. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, Hon. Judge Dewey, George Hull; George Bancroft, Collector of Boston; Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College; David Wilder, Treasurer of the Commonwealth; and John T. Bigelow, Secretary of the State. So much we take pride, as the sons and daughters of Barnstable, in referring to as we enter upon the centennial of 1876.

By one who has taken part in very much that has transpired since the war of 1812.

Major S. B. PHINNEY.

BARNSTABLE, January 4, 1876.



Residence of Capt. Peter H. Crowell, West Dennis



Street View, West Dennis

SOUTH YARMOUTH.



Edge Street, South Yarmouth



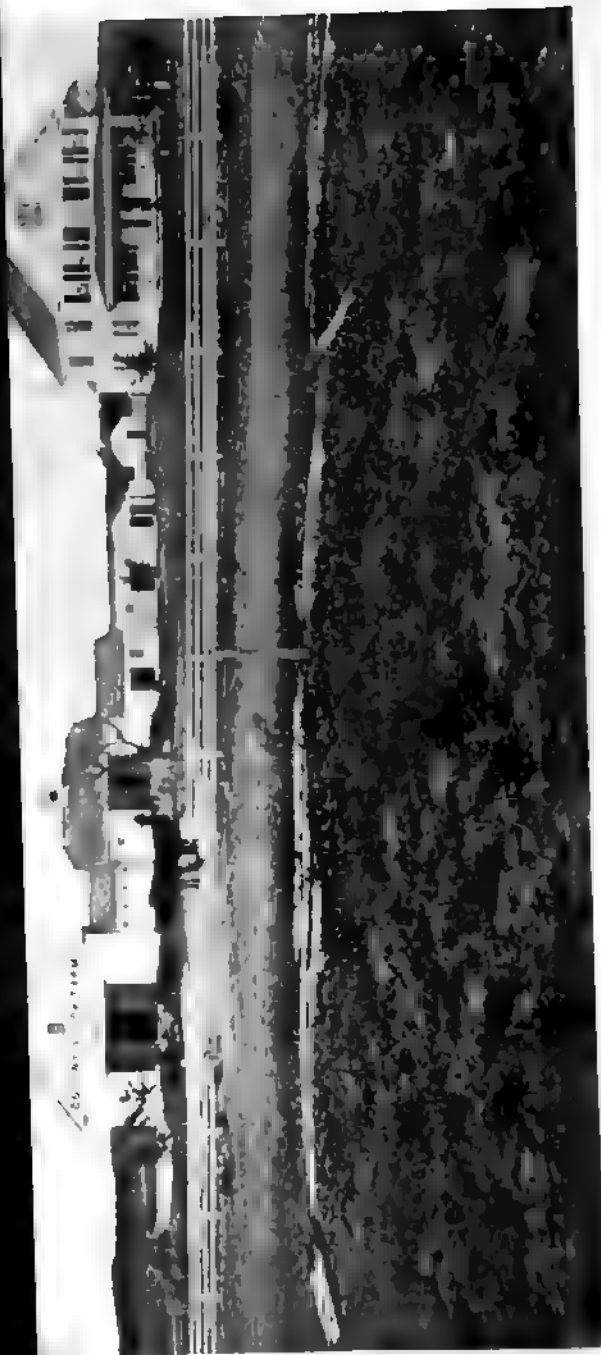
Mr Osborne Howe, South Yarmouth



Street View, looking toward Bass River Bridge, South Yarmouth



Residence of D. D. Kelley, South Yarmouth



A Cape Cod 225 acre farm, owned by N. B. Burgeas, North Yarmouth



Main Street, South Yarmouth



Old Salt Works, South Yarmouth



View at South Yarmouth



West House at South Yarmouth



Street View, South Yarmouth



South Yarmouth, Lower Village

WEST YARMOUTH.



Pond of Simeon Lewis, West Yarmouth



Windmill owned by F. A. Abell, West Yarmouth



College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y. Cornell University

1911-1912



Summer Residence of Mrs. Gertrude Behu, West Yarmouth



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

A meeting of the Cape Cod Association, held in Boston in 1880, upon motion of Major S. B. Phinney, of Barnstable, was appointed to consider the feasibility of erecting a monument at Provincetown, Cape Cod, where the first landing of the Pilgrims in Provincetown, in 1620. The meeting believed that Plymouth should have the glory long enough, and that history should be honored by a monument at Provincetown, Cape Cod, where the first landing was made, but where the first germ of civil and religious liberty was sown. Hon. Alpheus Hardy and Major Henry C. S. B. Phinney of Barnstable, were appointed on the part of the Association, Major Phinney to be draughted by a skillful architect, a plan was now in his hands. It was designed to be of stone, octagonal, and containing about eleven feet space inside, and a room in the tower to answer the purpose of a bell tower, and a lighted clock that may be seen by the harbor. It was also intended that a light be connected with it. Since that time, the General has had a signal at the point originally contemplated, and then procured of one of the most extensive stone-cutters an estimate of the cost of constructing a monument.

Its cost was considered reasonable; and with all parties interested, the whole was submitted to a committee of the Association. This monument should be built.



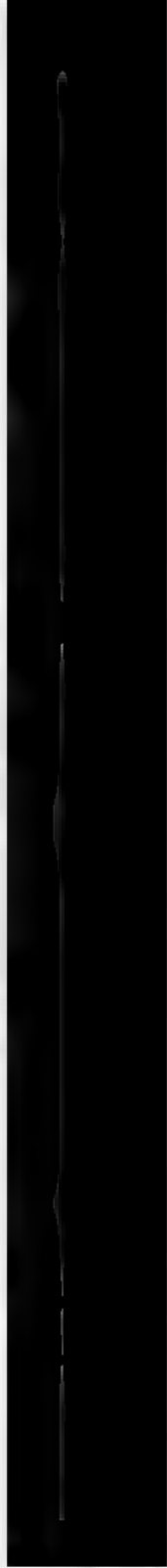




Residence of Albert Berry, West Yarmouth

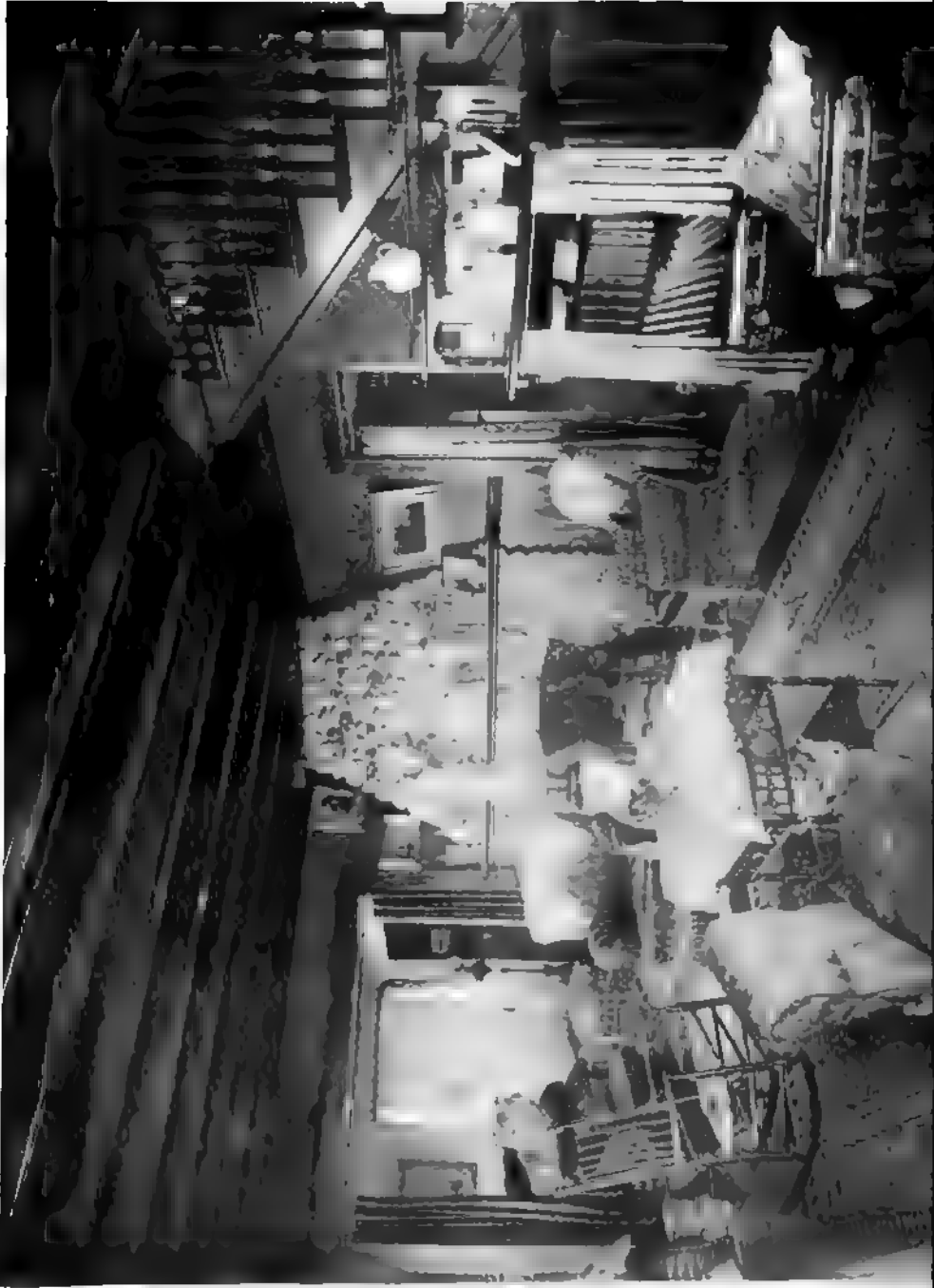


Johnson's Farm, West Yarmouth





1894. The new building. (The old building is now a museum.)





Ocean View House, West Yarmouth, Alex. B. Chase, Proprietor

YARMOUTH CAMP GROUNDS.



Yarmouth Camp



Yarmouth Camp Ground

HYANNIS.



Universalist Church, Hyannis



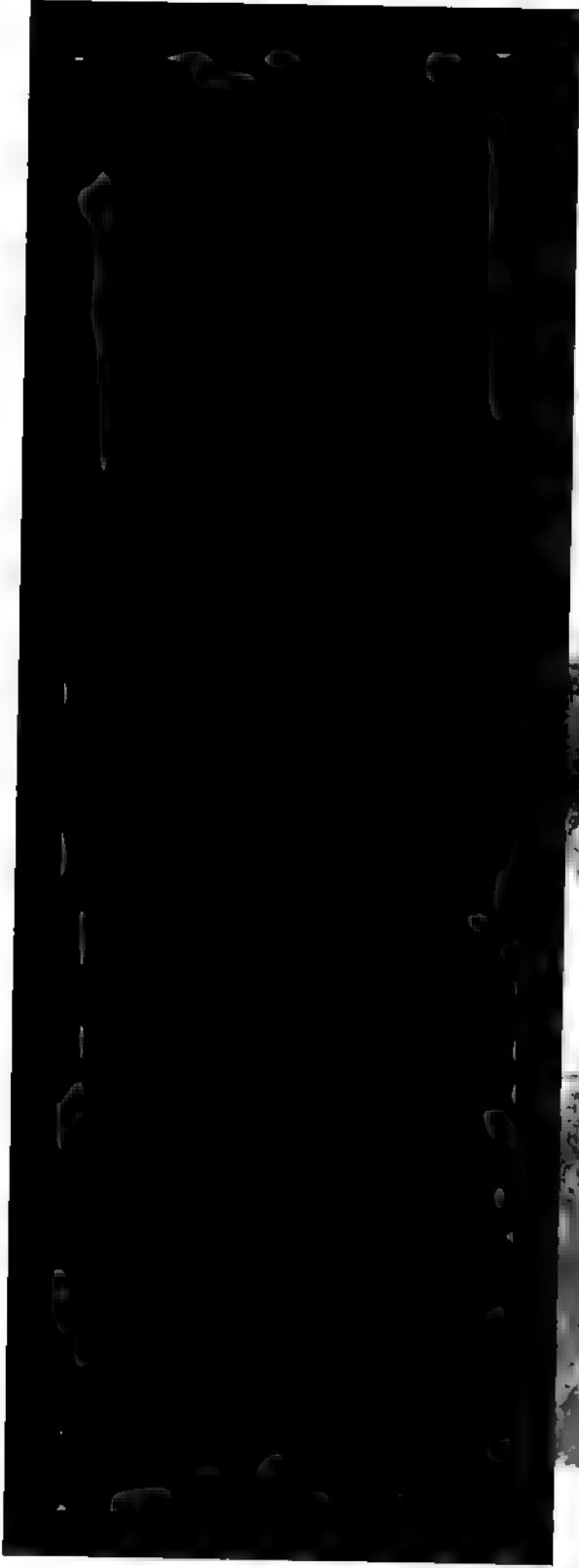
New Yacht Club House, Hyannis





Residence of the Late Capt. Benjamin D. Baxter, Hyannis





Residence of O. C. Hoxie, Hyannis



Park Square near Capt. Wyer's, Hyannis





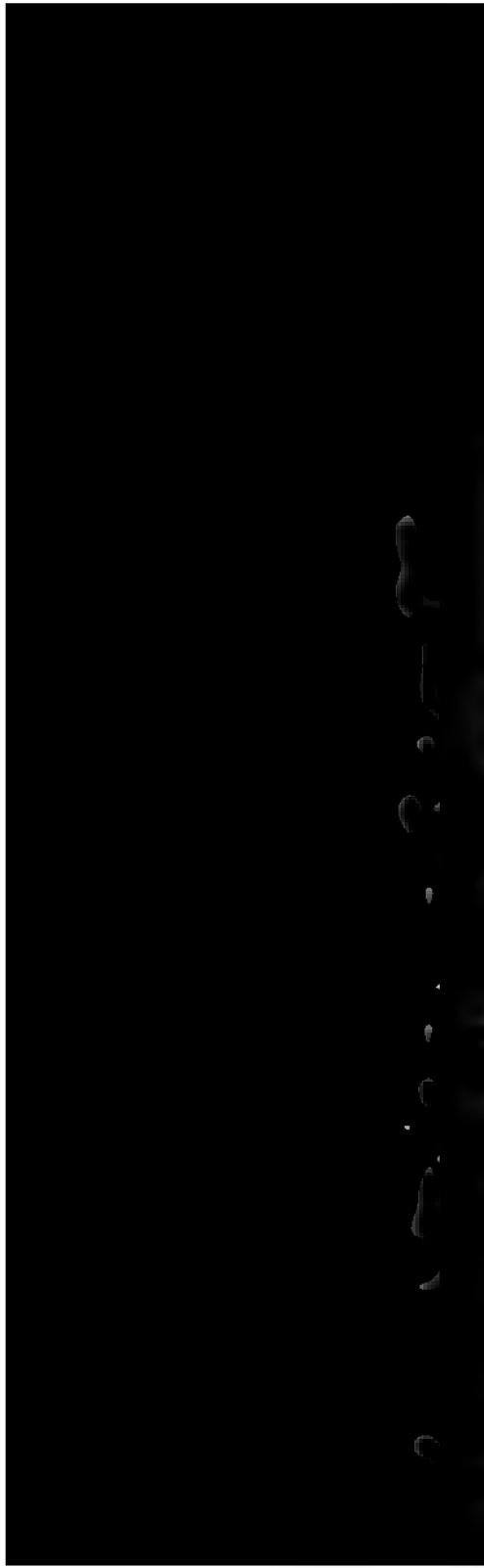
A Cape Cod Home, Hyannis. Summer Residence of J. H. French



Residence of H. H. Baker, Hyannis





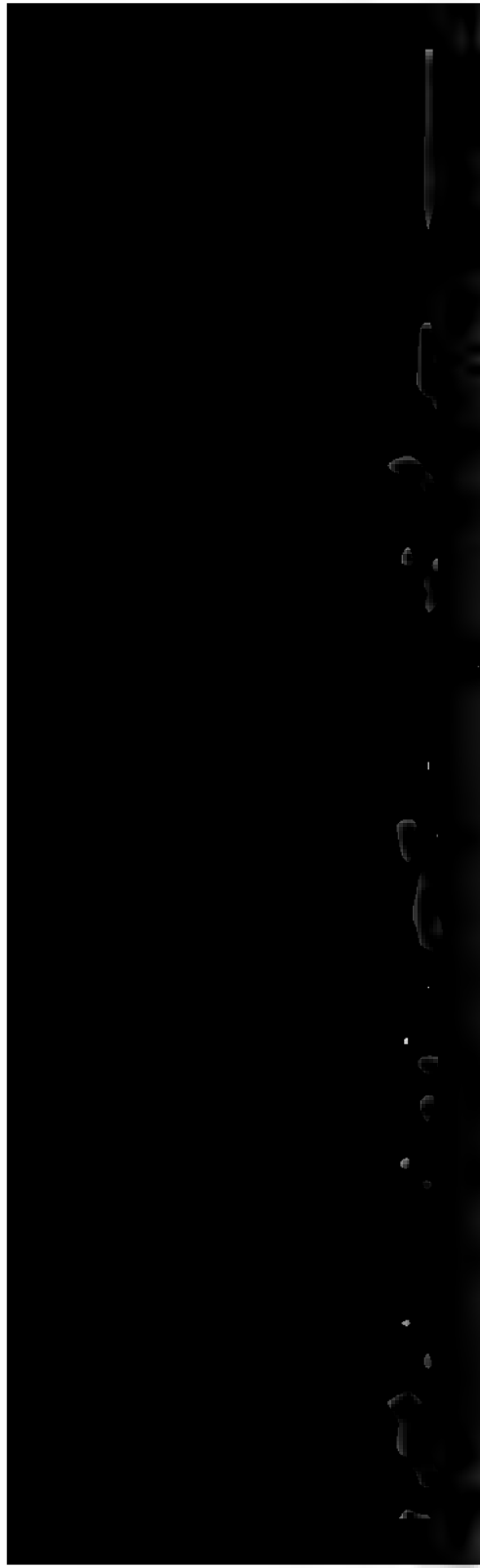


Residence of C. M. Baker, M.D., Hyannis

CAPE COD.

HISTORICALLY, Cape Cod occupies a very conspicuous page of the annals of Massachusetts, — of the continent in fact, since the date of its discovery and earliest exploration must be set as far back as the year of our Lord 1007. Historians and students are now united in the belief that the shores of this ancient Cape were the "Wonder Strands," fallen upon by the Norsemen in the year above named. The adventurous Norsemen made numerous flying visits and more or less extensive explorations of what are now the New England coasts. Unique in situation, characteristics, and in some respects in population also, Cape Cod is yet one of the most practical and matter-of-fact localities, so to speak, having a certain flavor of interest and association peculiarly its own, that invariably proves fascinating to all who personally pursue investigations or explorations within its limits. Severely plain and unpretentious upon first acquaintance in its natural features, these are soon found to embody many of the grandest attributes and elements that have rendered famous various localities of the world, and to illustrate in the most impressive and significant ways the power and majesty of the Creator's forces. Marvellously attractive at all times and seasons, it becomes a most perfect summer-land throughout that half of the year wherein the sun mounts highest, and the favored sections of the temperate zone are at their best in human estimation. So completely is it surrounded and so nearly isolated by ocean waters, that every department of its animate existence seems to possess an amphibious element, while its long and slenderly drawn territory may well appear to the novice as a gigantic ship, well manned and equipped, forever breasting rolling waves, contending with battling storms, or floating idly upon calmest depths.

To thousands of people who live comparatively not far away from that morsel of the earth's surface called Cape Cod, its territory is as unknown, so far as any personal experience of it is concerned, as is that of Greenland to the inhabitants of the torrid zone. Familiar with its name and with some of its attributes from their earliest school-days, they have always intended to visit it, but have allowed year after year to pass without making good such intention. Meantime the stock of misapprehension, mythical knowledge, and misinformation concerning the place, which they began to accumulate in their youth, has



Residence of Hon. Rufus A. Soule, Hyannis

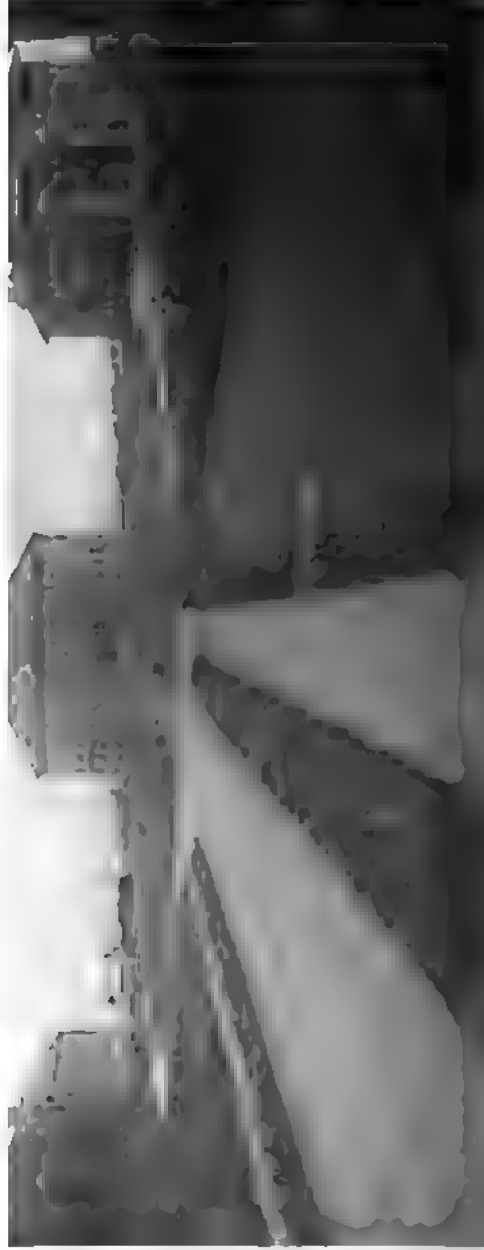
increased steadily with their growth, until this beautiful and in many respects singularly favored section of the Creator's handiwork has become to them as much a body of distorted illusions as is Utopia to the visionary enthusiast.

It is quite true, however, that there are manifold beauties peculiar to the territory of Cape Cod: quaint, simple and unpretentious attractions that win the visitor or sojourner, and secure him with stronger cords of respect and admiration that can be the case in sections far more strongly marked by progress and improvement. There are beautiful village streets, shaded from end to end with majestic oaks and maples; water sheets and miniature lakes nestled among gently swelling hills, as inviting in the repose and tranquility and seclusion of their surroundings as embowered gardens, or the most ingeniously contrived retreats that wealth can supply; shore resorts, unique in situation and wonderful in surroundings, whose primeval solitude as well as their picturesqueness invite to frequent and long continued communion with Nature in her most attractive moods; and countless other natural and artificial presentations for the fascinating of all comers.

It will be perceived that the history of the Harwiches, Dennis and Yarmouth, south side, has been already stated in the story of the older villages on the north side, and they may be left with their smiling thrift and the houses which show their general look.

A village of Barnstable that has in many respects outgrown the parent establishment is Hyannis, situated on the south-side shore of the Cape, and reached by a branch of the Old Colony system leaving the main line at Yarmouth Port, and extending across the Cape four miles. Hyannis is the centre of trade for a dozen or more of villages, and is in all respects a lively and "go-ahead" little place. Its embayed ocean waters form a somewhat noted "harbor of refuge," and have been, and still are, the scene of considerable activities and enterprise. In fact, Hyannis is the only port of importance now existing on the south side of the Cape and ranks with Provincetown among the Cape towns as a mercantile as distinguished from a fishing community, with less fish and possibly more dry goods. It has that variety bere of a good harbor, the United States government having aided thereto by building a breakwater at its port.

But it is because lately a State Normal School has been established here that it becomes the center of the educational forces of the Cape. In becoming



State Normal School and Dormitory
W. A. Balkwin, Principal, Hyannis, Mass

without question such a center, it has settled what was long an angry and disputed point, raised before 1800 A. D., as to where the great academy of the Cape should go. It went temporarily to Sandwich, where the school, under Parson Burr, was speedily broken up. And no such institution was attempted for a long time after. And just here some things may be said of our ancient common schools, so dear to a Cape Codder wherever we may go. The law compelled every town to educate its children, and if it did not, it was fined, and had to. The teachers were like the fish in a net, of all sorts, and some very poor. Some were college men, and helped the parson in his pulpit, and if any one could teach navigation, he was a rich prize. A few towns insisted on Latin and Greek. The salary was in general about one half that of the town parson. At first, the schools were held in private houses, and went round to the different parts of the town, and the teacher went round with them, encountering such a variety of dirt as rendered him a dyspeptic. The schools were shaped very much on the English plan of birch and ferule, a rough sort of arena, where very rough cubs were to be licked into shape. Some education was got somehow, but what was got, stayed, and was found useful. The whole school economy was Spartan.

Of course, private enterprise came later to the rescue, and schools, like those of the Wings, at Spring Hill, Sandwich, helped improve things far beyond their own domains. The school buildings shown here are very hopeful signs of the future.

Across the Harbor, on the west, lies Hyannisport, the landing place of the section before the railroad built its fine wharf at Hyannis. This village presents one of the finest summer resorts on Cape Cod. Sea breezes, shore situations, boating, fishing and bathing of the best; excellent roads leading in every direction inland.





Main Street, Hyannis

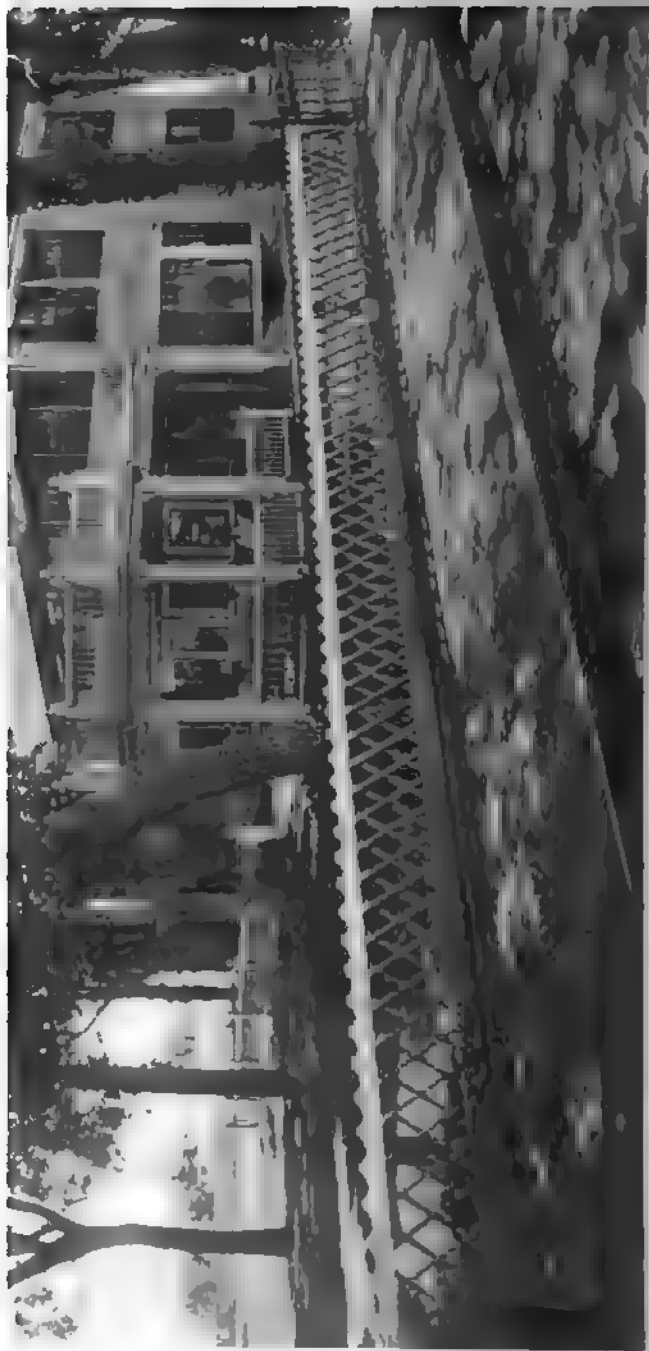


looking East from Baptist Church, Hyannis



Residence of Capt. W. A. Hallett, Huamantla.





Residence of Mr. Edward H. Smith, Hyannis





Side View of the Residence of Lindsey Oliver, Hyannis



Street View, Hyannis, showing houses owned by Mr. Lindsey Oliver



looking West from Winter Street, Hyannis

CAPE COD'S PROMINENT MEN.

S BOURNE PHINNEY was born in Barnstable, in the building now occupied by the Sturgisocrat, his first vote having been cast for Andrew's president and twenty-five years a director of the Barnstable Banks; for many years secretary of the Institution, in the days of its prosperity, and in 1870 Hyannis Savings bank, was commissioned by Major of the First Regiment Massachusetts Militia, for two years, and served in the regimental reviews with in 1832 and 1833, represented the town of Hyannis at the National Convention of 1853; was the Democratic candidate and councilor of the First District, and represented the Democratic National Conventions of 1844, 1853 and 1856; in 1856, when the party existing, received a majority of the votes of the district.

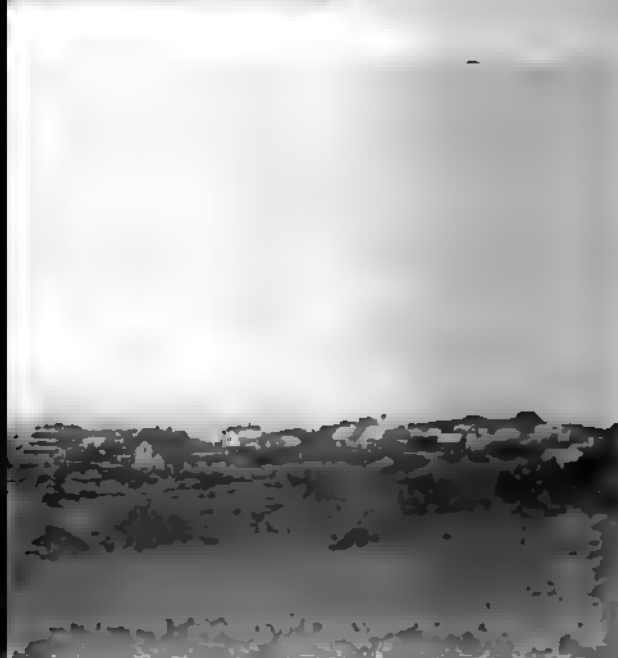


Hyannis Light



Pier at Hyannisport

HYANNISPORT.



Hyannisport



Hallett House, Hyannisport

He was instrumental in procuring from Congress an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for building the custom house and post office at Barnstable ; and raised by subscription a sufficient amount of money for purchasing the grounds and building the Agricultural Hall (Hon. William Sturgis sending him a check for one thousand dollars to aid him in his work); was for some years president of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society, and represented the society twelve years at the State Board of Agriculture.

During the war of the rebellion he was appointed by Gov. John A. Andrew a member of the " Committee of One Hundred," and presented the Sandwich Guards, Company D, Third Regiment Massachusetts Battalion, with a costly flag, upon which was inscribed, " Our flag floats to-day not for party, but for country " Hon. William H. Osborne, in his " History of the Twenty-ninth Regiment," speaks of his unwavering fidelity to the Union, and his determination to sustain the National Administration in its efforts to crush out treason and rebellion.

CRAIGVILLE.



Craigville Bluffs from Craigville Beach



From Craigville Bluffs, Showing Chiquaquet House
Trees, Lake Elizabeth and Cottages



Chiquaquet River, Craigville, Showing Craigville in distance



Camp Ground and Tabernacle, Craigville
This View is Looking down Craigville Road toward Main Road to Hyannis



Chiquaquett Inn, A. Fisher & Son, Proprietors, and Street, looking toward Camp Ground.

CENTREVILLE.



Main Street, Centreville

Centreville, Osterville and Cotuit are other villages of the same town, conservative, dignified, and with the Pilgrim atmosphere about them, though modified by the large influx of people from abroad. The landscape at Cotuit deserves a whole book for itself. When the railroad is built along this shore the country will know its beauties better than it does.



Church and Library, Centreville



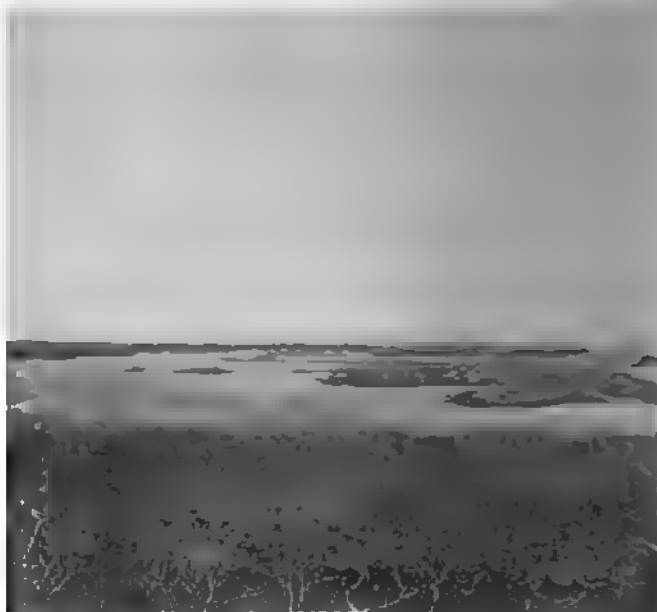
Residence of the Hon. Aaron Crosby, Centreville, Representative of the First Cape Cod District



Residence of Russell Marston, Esq., Centreville



Residence of Howard Marston, Centreville



Wequaket Lake, Centreville



M. Nourse's Residence, Centreville

OSTERVILLE.



Street View, Centerville, near Soldiers' Monument



Residence of George S. Dexter, Osterville



from Wianno Beach to Osterville, looking
toward "Aunt Tempy's"



Union Hall, Osterville





View of East Bay Lodge Dining-Room



East Bay Road from East Bay Lodge



Hotel Cotocheset from Ocean, Mrs. T. H. Amea, Proprietor



le, looking toward Wianno Avenue and Methodist Church



Seapoint Inn, Osterville



Old Willow at Corner of East Bay Road, near residence of Mrs. T. H. Ames



View of Osterville from residence of Mrs. T. H. Ames, showing residence of late Dr. Clement on left

MARSTON'S MILLS.



Marston's Mills, looking toward Post Office. Post Office
to the right in middle distance



View near residence of Dr. Higgins, Marston's Mills



Lake at Marston's Mills, showing Dr. Higgins's residence in distance



Residence of Dr. J. H. Higgins, Marston's Mills



Residence of old Judge Marston, Marston's Mills



Residence of James Webb, Cotuit

COTUIT.



Water View near Santuit Hotel, Cotuit



from Santuit Hotel to Beach, Cotuit

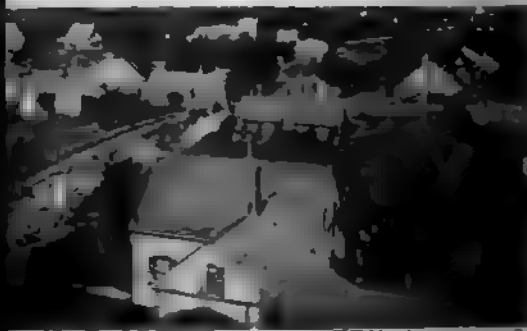




Santuit House, Cotuit. James Webb, Owner



Hotel Pines, Cotuit Highlands, J. R. Morse, Proprietor



Observatory at Hotel Pines, looking Northeast



tut, looking West from Hotel Pines Observatory



Pond View on Estate of James E. Rothwell, Cotuit



Summer Residence of James E. Rothwell, Cotuit



Driveway showing Barn of Summer Residence of James E. Rothwell, Cotuit



Lower Harbor, Cotuit



Antucket Sound from Ocean View Avenue



Residence of Dr. S. F. Hawkins, Coquit



Water View at Cotuit, from Summer Residence of James E. Rothwell



Afternoon on Cotuit Beach
Photographed by Gordon R. Fisher



Street View near Hotel Pines
Photographed by Gordon R. Fisher



Eagle Pond, Cotuit
 Photographed by Gordon R. Fisher



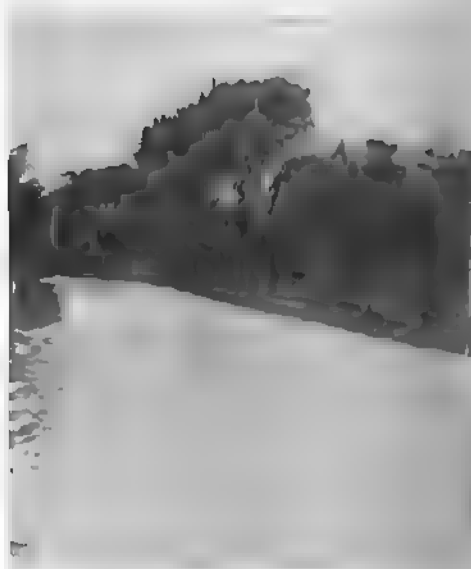
oad through the Perkins Woods
 Photographed by Gordon R. Fisher



Village Post Office, Cotuit



A Village Street, Cotuit



et, opposite Santuit House, Cotuit



ck Road to Santuit, Cotuit



Wakeby Lake, South Sandwich
Photographed by Lillian White



Triangle Pond, South Sandwich
Photographed by Lillian White



Cotuit Harbor



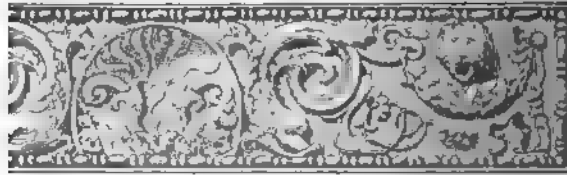
Union Church, Cotuit



Wakeby Lake, South Sandwich, Showing Jefferson's Island in Distance
 Photographed by Lillian White



Wakeby Lake, Steamer Ruth, Capt. Benj. F. Boardley, South Sandwich



CHAPTER VI.

MASHPEE.

been the name of a plantation of Cape Indians, whose fortunes have been very different from those we may witness in Plymouth Colony. This is due to the single Mashpee, or South Shore Indians, as they are often called, wards of the State, to the great disadvantage of themselves in their own way, which is the Puritan sentiment of the red men shows a profound distrust of themselves, and the undeniable contempt of the white men, as their inferiors and savages. Indeed, the pollution is as tangled and perplexing as its own forests, bays and headlands on its coasts. Mashpee lies between Barnstable and Falmouth and the Sound which extends southwest respectively—in the rough, some eight

It contained at first about thirteen thousand five hundred very early alienated portions of its land to its neighbors—about five hundred acres, or sixteen square miles. Indeed, as the Indian's land, where he might have a far better has remained so.

One of the earliest ministers, and much versed in Indians and their language, wrote about 1750—"There is no place I ever saw, so bad as this," and gives his reasons for it. So, in 1834, it was not only possible to find a place more favorable for emigration labor than the territory of Mashpee," and also

Mr. Richard Bourne, of Sandwich, our greatest missionary to the Indians with the exception, perhaps, of John Eliot, was here before 1660, buying land (for he brought much money from England) and trying to secure to the Mashpees firm titles and just laws, in which he only partly succeeded. In 1670, he was ordained pastor of the Mashpee Indians, John Eliot himself and the Cottons assisting at the ordination. An Indian succeeded him and held office forty years, he was succeeded in 1729 by Rev. Joseph Bourne, great-grandson of Richard, and son of the chief justice of Cape Cod Plantation. Then followed pastors, both Indian and white, as long as there were Indians left, mostly good men and some high born and well-educated.

Rev. Gideon Hawley (who died in 1807 at eighty, after fifty years of service), a Yale man who had been a teacher of Indian children under the famous Jonathan Edwards at Stockbridge; a minister to the Iroquois and Five Nations of New York, a friend of Sir William Johnson, the great warrior in behalf of the English on the frontiers; a chaplain in Colonel Gridley's regiment against Crown Point and the French, was installed here as successor to the Indian pastor Solomon Briant in 1758, and at the instigation of the English Society to the Indians, who paid part of his salary. A pious Englishman, Williams, left in the hands of Harvard College a rather large legacy for the same purpose. But the Mashpees were seldom satisfied with their pastors, good men as they were, because their own hand did not select them. They appeared abject and widely different from the Iroquois. The Mashpee Indians had adopted the English clothing, but a half-naked savage was less disagreeable than Indians who had lost their independence.

So the Mashpees kept on complaining and petitioning the General Court for relief. Laws were passed and modified again and again until as late as 1834, and after they had brought into the struggle a bright Pequot Indian, then pastor, William Apes, to help Israel Amos, the Mashpee Washington, under the "Act, restoring the rights of self-government in part to the Mashpee Indians," they were given most of the usual rights of white men. This act gave reasonable content to the Mashpees, for at times their discontent had risen to resolution, and they gave published notice that at a certain time they would take things into their own hands, and did so to the extent of unloading by violence a wood-cart which offended the said Mashpee law, and some of them got fines and imprisonment from the courts in consequence. All this strife was an honor

d in the direct line of Puritan behavior. The Mashpees
State treated them as minors, paupers, people unfit to
— that is, as though they were not American citizens,
has been said of this plantation in order to add that, in
reared but important question as to whether our fore-
men fairly or not, Mashpee history is a good point to



A Mashpee Boy

Photographed by Gordon R. Fisher

start from. The opinion of this book is that there are two sides to the question. Selfishness, like the small-pox, never dies out even from the most religious age. Men are prone to get oftener than they give. Politicians often had the disbursement of Indian funds, and many of our people have long since learned that, as the world goes, the only good politician is a dead one.

On the one side, the testimony of Richard Bourne is to be taken as of great weight, who, when he resigned his mission in 1742, "complained much of the ill treatment which the Indians received"; this is supported by the view of every intelligent Indian in these parts to-day, very strongly held under an impassive countenance, and succinctly expressed in the words of that Virginia Indian who said: "We took the white man by the hand and bade him welcome to sit by our side and live with us as a brother. We gave him all that he needed; he soon wanted all that we had, and we were driven out."

On the other side, one fact only here. The most strenuous efforts were made to help the Indians, and ex-Governor Mayhew of the islands, after he was seventy years old, would walk twenty miles to visit and comfort them.

In 1674 Richard Bourne reported ninety-five "praying Indians" in his charge, of whom twenty-four could read and ten write. In 1685, after King Philip's war, Governor Hinckley reported one hundred and forty-one praying Indians on the plantation, and fourteen hundred and thirty-nine more of the same sort in Plymouth Colony. This did not include youths under twelve years of age, which would have made the whole much larger. In 1767 there were in the plantation twenty-one shingled houses, fifty-two wigwams, and two hundred and ninety one souls; and at Scorton nine wigwams. In 1800 there were here eighty Indian houses and three hundred and eighty souls. Thus this plantation waxed and waned through the earlier centuries, but their patriotism and loyalty never was anything but at high-water mark. In King Philip's war hostile Indian prisoners were sent here so frequently as to alarm the neighboring towns; but the Mashpees kept all in peace. In the first regiment raised for the continental army were twenty two men of Mashpee, and all but one died in the service. A regiment raised in 1777, for three years, showed twenty-six Mashpee names on its rolls. There never was an Indian hung for murder in Barnstable county.

Of course the "poor whites" and the negroes came in to share the land and the home of their red brethren here. Since about 1800 there has not been

ere, and it is a question whether the Cape negroes have
in extinction. These negroes, mostly descendants of
tion in this book ; but they have a story of their own
er it. Not over clean in morals, as no race, especially
re often strong and laborious men. The record is still
and his sweetheart, "Massa Joe," a very fat, middle-
t when while walking the roads they came to the bars
nd under her foot and lift her over the bars easily.
Mashpee Indians, all things considered, is remarkably
population will rank easily with the intelligent and useful
unities.

WAQUOIT.



Residence of Mr. Ignatius Sargent, Waquoit



Tobey House, Waquoit. The Huntsman's Paradise



The Old Mill at East Falmouth

TEATICKET.



Morse's Pond, Falmouth



Teaticket School

FALMOUTH HEIGHTS.



Summer Residence of Commodore E. P. Boggs, Falmouth Heights



Steam Yacht Nashawena, Flagship of the Mass. Yacht Club, Owned by Commodore E. P.



Summer Residence of Mr. Hewitt, Falmouth Heights

FALMOUTH.

FALMOUTH was incorporated in 1686, but, years before, white people of the most respectable stock had emigrated there from Sandwich and Barnstable. It was at that time abundant in Indians and wolves, and reached from Mashpee on the east to Woods Holl on the southwest, and so followed Buzzards Bay to the Bourne line and Sandwich, and has now, by additions, become a township ten miles long and six wide. The Indian names for denoting its villages have been more carefully preserved here than in other Cape towns, viz., Waquoit, Cataumet, Quisset, Nobsque and Sipperwisset. It is a town of some forty ponds, seldom small, and has a fair share of good land for the plough, which partly accounts for its early settlement by men who came into the wilderness to serve God and buy land, all of which was accomplished in the usual way. From the start it was governed in its crises and policies by the men of oak as before described, and if it has any mark to distinguish it from its sister towns of the Cape it should be called the military town, not because it raised more men or money for the wars, but because more actual service and fighting took place on its territory, or in parts adjacent, than fell to the lot of most of our other towns. The Dimmick race were among its more prominent warriors. Indeed, it was never a town where peace abounded, — quite the reverse. Its citizens all wanted their own way, according to the Pilgrim habit, and the majority always had it, but according to law. This is especially seen in the history of their parishes. As early as 1663, the Plymouth Court recommended to the settlers at Saconessett to apply themselves in some effectual way to procure "an able, goodly man for the dispensing of God's word amongst them." And Saconessett not being strong enough yet to start alone, it was ordered by the court that at present the parish shall belong to Barnstable, which would send the Pilgrim worshippers some fifteen miles to Barnstable town on their Sabbath. In 1700, Mr. Samuel Shiverick's name first appears in the records as minister of the town. Judge Samuel Sewall says he was a Huguenot. In that year the town voted £19 5s. ; £15 for the parson ; repairing the pound, £2 5s. ; assessors, £1 10s. ; and to Sylvester Hatch, 10s.

There were too many rocks in Mr. Shiverick's path to make it

her party ; for the next town meeting, in Decemberly warned and assembled together," voted that "k is none of this town's minister" ; and three meeting voted, "that they will not employ Mr. more to preach to them, and did choose Mr. Joseph " Two men were appointed to pay him what the services. The town applied to the Sandwich and help them get another pastor. Mr. Shiverick Falmouth, and many of his old parishioners were e gentle, conciliatory, conscientious man deserved. numerous body in the north and west parts, had in policies it is at this time hard to say. men of this town, now grown so noble, forget their ows and blackbirds.

ice of the ministers before named, the town invited of Dedham (H. C., 1703) to become their pastor. settlement, two good cows, twenty cords of wood, three years, then £45 and £50 from the seventh ally increased as ratable property increased until build on the town land, and the town to dig and were other business-like specifications about prop- e left or died. He accepted the invitation with ill appropriate so much time as necessary journeys equire, without being thought an offender, though ply my absence " In 1723 Mr. Metcalf died, after n the odor of sanctity, and has had no gravestone

It must be a comfort to some that the angel of t concern himself enough about gravestones to read i the best of them

w wig from Boston involves itself with the current career in Falmouth, to teach posterity how alike nature are in every age, no matter how they differ , ancestry and posterity conform to each other in was in Boston with him on a visit, and both found by the new and fashionable wigs then in vogue. u that he should buy a new one — not very costly



Summer Residence of C. Pierson Beebe, Falmouth



Summer Residence of Dr. W. H. Lyon, Falmouth



Town Hall, Falmouth



arnabas Memorial Church, Falmouth

701



entry parson, nor very elaborate, as the simplicity de. He came home late on Saturday night, and .he pulpit with his new head-gear on, without due d and alarmed congregation. There was a very nce, which criticism increased, especially from the c went on. "The wig was not extravagant, was g the station and dignity of the wearer, but it had id pride." Possibly it had, and so the hats of l generations. Meanwhile Parson Metcalf, who l of new wigs, found himself at the week's close the select ladies of his parish and advised regard-

Should he lay aside wearing wigs altogether ? r the old one ? Not to be thought of ! What, Every woman had probably a pair of scissors in 'son finally suggested that each woman in turn nded her as pride or ultra fashion, and then see r stand on its merits. But when it came to the the scissors, and said that for her part she was of ; were forbidden by the second commandment, ialt not make to thyself any graven image," etc. ting by this time that there were any such things till some spirit left, evidently, and answered his sad wit, that this particular wig, as it then was, that commandment, because it was "like nothing in the earth beneath or in the waters under the id his parishioners called themselves Reformers, eformed Church ; but one thing is plain — they med wig

s before the Revolution the belligerent spirit spent rangles over building a new meeting-house or leaving things as they were. Town votes were veral times. The General Court assisted in the ses were finally built. The people were evidently votes and the flourishing society of Quakers still . The new meeting-house in 1715 was thirty by teen feet to the roof. This could not have been

much of a house, for in 1739 it was voted to " build a new meeting-house, forty-five feet square, on the same lot where the old house stands." There was a party opposed, as usual, wishing the house further east and nearer themselves ; an advisory committee from the neighboring towns further disagreeing, the house was not built. In 1747 it was finally concluded " to mend the old one (i. e., their meeting-house) for the present." In 1750 it was voted to build a house forty-five feet square, with seventeen pews below and twelve above. In 1791 the meeting-house business came up strong again, either to repair or build, and possibly remove to a more central locality. It was finally agreed to divide the town into two parishes, east and west, and Hatchville, so long a part of the mother church, was to have its own minister. In 1796 a new meeting-house was built for the old parish, which we think was its last till now. There were three long pastorates in the parish of the town, viz., Rev. Joseph Metcalf, 1707-1723, sixteen years, aged forty-two ; Rev. Mr. Palmer, 1731-1773, died in the forty-fifth year of his ministry, aged sixty-eight ; Rev. Henry Lincoln (H. C., 1786), 1789-1823, minister for thirty-three years. The rest died away from the town, and comparatively young, always excepting that dear old Huguenot Parson Shiverick.

But it was in the two wars with Great Britain that Falmouth people stood forth ready and strong. They might often show a tight fist in town and parish expenses, but when war was coming, they carried an open hand, and carried it filled for use against the enemy. At an early date they ordered gunpowder, flints and muskets in large numbers, and as their bread supply was likely to be cut off by the enemy's vessels, they ordered wheat from the west to be stored and sold to the citizens and to be given away to the poor of the town who had not money to buy. They furnished their due quota of money and men to the Continental Congress.

Yet the situation of the town was peculiarly dangerous, as a glance at the map will show. The sea was on at least three sides of them ; and most of their property lay near the sea. Woods Holl was almost a peninsula. Buzzards Bay afforded an open path on the west, and the islands to the south, like the Vineyard, Nantucket and Naushon, swarmed with American refugees and tories, bitter, active and ready to guide to places they well knew or had been citizens of. Besides, the British had undertaken to harass undefended towns and to destroy the property of non-com-



Richard Olney, ex Secretary of State, Falmouth



Grounds of ex Secretary Richard Olney, Falmouth

batants, and thus hasten peace. Some of our strongest men were away with the armies, and twenty four men, at three shillings a night, were the only watch and guard of Falmouth shore.

Quissett Harbor, and parts adjacent, are among the most remarkable places on the Cape; very different, indeed, from places like Truro and Eastham, but yet having a mingled grandeur and beauty of their own, hard to surpass. Buzzard's Bay, on which they lie, deserves a full book to narrate its peculiar attractions as part of the Cape, and we shall chiefly speak of its East, or Cape, shore. The map shows this bay with ragged shores, with the creeks and bayous forever intruding, and hiding themselves in the more solid land. For, though in general here the waters are more genial, and less eager to eat the land, as on the east Cape, there are times, wind and tide acting together, when the bay, with its swollen waters, rises to an alarming height, and very eager to waste shore and boundary, as far as it can reach. At such times, the wind is usually from some point in the south. Such a sea-storm here is reported by Governor Bradford, in his Journal, at the early date of August 15, 1635: "This year was such a mighty storm of wind and raine as none living in these parts, either English or Indians, ever saw; being like to those hurricanes that writers make mention of in ye Indies. It began in ye morning, a little before day, and grew, not by degrees, but came with violence an ye beginning, to ye great amazement of many. It blew down sundry (211) houses and uncovered others; diverse vessels were lost at sea, and many more in extreme danger. It caused the sea to swell (to the southward of this place) above twenty foot, right up and down, and made many of the Indians to climb into trees for their safety; it took off the boarded roof of a house which belonged to the plantation at Manomet (Monument River), and floated it to another place, the posts still standing in ye ground, and if it had continued long without ye shifting of ye wind, it is like it would have drowned some part of ye countre. It blew down many hundred thousands of trees, turning up the stronger by the roots and breaking the higher pine trees off in the middle and ye tall yonge oaks and walnut trees of good biggnes wound like a withe, very strange and fearful to behold. It began in ye south east and parted towards the south and east, and vered sundry ways, but ye greatest force of it here was from ye former quarters. It continued not above five or six hours, when the violence began to abate. The signs and marks of it will remain this 100 years in these parts

The moone suffered a great echpse the 2d night
re before or after this one, history does not say, but it
res of this bay have remained till now very much as
eft them. Traces of this storm lie all along the Cape

QUISSETT.



Residence of Mr. Sherer, Quissett



Residence of Mr. Harris, Quissett

BUZZARDS BAY.

This bay, with its many green headlands and islands showing out from its blue, placid waters, and the quivering haze of summer lying in among the hill-tops, reminds the traveler of the Italian lakes. However that may be, the old history of these waters is as hazy as its summer landscapes. And this simply because there is such slight record of undoubted facts. That Bartholomew Gosnold proceeded to build a town on an island in a fresh-water lake, near the mouth of this bay, and seriously intended an English settlement somewhere here before 1610, sailing up and down the bay, is within the reach of the white man's record; so also is the story of English men-of-war anchored as high up as Wing's Neck, and sending their armed launches across these waters into our towns, like Wareham, to burn and to distress our people, as some who are

the witnesses, but the tale of the Norsemen, voyagers before Columbus sailed, with their painted and long oars aiding their one huge mainsail into greater of their sailor crews as their galleys move over the nor seen, any more than the Indian canoes, almost ore, which carried the red men to their war or fisher that man was here, or the ships of the old voyagers, and a crowd of European adventurers before the re reasons why this should be called the bay of mys ings are so fitting, evanescent, shadowy here, like el mirrors of the Greeks in ancient days.



Residence of John S. Bleikie, Quissett



Residence of Capt. John Rogers, Quisset



Church of the Messiah, Woods Hole

WOODS HOLE.

t of Falmouth, some miles from the center, is in
of the Cape, and the high ridges of hills, with fre-
ows, which comprise most of the dry land here-
nt division between the waters of the Sound and
. These Hills are plentifully sprinkled over, by
, which denote an ancient moraine. This ridge
nd of the Hole.

s were made by expeditions from the British ships
ne in either way ; and what would have happened
be seen from their treatment about the same time
ke Fairhaven and New Bedford. Of course forays
war-ships were many and as troublesome as Cape
s were generally the men who owned cattle and
le what was eatable and drinkable in their houses.
aws of civilized warfare, the behavior of the British
and its vicinity will leave an indelible stain upon
naval character until publicly atoned for. In 1779
estroy Falmouth village, and on April 2, a strong
iers on board, after harassing Woods Hole on their
own in plain sight and proceeded to send in their
r guns. But there were Anglo-Saxon men on the
hundred of them, who had come over night from
under Freeman and Dimmock, who from behind
d order and good guns in their hands, were shout-
ome on. But they didn't. They went away, and
with no Falmouth plunder.

t of comedy from the many associated with these
es, to illustrate the temper of our people,— the
ssah Swift, who lived near Woods Hole. It was
on Falmouth town. Mrs. Swift was famous for
shers on board ship were hungry for fresh butter
le boat's crew were cutting up on the shore the
already killed, and the rest made their way with
here Mrs. Swift was alone with her children. She

stood in the doorway to prevent entrance and called lustily for an officer. When he appeared she appealed to him as a gentleman not to make a raid on a defenceless woman and children. To turn the edge of her tongue, which was getting rather sharp, he politely asked if she had any cheese. "Yes," she answered "but no more than for my own use." He was willing to buy and she unwilling to sell; so there was no trade. Meanwhile a Tory who knew the house showed two of the soldiers to her pantry, and each stuck a cheese on his bayonet and proceeded to get out with them. But she still stood in the doorway, and as they passed her she slipped the cheese off the bayonets into her check apron, and the whole gang retreated under a brisk fire of her tongue to more comfortable quarters.

In the war of 1812, Falmouth was bombarded, and some of the British shot are still preserved in the village as mementoes of a cannonade which, though not very pleasant, did very little mischief, and the militia who flocked thither, many after a nineteen mile march, did not arrive in time to take part in the struggle. In this war the town fared very much as it did in the last. The fighting was confined to the Sound, where, amongst its islands, British privateers and warships brought their prizes or ventured forth to make attack upon the villages. The townspeople being adept sailors and in their own waters, managed their vessels with superior sea-skill. Indeed they were not backward in coming forward to smite the enemy that smote them, and as the war went on they went on improving in their craft and boldness. Some of the most daring "cutting-out expeditions" are reported from this quarter, as told in history. For instance, in 1814 Capt. Weston Jenkins took thirty-two men who had volunteered in a little sloop which sailed to Woods Hole, where, becoming becalmed, they towed to Tarpaulin Cove, where the British privateer "Retaliation," which had much distressed our navigation, lay at anchor. When they reached within three-quarters of a mile, the long gun of the "Retaliation" stopped them, and they came to anchor. A boat from the Britisher, with the captain and five men put off at once for the sloop. Captain Jenkins kept most of his men hid until the boat had made fast to his vessel, and then a score or so of loaded muskets were pointed down into the boat, and its crew "threw up their hands." Then putting a dozen men on board the privateer's boat, they got their sloop under way again, boarded the privateer and took five guns, two American prisoners and much plunder.



CHAPTER VII

ANTUCKET ISLAND.

enough, that the first modern discovery of this island
Gosnold in 1602, and that it was then in possession of
these occupied it for many decades thereafter. Gos-
neighborhood of Sankaty Head, the highest point of
there is no evidence whatever that this navigator did
island. It was included in the original grant of lands
, and was said to have been covered with a luxuriant
he time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and for many
ame part of the Province of New York in 1664, and was
setts in 1693.

was deeded by Lord Sterling to Thomas Mayhew, who
mas Macy and nine "original purchasers, receiving for
of eighty pounds sterling and two beaver hats." Macy
ers at once proceeded to conclude a bargain with the
mething after the manner of William Penn in acquiring
Each of the ten "original purchasers" also chose an
ty with their families proceeded to "settle" the island.
the names of Macy, Coffin, Hussey, Starbuck, Cook,
the present day in the family nomenclature of Nan-

ere about fifteen hundred Indians on the island, and
one hundred and fifty eight in 1703, a pestilence car-
a twenty-two of them in that year. In 1821 the last
be found in 1854, the last half breed. The decadence



View of Nantucket

of the Indian natives in this section of New England is illustrative of what is historical relating to them in every part of the United States.

Thomas Mayhew, who conveyed the island to the original ten, included himself among that number, and retained possession of one tenth of the island, together with the section known as "Quaise" or Maisquetuck, an Indian name signifying "reed land." Here in later years was the celebrated Miriam (Keziah) Coffin's country seat, the headquarters of smuggling on a somewhat grand scale, which finally caused the arrest by government of the renowned lady owner. In 1665 the Indian King Philip visited the island, and in 1666 the first mill for grinding corn was erected.



Along the Wharves, Nantucket



Main
Street,
Nantucket



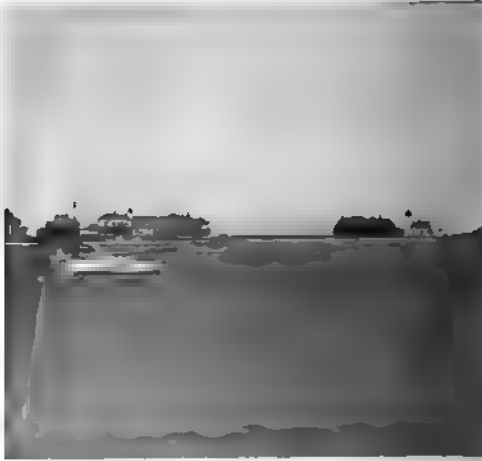
In 1671 the first town was incorporated, and in 1673 it was re-named Sherburne. The island was then a part of New York, and it was not until 1795, or upwards of a century after it had been ceded back to Massachusetts, that the name Sherburne was changed to Nantucket, which has been retained ever since.

There has been considerable controversy over the name "Nantucket," as to its origin, the source from which the island received it, and its signification. There seems to be little doubt, according to the best authorities, that it is of Indian origin, but its meaning is by no means so clear. Certain it is, however, that the name "Nantican" was applied to the place by the early discoverers; but this is admitted to have been probably a corruption of the Indian name which these explorers found there, so that the title is a Norse — or some other — corruption of the Indian, instead of an Indian corruption of the Norse, but no authority attaches to it any significant meaning.

In 1678, or thereabouts, was inaugurated the great industry that for two centuries thereafter was to distinguish this island, and constitute a most substantial foundation for the upbuilding of its interests and the career of its communities. In this year the pursuit and capture of whales was begun from Nantucket shores, the enterprise being from the first successful, and for many decades thereafter peculiarly beneficial to the advancement and growth of the place and the fame of its inhabitants.

The Nantucketers, thus early in the field in the pursuit of Leviathan, brought to this industry a determination, ability, and daring that soon distinguished them throughout the world, and eventually gave them the first place in the estimation of all countries in the prosecution of this form of adventure. The kind of whales thus taken from the shores were what is known as "right" whales; and it was not until 1712 that the first sperm whale was ever captured by the islanders.

About the year 1732 Davis Strait was visited for whale capture by vessels from Cape Cod and Nantucket, and in 1745 the Nantucketers sent a vessel direct to England with a cargo of oil. From this beginning grew a foreign trade embracing the countries of France, Russia, Spain and the Mediterranean shores, and China, — a trade which, having oil and whale products for its sole commodities on the one side, made return of every conceivable article of commerce from the other, besides innumerable rewards in substantial cash, the results and the evidences of which remain and are apparent in Nantucket to



Nantucket Harbor



An Old Fire-place



Old Mill, Nantucket, built 1746



Billy Clark, the noted Town Crier, Nantucket

influenced the maritime and commercial operations of New World nearly ever since.

Revolution opened, Nantucket had a fleet of one vessels, manned by 2,025 men, and was producing 14,000 barrels of whale oil annually.

Revolution, the greater portion of the population of "Friends," as they were called in those days. The suffered terribly throughout the war, and endured terrible property. At the close of the war, the ship "Bed-

ford," with a cargo of oil, was despatched to London from this port, and had the honor of being the first United States vessel hoisting the national flag in any British port.

The island of Nantucket is of an irregular triangular form, about sixteen miles long from east to west, and from three to four miles in width. The surface is slightly rolling, being nearly level in all parts on the south, and more hilly on the north, the elevations nowhere reaching above one hundred feet in height, and in but few instances attaining anywhere near that altitude. The highest point of land is Sankaty Head, where is situated a famous light-



Church, Nantucket



Nantucket
Jail



Old House
in
Siasconsett



Old House
in Nantucket,
"1724"



View at Nantucket

sion, the beneficence of which can scarcely be es-

he island are Nantucket and Siasconsett, or "Seon," now known. Other villages, or, in reality, diminutive ridled as such, are Sartside, "Luckernuck," Polpis, Wauwinet and Coatic. The island is almost entirely t that here and there at rare intervals are to be found s, in some cases the remains of the plantings of for onally a natural product growing sparsely and feebly. he island is of fair quality, and capable of vegetable ler, and good farms and gardens are not impossible

in the wharves of the principal village, the harbor headward, upwards of six miles, and is shaped in two of a half miles across in the widest part. On the side is the indentation known as Polpis Harbor, an apt that name, as its title indicates. Across the entrance



The old Coffin House, Nantucket. Built in 1686



An Old Fire-place

is a narrow, sandy shoal, or "bar," averaging about a
harbor mouth, and exceedingly embarrassing and vexatious.
The efforts and provisions of the National Government
to improve the condition of this harbor entrance, but
no action has ever yet been done, or was even attempted
in the infancy of the island.

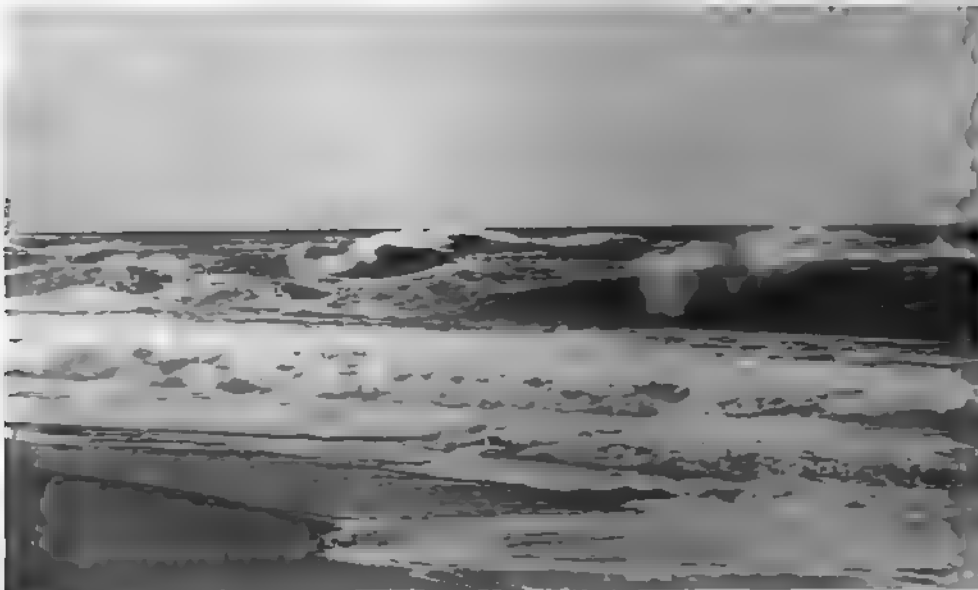
On the island are a number of fresh-water ponds, some of
which are well cultivated, and even three hundred, acres in area, and well
cultivated. A century or more ago these ponds were more
numerous and of considerably larger area, many having been
dried up. In the years have passed, while some then known have
been dried up, the larger of these ponds will become familiarly known
to every one who makes riding or pedestrian excursions outside
the island. To appreciate the contrast they offer to the broad patches
of water seen into view continually from different standpoints as he
travels, these ponds show specimens of the white pond lily
common to New England.

The whaling of the island languished greatly, in consequence of
the result of the hostility of England and other European
interests. In the War of 1812 the Nantucketers lost
many ships, through these being captured by war cruisers.
At that time there were forty-six whale ships belonging to Nan-

ucket. After this war the island recovered rapidly from its losses.
In the year 1820 Nantucket possessed a fleet of
whaling ships, besides a large number of smaller craft, including brigs,
sloops, etc. The business touched high-water mark in 1842, when
the fleet consisted of eighty-six ships, two brigs and two
sloops, of a tonnage of 30,000. From this time the whaling
business declined. In 1869 the last whale ship sailed from this port
and at the present time there is not the slightest
probability of its return. The discovery of gold in California, the
also the expense and danger of Arctic fishing, the dis-
covery of the great decline in the value of whale pro-
ducts, and the death blow to the sole business of Nantucket.



Sea Cliff House, Nantucket



The Breakers making in Shore off Nantucket, after a Gale



The "Harbor View," Nantucket



View at Nantucket



Bank Building, Nantucket



On the Moors, Nantucket

From the town, Gr
— stretches away for n
northern, or northwest
bluefishers in their seas
drawn sandy shores of C
sighted on the trip acr
winged fleet of coasters
peninsula, of which Grea
pies a position abutting
sula, extending from Co:
town and divided from
great resort for the youn

The 'Sconset of th
fishermen's huts, built of
weather. I found the v
that rises here well above
which a flight of steps, el
race pitches abruptly into
fortress. The sand here
other parts of the island,

The village is an odd
erected might have serve
from the angles of the ho
street lamps. Fences, r
holder's possession, and
involuntary glance at the
the names of wrecks that
that had entombed the sh
figure of a woman that h
from the loftier buildings
of those miniature villages

The sand is coarse-g
projected themselves fully
spoken of. Bathing here
attempted with hazard, an
ropes.

at Point — the "Nawma," Sandy Point, of the Indians
several miles northward, and its extremity forms the most
northern reach of the island. About this point cruise the
sloop and gunboat, and upon it is a government lighthouse. The long-
reached Point are among the first land of the real island
mass, and its offing, on the Cape Cod side, a white-
sail occupies almost continually. The lower part of the
Point is the extremity, is known as Coskata, and occu-
pies upon the inner basin of the harbor. A side penin-
sula extends to the harbor's mouth, and lying over against the
main land by the narrow outer harbor, is known as Coatue, a
great resort for people visiting the island in summer.

The past was neither more nor less than a collection of
the simplest materials that would keep out wind and
sun. The village pleasantly seated along the margin of the bluff
looked out to the sea. Underneath the cliff is a terrace of sand, ter-
raced out with a footpath, assists the descent. This ter-
race to the sea, with a regularity of slope like the glacis of a
fort, appears to be composed of particles of granite; in
fact it is like the drift at Cape Cod.

A collection of one-story cottages, so alike that the first
suggested a pattern for all others. Iron cranes projected
from the eaves, on which to hang lanterns at nightfall in place of
candles. Neatly whitewashed or painted, enclosed each house-
hold in many instances blooming flower-beds caused an
eye to look for a window for their guardians. On many houses were
seen the seeming of gravestones overlooking the sands
and cliffs that wore them. In one front yard was the carved
stone that had been filled by the foam of many a sea. Fresh
and broader streets of the town, this seemed like one
of those that children delight in.

The ground was grained and very soft. The waves that came in here
ran forty feet up the escarpment of the bank that I have
seen, is, on account of the undertow and quicksands,
ought not to be attempted except with the aid of



Broadway, Siasconset



Oldest House in Siasconset



Vestal Street, Siasconset



OLD GRIST MILL - BRANT POINT LIGHTHOUSE



Siasconset



Old Fish Cart, Siasconset

the ancient 'Sconset, the "Nantucketer's Seaside Retreat" "Patchwork Village" of the sea as it existed at the time is sketches, or a score or more of years ago. To the diminutive proportions of the ancient fishing settlement that children delight in," are its chief attraction; perhaps, one of the greatest curiosities to be found anywhere, it has been invaded by the "summer resident," modern built cottages are there to be found, the village increased many fold under this "booming." One quality it has — the finest of all in the estimate of many persons: every part a perfect sanitarium, 'Sconset is the most desirable section — a distinction of no mean significance and

telling that for ocean bathing, boating and fishing, no place on earth. Both still-water and surf bathing are found in at the desire of the individual, and either will be found in quality. For still water bathing, perhaps no place else the "Clean Shore," a stretch of beach of whitest sanding from Brandt Point westward to near the intersection with the island shore. The retreating tides leave the sun's rays for some hours, and upon their return, the heated sands are deliciously warmed, although their use would be desirable even though no such natural problem acceptable. The water in all this neighborhood of the locality is absolutely free from dangers, and the same in any part of the town: consequently, these bathing with every class of visitors, men, women and children are at two classes named.





Bluff and Hamlet at Siasconset



Ocean View House, Siasconset



CHAPTER VIII.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

of the year 1602, Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold engaged the northern Atlantic waters, along the coasts of that section of the continent which became known as New England. In the course of these explorations, for such they were — Gosnold made his mark upon different portions of the coast, affixing his mark upon the way of names for their localities, which in many respects are distinctive of them ever since.

It was in the course of these explorations that this navigator discovered the island of Martha's Vineyard. In reality, the first landing which he effected was upon a small island now known as No Man's Land, on the north coast of the larger island; and it was to this islet that he gave the name of Martha's Vineyard, although it was at that time a barren sand heap, with few natural attractions of any kind, and none which would justify the somewhat pretentious

investigations, he soon landed upon the larger island, where he found a different state of things, for here he discovered lakes, ponds, and fresh water, green bushes bearing delicious berries of the huckleberry tree, and a tree growth from which descended fruitful vines, and which animated the section. Remaining in the neighborhood of two weeks, before leaving for other parts, he transferred the name of No Man's Land to the larger island; and this has been used ever since.

At present Martha's Vineyard there are five towns, — Chilmark,

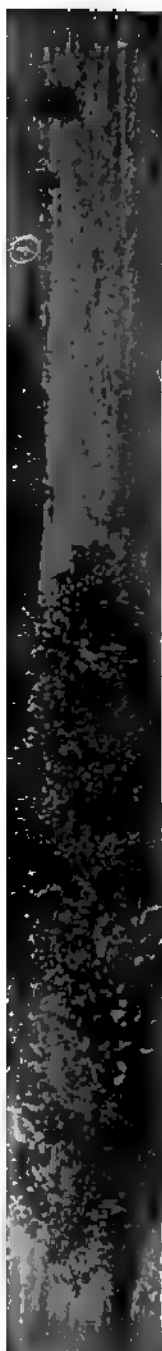
Cottage City, Edgartown, Tisbury and Gay Head. Scattered here and there upon its surface are little hamlets, seldom rising to the dignity of villages even; indeed Gay Head itself is scarcely more than one of these. The island is upwards of twenty-five miles in length from north to south, and about ten miles wide in its broadest part.

The "Vineyard," as this island is familiarly called, does not differ largely in conformation or physical features from its neighbor, Nantucket; but it has more territory.

The thousands who visit Martha's Vineyard every season are made up of representatives of every better class, condition and element in society. Of the permanent summer dwellers, so to speak, in Cottage City, there are the rich, the well-to-do, the persons or families of moderate means and the average toiler upon life's highways, illustrating the various and corresponding conditions of culture, social position, etc. These dwell together here in harmony and reasonably good fellowship. The man of wealth seeks his pleasures and pursues his employments in his own way, unquestioned by his neighbors and unquestioning from his own standpoint, caring little, or not at all, in any critical way, how other mortals seek results, so long as the reign of order and fair decorum re-



Baptist Church, Cottage City



View at Cottage City

mains unbroken—as it continually does hereabouts. And in the same way every sojourner upon these shores, dropping formalities and rigid conventionalism at the threshold of his cottage or hotel, throws off his dignity and reserve with his best suit, and comes down in dress and habit and pastime to the level of Nature, or at least takes long steps in that direction, the old dame herself assisting in the metamorphosis by her irresistible attractions, here outspread on every hand.

And so it happens that, all these people being given over to waiting upon Nature, drinking at her fountains, engaging in her pastimes, investigating her mysteries and conjuring her pleasures, they meet together upon the shore and beaches, becoming talkative and communicative along the avenues and in public and private places, and discover myriad good points in each other and, as of yore, a touch of nature makes the whole world kin.



Street View, Cottage City



Episcopal Church, Cottage City

Martha's Vineyard offers nothing wonderful, or even largely
ficient or modern annals to reward the lover of great deeds
as told in story. No startling traditions or legends of
l marvellous happenings are repeated from the old to the
to mouth, among her populations. It is not even claimed
territory was once the rendezvous of famous pirates or des-
is ever originated any remarkable sect or ism, or become
nd of any experimental society or organization, such as,
mainland, have rendered certain localities notorious.
nd in the sea, a gem of earth in ocean setting, so to speak,
or association, and appearing, for the most part, very much
ren it was planted fresh from the hands of the Creator.
s Mayhew, an English gentleman, bought Nantucket,
the neighboring islands of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and
This Mayhew had been one of the original settlers of
l subsequently, with some of his neighbors, decided to
Great Harbor (on the Vineyard), as Edgartown was then
Mayhew had a son, the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jr. These
tended organizing their new purchase under the manorial
we find in the oldest records that the island is styled the
of Martha's Vineyard." But the pious zeal of the
o have led him to make Christians and brethren, rather
ls, of the primitive people which they found on their

ne success crowned the labors of the new-comers in
the resources of the Vineyard, and the Indian saw that

l in the sea" this same Martha's Vineyard is, to be
l she has to depend upon historic associations, storied
ions for her ennobling! The waters that surround her
xtions of the Atlantic, as found within the zone fitly
the educators, and include about her shores every for-
ay and harbor. The breezes that blow over her gently
he purity of absolute uncontamination, and are filled
creative qualities.



Methodist Church, Cottage City



Metropolitan Hotel, Cottage City



Sunset Lake, Cottage City

"When summer's seething breezes blow,"
— Helms.



Methodist Tabernacle, Cottage City



Pawnee House, Cottage City



Baptist Tabernacle, Vineyard Highlands



CHAPTER IX.

EDGARTOWN.

shire town of the county, is about five and a half miles from Cottage City. It is most delightfully situated on a bay that opens upon a picturesque bay, and is a quiet, peaceful place, reminiscent of the days when the whale fisheries were active in importance at Nantucket, New Bedford, Mattapoisett, and along the whole coast was animate with the industries, and flourished by the fruits of these pursuits engendered. Edgartown formerly occupied a large portion of the island upon which Cottage City and itself are now situated. Its jurisdiction extended over the entire northeastern shore of the county. Edgartown has the only harbor upon the eastern coast of the county. It is a fine harbor, and looking none whatever, the latter lying, so to speak, directly opposite and looking the Atlantic squarely in the face. The natural harbor of Edgartown is Chappaquiddick Island, which lies north and south off the shores from the mouth of the western line of Katama Bay.

about three miles south from Edgartown. A peculiarity of the Katama Bay is the stream runs nearer to its shore than to any other along the coast. Katama Bay is the southern outlet of the waters of Edgartown. It flows for a few miles in the direction indicated, and between Chappaquiddick shores, to a junction with the ocean. On the western side is called Cotamy Bay, and the headland which holds the town is set down as Cotamy Point. From this point, away up Edgartown Harbor, the bay is of singularly uniform width. The bay is interesting in all its features, and is interesting chiefly from

this fact. For bathing, no beaches in New England can equal these Katama shores, the waters being perfectly still, safe, and of high temperature. For boating and bathing purposes the element of perfect safety is here secured for women and children. In these neighborhoods, too, are found some of the most noted fishing-grounds of the Vineyard waters.

About one and one half miles in a direct line, still south, from Edgartown, and about four or five miles from the same place by following the winding shores, is South Beach. South Beach is to Martha's Vineyard what Surfside is to Nantucket, that is, it is the locality where the rolling surf may be seen under conditions of grandeur and impressiveness seldom attending upon such natural exhibitions. Even at ordinary times, when the waves only ripple upon the shores between Cottage City and Edgartown, and when the waters of Katama Bay are smooth as a mill pond, the surf shows an angry, threatening front at South Beach, and its baritone may be heard far within the sandy natural fortresses that frown upon its encroachments. But when the south winds are blowing fresh, and especially when a "southeaster" musters its forces and attacks all along the line, "sublime" and "magnificent" are terms all too tame to be used in description of the ensuing scenes.

On the north or northwestern shore of the island is found ancient Tisbury, reaching far inland from the coast bordering on the Holmes' Hole waters, until it spreads its largest and fairest village of Vineyard Haven along the shores of



East Chop Light

fuge at the extreme north of the island, which gives this yard Haven and Lagoon Pond separate the territories of ty in the midst of the island, while Edgartown and Chil- and western Tisbury boundaries. The drives in every the island are numerous and grand.



Street, showing M. E. Church, Edgartown

DESCRIPTION OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

is the largest island on the New England coast. It is lar triangle, about twenty-three miles long and ten and at its widest part.

ie north by Vineyard Sound, east, south and west by the situated two and eight-tenths miles from the main land

is beautiful island is gently undulating and gradually three hundred feet above the level of the sea at the little north of the central part of the island, and is Indian Hill.

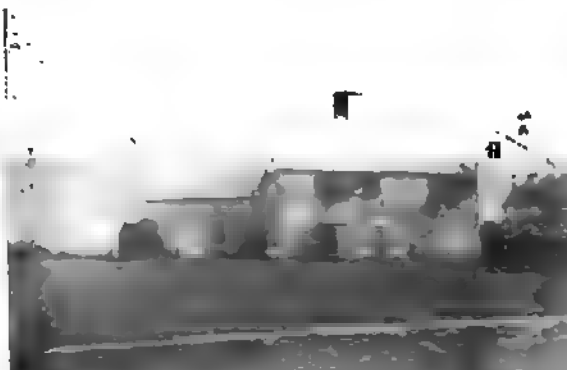
ed with woodland, farms and miniature lakes. Several xated on different parts of the island. The climate, delightful, and for healthfulness is unsurpassed.



Edgartown Light

A SKETCH OF THE ISLAND'S HISTORY.

The curious student, in his translations of Icelandic lore, will find a **vague and hazy** outline of reference to the discoveries and explorations in America by the intrepid and adventurous Norseman. According to Scandinavian sagas, one Leif Eriksen, a mariner in the eleventh century, was the first to sail to this hemisphere, but we fail to find any explanation of the configuration of the coast made by this fearless adventurer. One of his successors, however, Thorpine Karlesphine, who sailed around a cape which he called "Kjarules" — generally



Mayhew House, Edgartown



Residence of Sol. Smith Russell, Edgartown



Residence of Judge George B. Young, Edgartown



View of Edgartown from Mr. Russell's Boat House

supposed to be Cape Cod — discovered an island which he called "Stranmay," the description of which will fit Martha's Vineyard closely. Professor Horsford of Harvard College, has gone so far as to suggest that the names of some of the Vineyard localities are of Norse origin. For instance, Noman's-land is a corruption of Norseman's-land, and that East Chop and West Chop, at the entrance of Vineyard Haven Harbor, is the Norseman's name for Ost Kop (East Cape) and Vest Kop (West Cape).

The first discoverer of this island who comes within the realm of authentic history was Verrazzani, an Italian explorer, who saw the western extremity of it from the sea in 1564, and called it "Claudia," in honor of the mother of the Emperor Francis II of France. The next explorer, and the first one who left any account of the New England coast, was Bartholomew Gosnold, an English mariner, who, having the love of adventure in his breast, set sail from Falmouth, England, in 1602, to explore the shores of the new world. He sailed around Cape Cod and up the southern shores of Nantucket and the Vineyard, mistaking them at first for the main land. He landed on No-man's-land, and named it "Martha's Vineyard," which name was afterwards transferred to the Martha's Vineyard of the present day. It appears that on May 28, 1602, Gosnold decided to locate on Cuttyhunk Island (which is to the northward of the Vineyard about five miles), the westernmost of a group which he named the "Elizabeth Isles," in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who died that year.



From Sol. Smith Russell's Boat House Piazza.

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind."
Montgomery.

icturesque group of islands lies longitudinally east by — length of the group sixteen miles — and are nearly neyard, separated from it by Vineyard Sound.

lands forming this group (the Elizabeth Isles), beginning, are : 1st, Cuttyhunk ; 2d, Penikese, 3d, Nashawena ; 4th, the largest ; 5th, Weepecket ; 6th, Uncatena ; 7th, and several more, but so small as to be unworthy of

se and fort on Cuttyhunk, the remains of which are still is visitor, and made preliminary arrangements to start ention of establishing a colony ; but his companions terror of the Indians, and finally persuaded him to return to England, which he did June 18, less than a en up their abode on this beautiful isle. During their rocured large quantities of sassafras root, which at that dollar per pound in England, and was supposed to inal qualities.

ounts of Gosnold's voyages, and in one of them refer- that he landed on Martha's Vineyard (this island), but ot see fit to remain more than a short time. Probably le to the new-comers, and looked upon them as e accounts referred to, the cliffs of Gay Head are de-



Pring trade
fied them with t
with the sound
intimidation fail
first sign of hos

From this t
the Indian nan
most important

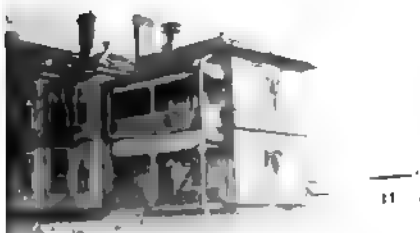
VINEYARD HAVEN.



View at Vineyard Haven

the Indians, amused them with music and singing, terri-
mastiffs which he had on board his vessel, and also
mon, and finally, when his means for amusement and
I away with a load of the precious root, sassafras, at the

Vineyard, which had become known to the English by
pawack, seems to have been considered one of the
the newly-discovered American coast, and an inci-



3. Marine Hospital, Vineyard Haven



Residence of the Hon. W. L. Swift, Representative from the Island. Vineyard Haven



Haven, showing the Mansion House on the Corner



ard Falmouth from West Chop
 Photographed by W. H. Ashton

in
le
in
a
Sir
of
of
n's

in
f a
ed,
urd
ad
ed
so-
for,
pe-



ditions from the Is
Vineyard) in searc
templated enterin
gave up the ente
prosecute it to an



Main



Vineyard Haven, showing Water Front

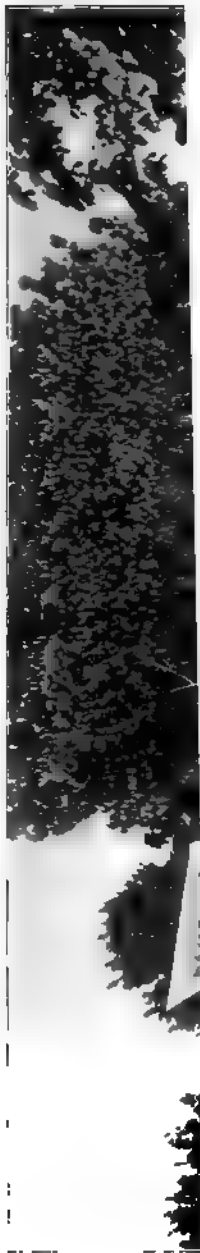
Monhegan, on the coast of Maine, to Kapanack (the
 ie gold; and even the famous Capt. John Smith con-
 occupation of gold-digging here, but for some reason
 and wrote rather disparagingly of "those who did
 cessful end."

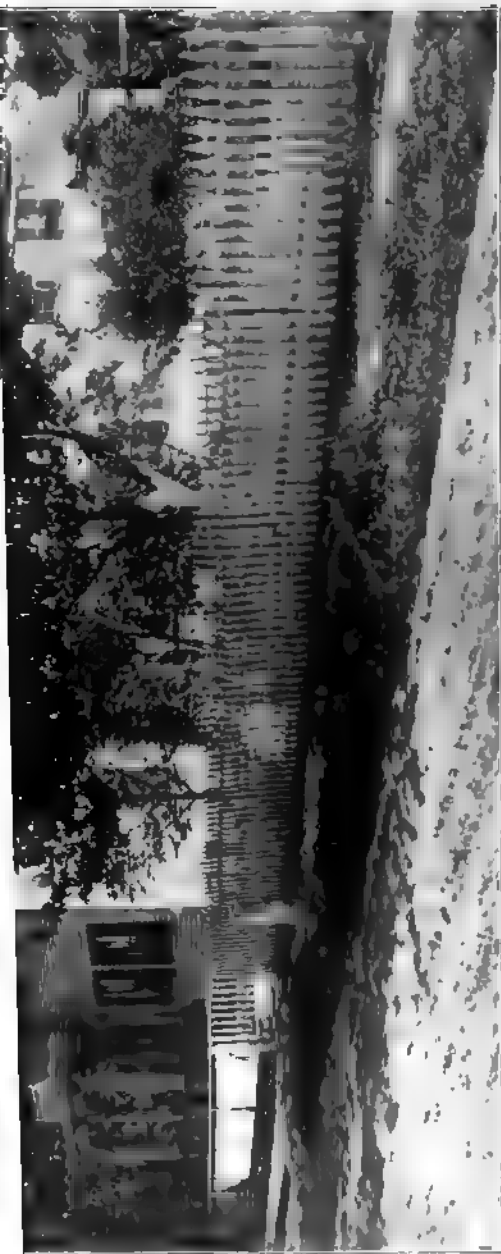


looking toward Post Office, Vineyard Haven

Exposition
National

Swift Bros.'s Store at Vineyard Haven. A Fair Representative of Stores in this Vicinity





Residence of Capt. Gilbert Smith, Vineyard Haven



Vineyard Haven



Tashmoo Lake, Vineyard Haven

Photographed by W. H. Ashton



1. C. M. Morgan of New York, at Anchor in Vineyard Haven

landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in the early history, when occasional sails began to fleck the eastern coast, like the first rays of light that foretell the of the human tide that has since poured into this increasing force from every land, a wave-weary craft, tried men and women fleeing from oppression and at last. Now their long, determined contest with they cast anchor in the little haven on the northern end (now known as Edgartown), secure at last from this incident to a voyage of many weeks' duration. As they decided to linger in this beautiful haven and await proceeding on their way.

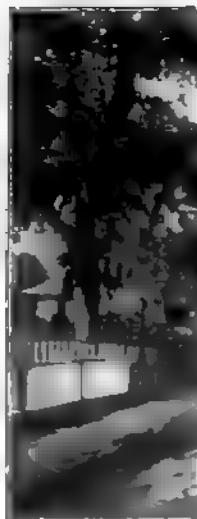
benial climate, with fish and game in abundance, they attention of joining the Virginia Colony, and decided settlement, which they did, on the present site of

tried and hardy adventurers there still remain many uplying, as their fathers before them, high places in place, ready to labor and fight wherever the honor and country required a strong arm and cool head.

authority, these pioneers of the Vineyard came from . There will be found Tisbury and Chilmark, the by that name, and the family names, there as here, of east, Pease, Smith, Daggett or Doggett, Look, Holmes (see from *Geo. W. Eldridge's History of the Island.*)



Williams Street, k





North, showing Stephen Lucas' House on the right,
Vineyard Haven



Williams Street, Vineyard Haven



Cottages at West Chop



Sound from West Chop



"The Cedars," West Chop. Conducted by Miss Clifford



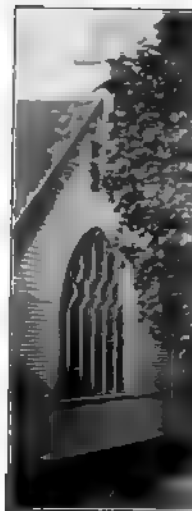
Cottages at West Chop



ard Haven, showing M. E. Church on the left



ker Avenue, Vineyard Haven



Spring S



Main



showing Baptist Church, Vineyard Haven



set, looking North, Vineyard Haven

op

S
T
A
A

N
I
T
T
T
T
T

T
In

I
Of
Th
An
W

Of
Wi

On
Fr
An
Th
Me

W
A

Vineyard Haven, M.

MARTHA'S VINLYARD.

o, so blessed by wind and tide,
o I love, thou art my pride:
t be that o'er the sea
and than this can be,
here birds sing sweeter,
skies are brighter?
nor wave hath answered me

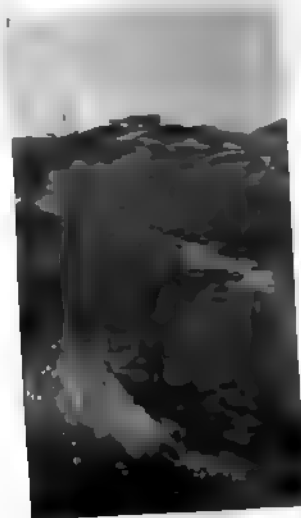
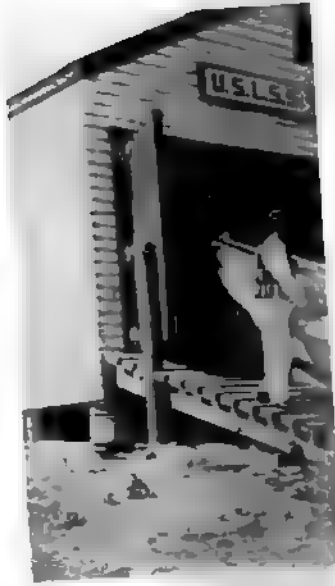
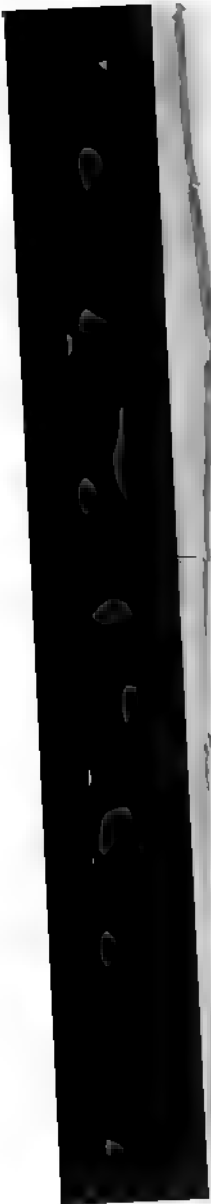
is wondrous isle, do you?
st, sweetest, oft I've said;
ssom roses, white, amber, red,
lth-giving slumbers bring happiest dreams
who sleep by her murmuring streams,
nd the God-given hours,
e like sweet, nameless flowers,
ided with fragrance and exquisite hue,
nderful isle in an ocean of blue.

amed of this wondrous island, have you?
st-haunted brooks, of sun-gleams that pass,
der to seaward, athwart the sweet grass,
owsy waves droning on yonder fair beach,
er and always are just beyond reach.
rainbowed Gay Head
sing out of God's bed,
-kissed shells, so old, yet new,
ams of this isle in an ocean of blue!

ores of this isle, I know it is true,
mad working world scarce a keel ever grates,
busy cares seldom knock at its gates,
soft, southern wind in the casement atone
unwritten music in the long afternoon,
ere wind is unknown
nd life's flower neds down,
come to this isle and prove that 'tis true,
adise found in an ocean of blue!

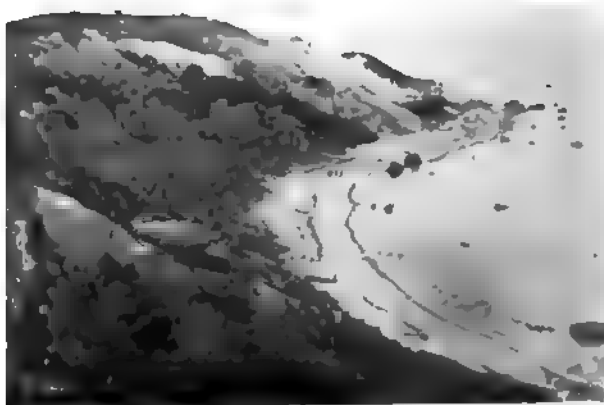
ily 26, 1897.

G. W. ELDRIDGE.





Life Saving Station, Gay Head



Gay Head Cliffs

it's silly
and
essential
of



wn to Manomet River the county road winds along over
he forest on our right and the bay some miles away on
erally north. On this road are strung along, as on a
llages of West and North Falmouth, Cataumet, Pocas-
ch, with many side roads to the shore. In parts, there
this main road, and some of these old houses are thor-
provements, in a reformation which some will think a
e of the coast, from West Falmouth south to end in the
Hole — in shape a sickle with its concave bending in
facsimile of that Irish coast where, the wind blowing
ie southwest, the Spanish "Armada," sailing for Spain,
ie to weather the headlands, and went ashore on the lee
t is a good place, with "Fronde's History" in hand, to
dies and disasters of those ancient sailors, which left
haped shape our own fortunes in our late war with Spain.



Residence of Mrs. Scull, West Falmouth

CH



IT ISLAND, WEST FALMOUTH.



Residence of Samuel G. King, Chapoquoit



Residence of R. J. Edwards, Chapoquoit



Summer Residence of W. B. P. Wicks, Chapoquoit



Summer Residence of Mr. Farnsworth, Chapoquoit

NORTH FALMOUTH.

North Falmouth was granted to John and Ebenezer Nyes have generally been among "the men of", and, as to that matter, on the Cape. In 1719 (the reader in estimating the real value of salaries), a is worth about forty-four cents in honest money. s had a hard time, and got very badly burned, at a g to make paper money as good as any, without back it. In 1802 the town voted \$400 for schools, 3, and \$80 for roads.



ences of Downer Brothers, Wild Harbor





Cataumet from Land of Mr. Stillson



Church and Parsonage, Cataumet

Summer Residence of Andrew Hawes, Megansett



Summ.





r Residence of Alden Teele, Megansett



r Residence of B. F. Shattuck, Megansett

CATAUMET.

All along this shore, men from abroad have brought to these old lands their new wit and wealth, as the pictures we show will prove. The forest on our right, extending east through Barnstable, and once the abode of deer and wolves, and now every summer resonant with the laugh and chatter of the summer merry-makers, as seen from our hill range, is at Cataumet meeting-house almost as wide as the bay. The meeting-house itself was carted from Scussett about 1830, and its underpinning was cut out of the forests by the pious, and is very old. Half a mile north, in a broad hollow, still stands the manse or parsonage of one of the missionaries, Tupper, who ministered to the Indians and white folk here at a very early date. For the Indians are much in evidence here, in these extensive shell heaps, as at Penguin Cove, further on, as this was a region always rich in food supply from the sea. And so we reach, on our road, mingled forest and cleared land through the Pocassetts to Monument Beach, and its many new houses on our left, which will speak for themselves. From here to Bourne village, a couple of miles or so, the scenery and situation are about the same.



Looking from Veranda of T. A. Baxendale's residence showing the Bay



Summer Residence of Thomas A. Baxendale, Amrita Island, Cataumet



Steel View, Megamall, looking toward the Water

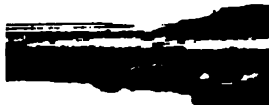


View at Cataumet Beach



Residence of Robert Winsor, Cataumet

2



Sum:





Residence of Mr. Alfred Winsor, Cataumet



Residence of D. C. Stillson, Cataumet



Summer Residence of Col. Walter and Andrew Pike, Colorado



View of the Inner Bay from the Dittmars Estate, Cataumet



Summer Residence of Andrew Hawes, Meganett

POCASSET.



View at Pocasset Beach, Barlow Landing



Wing's Neck Light, Buzzards Bay



Summer Residence of Prof. Edw. S. Wood, Pocasset



Dining Room of Prof. Edw. S. Wood's Summer House, Pocasset

MONUMENT BEACH.



Tobey Island, showing Monument Beach in distance

It is that so many retired doctors, by the hundreds, come summer, and a good many stay the year around, and mind statesmen and congressmen, and the ex-secretary of the old Olney ; and his honor, the ex President of the United States, not only comes for a few weeks, but comes again and again for successive years, with the accomplished and beautiful Mrs. Olney in this quaint place four months each year. The reason for this is acknowledged to be one of the most healthful and the most beautiful either on land or water on God's earth ; the boating is in the water, and for bathing, the water is warm and delightful, and the abundance of good fishing, is it any wonder that it is so much



Porter Bay, showing Tobey Island Club House in distance



Spring House at Monument Beach

*O my son! is this the path to the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean sends a thrilling pulse through me?*



Beach View, showing old Wreck and Tobey Island, at Monument Beach



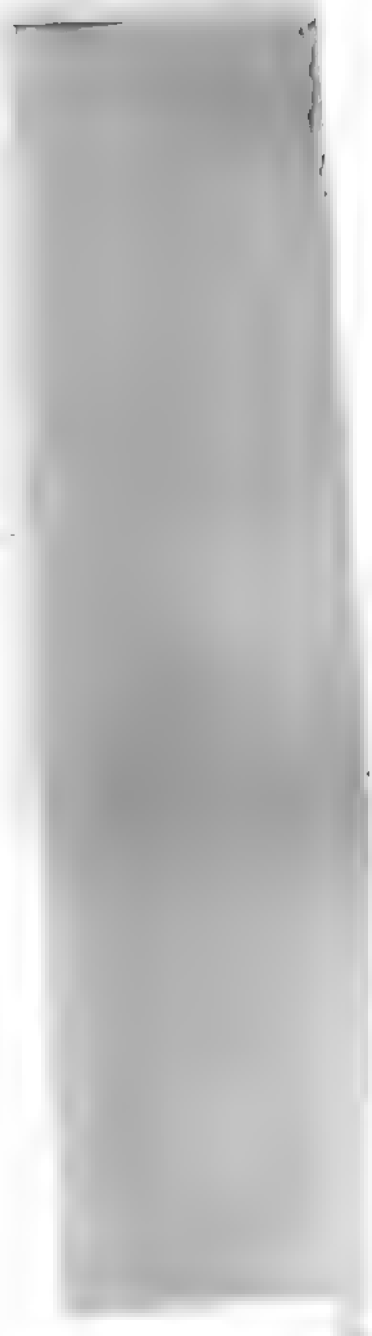
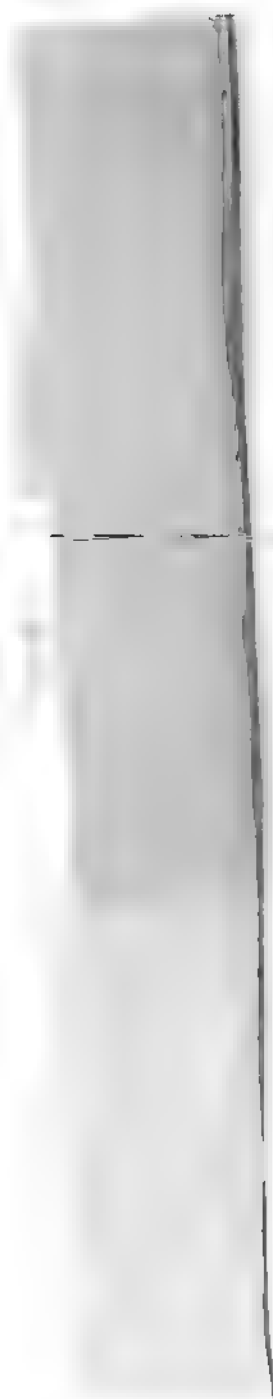
Oak Grove, near Tobey Island Club House

it so many noted public and retired men come here for

The drives are beautiful, and this, with its native quaint-
 rds of vegetables raised on the nearby farms, and plenty
 waters, I think is enough to tell the story why these people
 nd rustic location, and another thing, the tax rates are
 nd Bourne than in any other two towns in Massachusetts.
 e always come again.



Little Bay from Tobey Island, showing Summer
 residence of George A. Gardner





View on Tobey Avenue, Monument Beach



View at Monument Beach, showing Tobey Island in distance



Street View, Monument Beach, showing residence of Benjamin O. Caldwell



Monument Beach, looking South from Mr. Gurney's Cottage



Monument Beach, showing the Old Split Rock



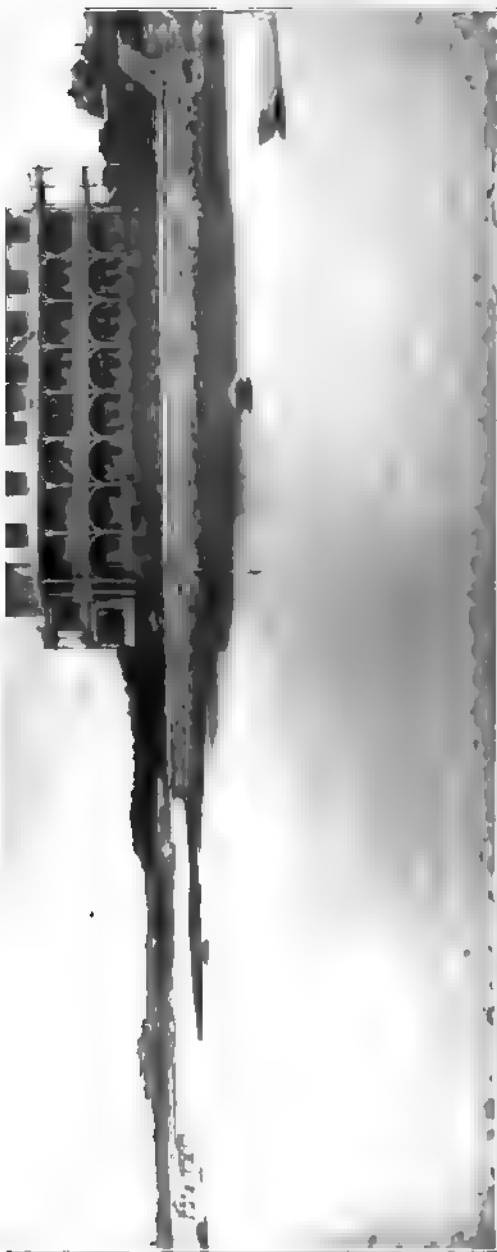
Jones





Summer Residence of Arthur B. Marston, Monument Beach





Norcross House, Monument Beach
Showing one of the finest sea walls ever built in New England, this wall alone costing twenty thousand dollars. Photograph taken at low tide

Summer Residence of Embert Howard, Monument Beach



Residence of Dr. Leonard Latter, Monument Beach



Summer Residence of Mr. Levi D. Brown, Monument Beach



Union Chapel, Monument Beach

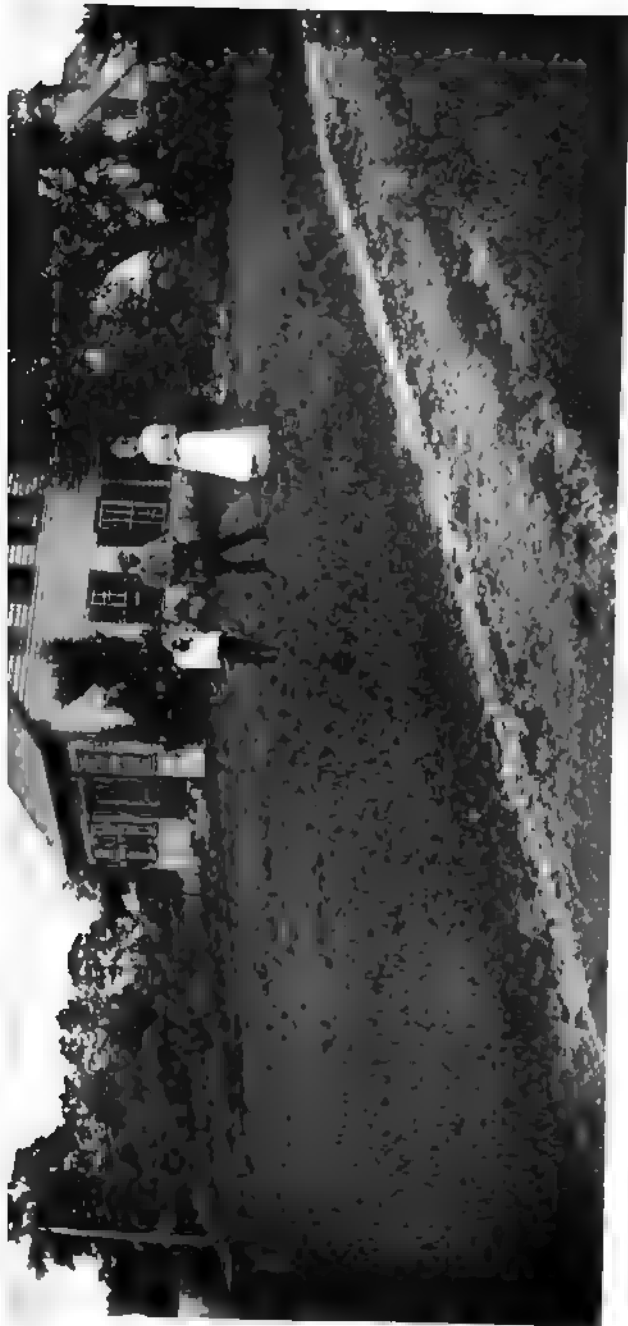


apt. Seth S. Burgess, Monument Beach, over 200 years Old

already been noted the fact that where one finds in a
 r "lilac," or "locust" tree, somewhere nearby are the
 whose occupants brought them here. But the anomaly
 g our other trees here has never received the attention
 native tree, but imported, when and where there is no
 not a tree of New England origin, nor associated with
 character; full of grace, flexible in storms, and dainty
 t leaves out in spring timidly, and later than most other
 among the first to fall in the frost, almost entirely with-
 ever large nor warted, with a tendency to run straight
 he common soil, as all trees do. And the curt "old
 e lower trunk gives it a show of antiquity, as though it
 family. It seems full of humility under the shower, and
 rain-drops for the next sunshine to spring into new
 riches are long and tenuous, and its leaves are like-man-
 ng from the "cathedral green" of the early ones to a
 as dark as the lilac's, as though long life, as in the case
 s, had shadowed it into greater gravity and reserve. It
 entitles it, by its prominence on a clear day, to be called

es
es
ad
y
d
e
,
r
.
.
o
n
e





Homestead of E. G. Perry, Monument Beach



Street View showing the Laurel Tree opposite K. G. Perry's residence



Beach



L



Vie



and Locust trees near Rev. N. A. Chamberlain's



of Eel Pond, from new Bridge, Monument Neck





Summer Residence of John Parkerson, Esq., Monument Neck, Bourne



ort





Residence of Charles Hanley, Bourne

On the estate of John Parkerson, Esq., near his summer residence at Monument Neck



Summer Residence of Arthur Hunnewell, Monument Neck, Bourne

BOURNE VILLAGE.

CAPE COD MEMORIES.

WRITTEN FOR E. G. P. BY E. J. ELLIS.

YOU ask for the scenes of my childhood reviewing,
Then list while I give them to you in a song :
The scenes of my memory like childhood come trooping
And painted in lustres to youth that belong.
The old-fashioned brown house my father first lived in —
My childhood and youth there in pleasure were spent,
The shallow spring well whose sweep kept reviewing,
The roots and the corn that the garden then lent.

The old lumbering stage-coach from Woods Hole to Boston,
That passed by the door as it went and it came. —
The driver 's departed, the stage is forgotten,
The pleasures it rendered are now known but in name.
The fields of the farmer, so rich in my memory,
In summer were covered with rye and with maize,
And rich was the bloom of the sweet opening clover,
With fruits in abundance in autumn's bright days.



Summer Residence of Mr. Geo. B. Appleton,
Old Homestead of E. J. Ellis, Bourne

spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,"
ners had ground their corn and their rye,
l farmer that always would run it, —
nd his cot just a stone's throw were nigh.
it is standing ; all else is forgotten,
at old farmers are with us no more ;
reading millpond its bed has forsaken
n disgust to the Back River shore.

they are changed in their ancient endeavor,
weep is gone, and the orchard 's no more,
er, the roots, and the hay, and the corn
recollection, — the clams fled the shore.
ioned school — it is lost and forgotten,
e the youth went thirteen weeks in a year :
ere green and not dead and half rotten —
they passed the collegiate door.

tan 's gone ; then leave his cold ashes :
for their times, they were healthful and good,
: enforce them, e'en now it were better
le bolt locks on our granary door.
of the nation our sand-dunes is owning,
iled wealth has enveloped our bay ;
own off the yoke of poverty's morning
it to Spaniards just over the way.

faint hearts are round us repining,
plodding ways of our fathers are gone,
e of Cape Cod for these cannot linger, —
ave departed, we're building with stone.
f the live brain is dotting our shore
es, grander than Greece ever knew ;
ures of ease we are asking no more,
or the old ways, we're following the new.

gth, and the nerve, and the brain of Cape Cod,
spread their wings over every strand ;
le our soil, we have nerve for commanding —
ding the gavel in many a land.

Cape Cod from the Woods Hole to Plymouth,
ing far down to the Provincetown shore
it the same wherever you travel,
't is the Right Arm of Liberty's power



The Old Stage Coach

In the year 1884 the territory of the town of Sandwich was divided by act of the legislature, and a new town created which was called Bourne.

Bourne includes within its territory very much of the woods, streams, and fresh-water collections that formerly made the Sandwich territory famous ; and, besides, it has within its limits some of the finest and most picturesque portions of the Buzzards Bay shores. The Monument River, which empties into Buzzards Bay, and along whose course the great ship canal will run, if it is ever finished, lies largely within its territory.

The shore line of Bourne, from the railroad bridge at the head of Buzzards Bay, throughout its entire course to the point of the southern boundary at Cataumet, has become of late years an extended succession of summer resorts. Scattered along upon this shore are some of the most noted summer estates in the country, among which are "Crow's Nest" (on Buttermilk Bay), the summer home of Joseph Jefferson (its buildings were destroyed by fire early in 1893, but have since been replaced by others) ; "Gray Gables" (Monument Point),



Grammar School, Bourne



M. E. Church, Bourne



Residence of M. C. Waterhouse, Bourne



Residence of A. F. Swift, Bourne



On the estate of John Parkerson, Esq., near his summer residence at Monument Neck



Summer Residence of Arthur Hunnewell, Monument Neck, Bourne

vided by act
 2.
 streams, and
 amous: and,
 que portions
 es into Buz-
 it is ever fin-

of Buzzards
 boundary at
 mer resorts.
 er estates in
 the summer
 rly in 1893.
 nent Point).

that of ex-Pre
 wam Point),
 Parkinson and
 and the appr
 "Gray Gables"
 may be seen t



Used by permission

leveland, the estates of Moses Williams of Boston (Agawam), W. Appleton of New York, Alpheus H. Hardy, John Hunnewell of Boston. The outlook from these estates, them either by land or water, are of the very finest. At a mile distant, southward, from the railroad bridge, and car-windows as trains pass over that structure.



Oil Painting by Charles S. Raleigh, Marine Painter, Bourne





New Library at Bourne



Looking South at Bourne Corners

Near the
hereabouts, of
some remembrance
tance across t
somewhat rejuvenate
fortune or
manners of the
its women spend
nobody in the
West Barnstable
instruct them, a
that union came

From here
landscape is rather
the favorite resort
among the most
oldest type on C



One of Bourne'

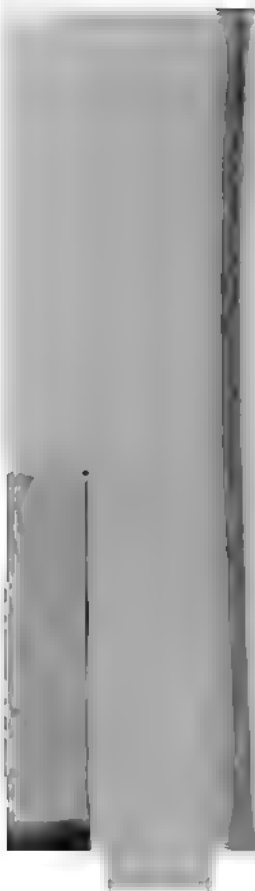
depot and Manomet River are some of the oldest fields
grim trading-post times, probably rich in traditions; and
ancient pear-trees which once stood there. A short dis-
r stands the Bourne House, with the date 1662 on it,
; and one incident connected with this family may illus-
if there be any such thing in marriages and the simple

It was when every prominent family owned slaves, and
time at the loom than some do now at the piano. But
knew the art of weaving cloth. Therefore they sent to
daughter of a deacon of that parish, and she came up to
illy gave her hand to a citizen of the place, and from
of the best blood to this day found in the village.

ne "head of the bay," and almost directly north, the
ixed, and the population too, although "the head" is
city clubs, and its families in olden times, as now, were
etable in old Sandwich. We show here two houses of the
lod.



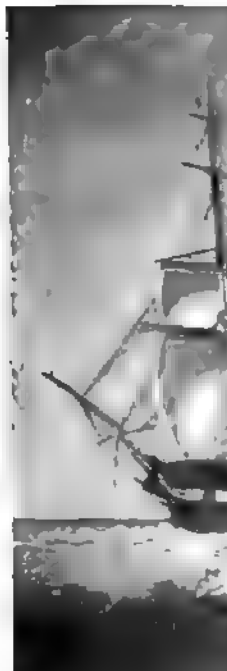
residential places. Estate of the Late Capt. Elisha Perry





Manomet Club House, Head of Bay, Bourne

Here e
We trust tha
Some day s
zoölogy and
tones he ma
note the st
story. the p
of the wind
old house ge
sea in storm
birds in stro
that or not,
story of this
hood, sweet
those who w



1812 — Escape of the

itinerary of Cape Cod, about a mile from where we started. Promises have been kept which were made in the beginning. I want, calling to his aid the new discoveries in botany, and the new discoveries in geology, which have then been made, will complete the picture in the wisest and best. We venture to suggest to him that he should record the old flowers from other latitudes growing here, and their old tone of our different forest trees in the wind; the sound of the surf round the corners and caves of our houses, and whether an old music from a new one; the pitch and tone of the human voice; and, above all, record the music and cry of our Cape Cod bursts of melody in shore and forest. But whether he do this or not, to say that no man or woman can honestly try to tell the story of Cape Cod without producing a book of strange history, Spartan manhood, pathos and poetry, not unworthy of being read by all generations, is to prove themselves in all generations.



Constitution. From an Oil Painting by Chas. S. Raleigh, Marine Painter

Bourne

Cataumet
Pocasset
Wenaume
Monumen
Monumen
Buzzards
Bourne
Head of t
Bournedal
Sagamore

Falmc

North Fal
West Fal
Quisset
Sippiwisse
Woods H
Falmouth
Teaticket
East Falm
Menauha
Waquoit
Hatchvill
Ashumet

Brewster

East Brew
West Brew
Factory V

Wellfl

South We
Brook Vi

Barnstab
Bourne
Brewster
Chatham
Dennis,
Eastham
Falmouth
Harwich

IS IN EACH TOWN ON THE CAPE.

Yarmouth.

South Yarmouth
West Yarmouth
East Yarmouth
Yarmouth Port

Truro Village.

Pond Village
North Truro
South Truro

Dennis.

East Dennis
West Dennis
South Dennis
Dennis Port

Chatham Village.

North Chatham
West Chatham
South Chatham
Chatham Port

Harwich Centre.

Harwich Port
West Harwich
South Harwich
East Harwich
Pleasant Lake

Eastham.

North Eastham

Sandwich.

East Sandwich
Spring Hill
Scorton
Wakeby
Farmersville
Forestdale

Barnstable.

West Barnstable
East Barnstable
Cotuit
Santuit
Osterville
Centreville
Marston's Mills
Newtown
Hyannis
Hyannis Port
Craigville
Cotuit Highlands
Pondville

Orleans Village.

South Orleans
Rock Harbor
Naniskakett

Provincetown.

Mashpee.

South Mashpee

ABITANTS OF CAPE TOWNS.

CENSUS 1895.

.	4035	Mashpee, . . .	330
.	1580	Orleans, . . .	1198
.	901	Provincetown, . . .	4555
.	1809	Sandwich, . . .	1580
.	2545	Truro, . . .	815
.	476	Wellfleet, . . .	968
.	2655	Yarmouth, . . .	1655
.	2532		
			<hr/>
			27,654

THE SOUTH SHORE.

ALTHOUGH the North Shore is one of nature's own delightful summer resorts, still, for beautiful sandy beaches, excellent bathing, boating and fishing, the South Shore by far excels the North Shore. Rightfully the South Shore begins at the branch of N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. at Braintree, one of the oldest townships in or about Boston. The town was incorporated in 1640, and was named from Braintree, England, like many other places which bear ancient names of the mother country. For years this town was connected with Quincy, Randolph and Holbrook, but in the year 1708 it was set off as a separate township. Many noted persons were born and raised in this old town of Braintree. John Adams, second President of the United States spent his boyhood's days here, and John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States was born here, also many other noted and distinguished men. Braintree is particularly noted for its extensive estates, its modern built residences, its beautiful drives, and its delightful views from the higher elevations. From Braintree we can see the Blue Hills and Cochato Rivers, which unite to form the Monaticquot River, and this empties into the Weymouth Fore River. Also there are two fine fresh-water ponds, originally called Gooch and Cranberry, where fish abound in goodly number. The next town below is Weymouth. This town was incorporated in 1635, five years before Braintree, and many stories could the old inhabitants tell of encounters with the Indian chieftains and warriors. Many fierce battles were fought by our forefathers and earlier settlers, and it was at Weymouth that Myles Standish led his band of brave followers forth to battle. Sometimes he was met by several tribes, and history gives it that two noted chieftains, Mattawamut and Pecksuot, with many of their brave warriors, were here slain by Myles Standish and his followers, but in 1676 the town was again attacked by the Indians, and many buildings burned. The Indian name of the place was Wessagusset, but the town was supposed to be named from Weymouth, England. The first settlers here were not our Pilgrim Fathers, for they were not a religious or a peace abiding people, they were inclined to be lawless and far from doing right. The original colonists remained only a short time, and soon a better class took their places, and the latter really were the founders of the town.

HINGHAM

town on the South Shore where there are so many imposing
Weymouth, and this town can boast of having exceedingly
views. From the higher elevations it is perfectly enchanting.

Boston, Hull, Nantasket, and many other inviting summer
under this fine town is always overrun with summer tourists.
dingly fine for bathing, boating and fishing. Next town is
e find the coast is not so evenly laid out, there being many
along the shore front, which the summer tourists like to see ;
and small bays, making its shores wonderfully attractive for
finess, and near by we can see the Weir River, with a very

lands there are some of the most commanding views of the
Prospect Hill is about 250 feet above sea level, and several
arily as high. There are some fine farms in Hingham, which
to our Boston market. Hingham has some fine fresh-water
ljoining towns, already visited. They have a fine public



Main Street, Hingham, from Railroad Crossing
Photographed by F. L. Temple

library, and it is in this village that the Derby Academy was endowed by Sarah Derby in 1797. And it is here that they have the oldest church in all New England, first used in 1682, and they have one of the finest cemeteries in Massachusetts. We see on the headstones names of many noted men there laid to rest ; and it is here, in Hingham, that our Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, has his beautiful home. Many beautiful old elm trees adorn the streets in this grand old place. The town was settled in 1633 by people of the old country, who formerly came from Hingham, England, and was incorporated in 1635. The Indians had many a bloody battle here under Philip, and here many noted men were born. The high elevation of land, with just breeze enough from the water, makes Hingham a delightful summer place. Its streets are always well kept, and many enchanting drives here abound. It is only a few miles from here to Nantasket Beach, and many fine farms are scattered about. The drive from Hingham is very delightful, as there is just roughness enough in the natural make-up of the country to make it wonderfully attractive. Many fishermen's cottages can be seen. The roads are made to look as rustic as possible, as the old lanes and country roads have been travelled for centuries both by our old-fashioned country friends and, originally, by the Indians. Little did the country people dream it would some day be such a fine watering place as it is now.



Residence of the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, Hingham

NANTASKET.

is of very narrow width, from forty to sixty feet from bay to any are the associations connected with Nantasket as a summer resort surpasses all others in New England for its enchanting water. The renowned Minot's Ledge Lighthouse can be seen from this point. Every mariner has thanked his Creator for the grand flash of light tossed about in storm and tempest. The hills, that used to boast of some of New England's finest summer houses. The best people find enchantment here, but many in the humbler cottages come down here to pass their vacation, camping out in tents here and families for their summer outing. Countless are the fine views from the move at this fascinating seashore watering place. Pleasant sight of the bathers waiting for a big wave to roll in so close to its dashing billows, and thousands are the ships of all grades from the pleasure steam-yacht to the transatlantic steamers plowing the sea, that can be seen here. A very short distance from Nantasket is "Harding's Ledge," where there is a large bell-buoy. In every mariner is ever on the alert for this warning bell. Farther out in the bay on the so-called "Graves."



Nantasket Beach. Photographed by E. A. Bartlett, Nantasket

—



SOME o
foliage
England? "
Often
and less pr
beautiful re



COHASSET.



Osgood's School, Cohasset

tates are laid out with such stately magnificence, and the beautiful, one is apt to exclaim, "Is this our beloved New

ere many fine turnouts of the rich, and many less gorgeous s turnouts of our plain country folks, still all enjoy this . Cohasset was originally an Indian name called Conno-



Cohasset, looking Northwest from Kent's Rock



New Driveway, Cohasset

hasset, and much interest is always shown in looking at the rugged rocks and projecting cliffs seen all along through this section of our journey. The scenes in Cohasset are wonderfully fine, and the fashionable summer rusticators are always found here in great numbers. Its situation is so near Boston, it makes a summer resort very convenient for business men. Beautiful as the estates are, the country is rough and rocky. Oftentimes the cliffs rise 180 to 200 feet above sea level.



View of Cohasset from Kent's Rocks, looking west

NORTH SCITUATE.



Life Saving Station at North Scituate



f Cohasset from Kent's Rocks, looking southwest

In a pa
" Old Oake

" Ho

Th



Ti

Ti

Ti

Ti

" Ti

I t

GREENBUSH, SCITUATE.

Scituate called "Greenbush" we find the much renowned
"Greenbush" homestead.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

To this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
And recollection presents them to view !
The meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
Every loved spot which my infancy knew,



The spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The ledge and the rock where the cataract fell ;
My father, the dairy-house nigh it,
The rude bucket that hung in the well.
The oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The covered bucket that hung in the well.

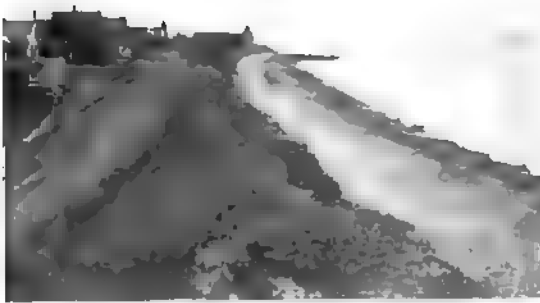
The covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
At noon, when returned from the field,
The source of an exquisite pleasure,
The best and sweetest that nature can yield.



BRANT ROCK.



Life Saving Station, Brant Rock



looking South from Life Saving Station

MARSHFIELD.

THE Indian name of the town was Missaucatusket. We find that from here it is only a short drive to Duxbury, Pembroke, and several other villages. It was incorporated in 1640. It was here that Daniel Webster was finally laid to rest. A short drive brings us to Green Harbor. Marshfield shores are very attractive to sportsmen. Sea ducks and shore birds abound. Cut River and Brant Rock are some of the most noted places. Brant Rock is noted as a healthful and delightful summer watering-place. Many very distinguished people come here to spend the summer months.



Ancient Winslow House, Marshfield

Marshfield Hills and Sea View are also very attractive summer places. It was at Marshfield that Edward Winslow first settled, and called his place "Careswell Place," after his English estate. Daniel Webster came to Marshfield in 1827, and after living here five years he finally purchased an estate belonging to a revolutionary royalist, where the British soldiers were stationed in the war. This fine old mansion he took great pains to adorn with lawn and shady trees. But a few years after his death the house was burned.



Daniel Webster Place, Marshfield



Grave of Daniel Webster, Marshfield

es.
his
ne
ed
ers
to
he

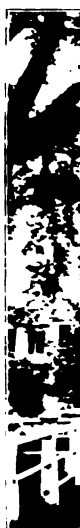




Daniel Webster Place, Marshfield



Grave of Daniel Webster, Marshfield





French Atlantic Cable Office, Duxbury



Street View, Duxbury

his
the
his
his
red

eat-
fter
70,
ere
ery
alth





Village View at Kingston



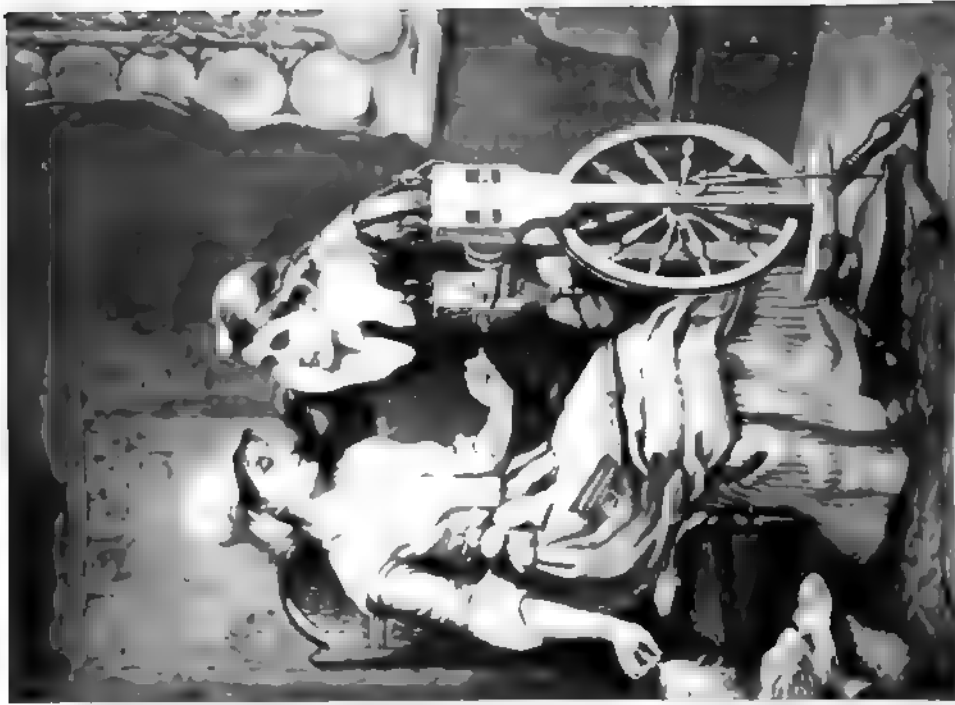
Town Hall at Kingston



Canopy over the Rock. The structure in the foreground is the granite canopy covering the world-famous boulder, Plymouth Rock. It was completed in 1866, and its cost was \$26,000. The Plymouth half-dimes used in this book are by permission of the Copyright, A. S. Harbank,



The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor—This painting, by W. F. Halsall, is among the art treasures of Pilgrim Hall. The Mayflower dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor on Dec. 26, 1620, just a hundred days from the time she left Old Plymouth in England. The vessel lies midway of the broad channel. Plymouth beach is seen in the distance.



John Alden and Priscilla. The Courtship. "Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter, said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'" "Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling in the blessing and smile of the sunshine."

Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."



Clark's Island. The Gurnet. Clark's Island is known to all readers of Pilgrim history as the spot where the exploring party from the Mayflower spent their first Sabbath, Dec. 20, 1620. From Pulpit Rock, on this island, says the legend, their first sermon was preached. The Gurnet headland at the entrance to the harbor has a lighthouse and a live-saving station.



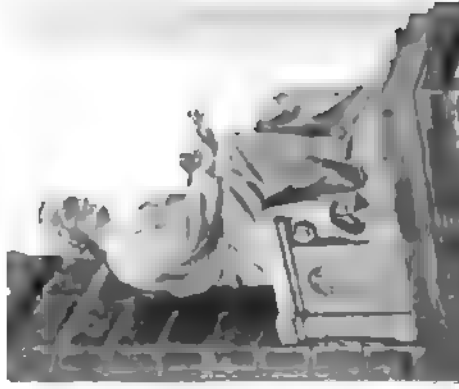
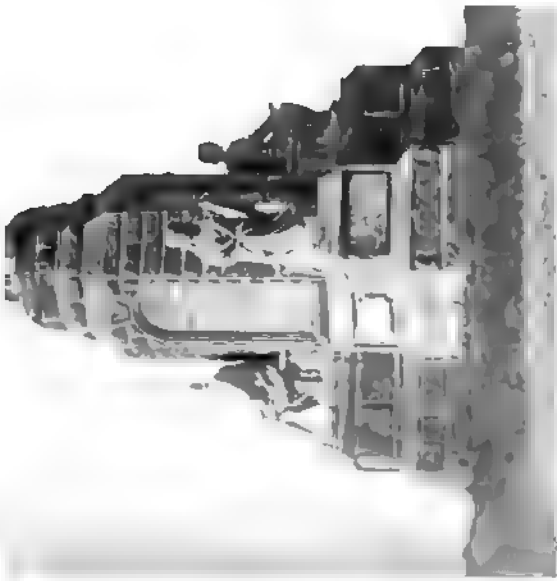
Billington Sea. As the legend runs, this broad sheet of fresh water, with its numerous curves and inlets, was discovered by Francis Billington of the Mayflower company; from its proportions he imagined that he was looking on another sea. Pictuquesque indeed is the spot where this lake merges into Town Brook, as shown in the picture.



Town Square. At the head of the square is the stone church of the First Parish — the original church of the Pilgrims. The entrance to Burial Hill is seen at the right. Still farther to the right we catch a glimpse of the Church of the Pilgrimage. In the left foreground is the Old Colony Court House, built in 1749, and now used for a Town House.



Pilgrim Exiles. It was a sad moment when the little [Irish] boat [waited] the Mayflower set sail on its homeward voyage, a sad the middle of April, 1621. It was the severing of the last link that bound them to the fatherland. George D. Dougherty has made this scene the subject for his painting.



National Monument to the Forefathers. This noble memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers was begun in 1859, and dedicated in 1889. It is built of solid granite. Its total height is 81 feet; height of statue, 36 feet. On each of the smaller pedestals is a seated figure, emblematic of Morality, Law, Education, and Freedom. Below these are alto-reliefs of historical scenes.



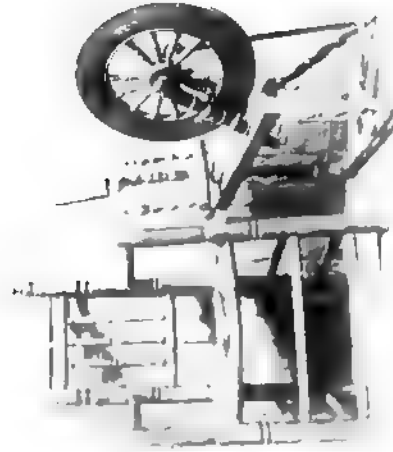
The Embarkation of the Pilgrims. This painting, a copy of the original by Weir, hangs in Pilgrim Hall. It shows the Pilgrims at their devotions, as they are about to leave Hells-Haven. John Robinson is offering prayer. William Bradford is at his left, Miles Staudish and his wife, Rose, at the extreme right, and William Bradford holds the open Bible.



Pilgrim Hall. Built in 1824; remodeled in 1880. Within its walls are many relics brought over in the Mayflower, and numerous other treasures of Pilgrim and Colonial days. On its walls hang famous historical paintings. It contains also many interesting documents, including the original manuscript of Mrs. Hemans' ode, "The breaking waves dashed high."



Memorials of Myles Standish. The monument erected to the memory of the Pilgrim leader is on Captain's Hill, Duxbury. It is surmounted by a statue of Standish. The Standish house was built in 1666 by Alexander Standish, son of Myles. The grave of Myles Standish, discovered in recent years, is in the old burial-ground at South Duxbury.




Mayflower Relics, Pilgrim Hall. One group represents the sword, pot and platter of Myles Standish; another, an ancient spinning wheel, and Gov. Carver's chair; a third, Elder Brewster's chair, and the cradle of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England; and the fourth, articles of furniture owned by William White.



The Oldest House in Plymouth. This is the so-called Dutch house on Sandwich Street, about half a mile from the centre of the town. It was built in 1630 by William Barker, and in 1773 was owned by Nathaniel Eaton, from whom it descended to the present owner.



The Court House. The House at County Court House was built in 1820, and remains the earliest records of the colony, including the trial of Stanish, the order establishing jury trial, and the original patent granted to the company in 1629 by the Earl of Warwick.



The Oldest House in Plymouth. This is the so-called Doten house on Sandwich Street, about half a mile from the centre of the town. It was built in 1660 by William Harlow, and in 1773 was owned by Nathaniel Doten, from whom it descended to heirs who still hold it. It retains many evidences of its great antiquity.





3 2044 050 650 41

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

